



AIDS TO MENTAL DEVELOPMENT.

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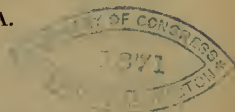
A SYSTEM OF MENTAL AND MORAL INSTRUCTION,
EXEMPLIFIED IN CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN
A MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN.

WITH

AN ADDRESS TO MOTHERS,

BY

A LADY OF PHILADELPHIA.



In tones of sportive tenderness
He answered all its questions, and asked others
As simple as its own, yet wisely framed
To wake and prove an Infant's faculties;
As though its mind were some sweet instrument,
And he with breath and touch were finding out
What stops, or keys, would yield the richest music.

MONTGOMERY.

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THE object of the editor in presenting this volume to the public, is to show how a mother may make her hours of relaxation with her children both amusing and instructive; and as care has been taken to remove every thing like sectarianism from the religious part of the instruction, retaining only those conversations which relate to love to God and duty to parents, it is hoped that there will not a sentiment be found in the whole work that any parent would not have a pleasure in communicating. The original work is the production of one evidently well acquainted with the principles of education; and the original matter which has been substituted for that which it was thought would not be generally acceptable, is only a specimen of a mode of teaching that has been long and successfully practised. As many mothers

may be prevented from an attempt at the business of instruction, by an apprehension of their own incompetence, some conversations are given at the commencement of the volume for the purpose of showing upon what trifling subjects a child may be exercised in the important principles of thinking, comparing, and analysing, which form the foundation on which a substantial education can alone be established.

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ADDRESS TO MOTHERS.

WHAT is education?—This is a question which every mother, and especially every young mother, should accustom herself to ask. Not as an idle inquiry, to be answered by any flippant tongue that may chance to be near, but to be revolved over and over in her own bosom, and to be solved by the dictates of her own free and unbiassed understanding. Let her ask herself how her own mind and character were formed. Was she made what she is by the lessons she received at school on geography, grammar, history, &c., or by the companions with whom she associated, the examples she saw at home, and the early friendships that she formed? Let her ask herself these questions, and examine well the answers dictated by her conscience, and there can be little doubt that she will soon become sensible how little comparatively depends upon that portion of a child's education, on which in general the only importance is placed. Good schools are no doubt powerful and important auxillaries, but still they are only auxillaries, for the grand and operating cause is centred at home. A wise and judicious teacher

will be able to do much to assist and strengthen the efforts of a parent, but unless the parent has laid a good foundation, the utmost endeavours of the most conscientious teacher can do little towards raising a valuable and substantial superstructure. We all know how much more powerful example ever is than precept ; if a child, therefore, is in the habit of seeing truth, honour, generosity, and a love of inquiry neglected at home, small is the hope of any lessons received at school, producing a love of them. Nay, parents themselves may lecture, moralize and remonstrate, but unless they likewise act, unless their own conduct be regulated by those principles which they strive to instil, it is vain to imagine that any sophistry of reasoning can blind the child to a conviction that they are not really thought to be the best, or they would be followed by the parents themselves. Education, then, is not the limited object that it is generally conceived to be; confined to the few years spent at school, and the small portion of elementary knowledge acquired there ; but it comprehends the dispositions that a child is permitted to indulge, the habits that it forms, the examples which it imitates, and the companions with whom it associates ; a truth that strikes home to the hearts of parents, and makes much more serious demands upon their affections and self-denial, than all the most costly schools would require ; for it calls upon them first to begin with the discipline of their own hearts and tempers. It requires that they should first of all learn to govern themselves. This is

a truth that calls for so much, and, in most instances, would demand so complete a revolution of character, and the relinquishment of so many darling habits and long nourished propensities, that few are willing to acknowledge, even to themselves, its importance in the attainment of the object which they profess to have more at heart than any other in life. Nor is it at all wonderful that they should do so; they themselves perhaps have been left to scramble through the world as they could, picking up the bad or the good promiscuously, as it happened to fall in their way. Is it surprising, then, that they should entertain very inadequate ideas of the importance of that education of which they know so little? They remember that during the early part of their lives they had been left to fight and scramble their way amongst servants, depending upon their own spirit, ingenuity, or cunning, for the attainment of their wishes or escaping from punishment; and when the time arrived when it was deemed fit that their education should commence, without considering that it had already been going on for several years under the superintendence of footmen, nursery-maids, and all the casual acquaintance that a child is liable to form in its rambles through a large city, their parents began to discuss the momentous subject of to what school the child should be sent. And what were the qualifications, then taken into consideration, to determine which school should obtain the preference? Was it the talents of the teacher, or the attention that he

was known to have bestowed upon the best modes of communicating information or of wielding or turning the youthful mind? Far from it. The only subject that was seriously discussed as of vital importance, was whether the school was sufficiently fashionable, whether it would stand the test, by which schools, like watering-places, are tried, that of being crowded to overflowing? Ought we to wonder then that parents so educated should in their turn pursue the same line of conduct, and persuade themselves that they have fulfilled all the duties imposed upon the parental character, when they have selected the most fashionable seminary in which to place their child, and having kept it there the usual number of years; or else, perhaps, as is still more frequently the case, having tried every respectable institution of the kind within their reach, at length pronounce the business of education completed, and send forth their raw, unformed embryo into the world, with a mind to which principle and reflection are alike strangers.

Education is the business of training the mind of youth, from the earliest dawn of intellect till the character is sufficiently formed to enable the youthful agent to think and act independently; an indefinite period, and subject to a thousand contingencies; and even then, when the duties of the parent are completed, the various circumstances of life take up the work, and carry it forward till death comes at last and closes the scene, and shuts the pupil out from all the advantages to be derived from his

last great school—the world. To a parent, therefore, conscientiously anxious to fulfil all that is required, no circumstance will appear too trifling to be attended to, if it afford an opportunity of either calling forth any of the latent springs which time will eventually unite to form the future character, furnish the means of turning the current of wayward passion, or prove the vehicle for calling some amiable or generous feeling into action. If we examine our own minds, we shall be sensible of frequently being influenced on occasions of the utmost moment, by very trifling circumstances ; and if that is the case with ourselves, how much more likely is it to be so with minds too young and inexperienced to be capable of comparing and judging, and forming a proper estimate of the passing events. How much then is it the duty of a parent to watch over the impressions which that young mind receives, and to direct its thoughts into a proper channel ; to mark and soothe the ebullitions of temper ; to nourish the springs of virtue, as they begin to rise from their source, and to fan the sparks of generosity and feeling, as they are first seen to kindle in the youthful breast. To a child, too, all the world is new, and curiosity and wonder hold an almost perpetual dominion over its mind. “What is this?” “Let me see that!” is continually bursting from its lips ; and how unlimited are the claims upon a parent’s care which such interrogatories and such requests present. They are constant demands for education ; and upon the manner in which that education is

conducted, the excellence and usefulness of the future character in a great measure depend. Could the youthful mother but form a conception of the sum of disappointment, pain and mortification she might save her child by seizing, and making a judicious use of these early calls for information, how eagerly would she employ herself in discovering the best modes of employing the opportunities thus presented to her by nature, and how anxiously would she watch that no such chance of benefiting a being so dear to her should pass by unimproved. But wholly unconscious of the consequence of what appears to her so mere a trifle, or labouring under the erroneous notion that the mind of her child is like a piece of fallow ground, which will lie totally vacant and unemployed till the proper period of tillage shall arrive, she pushes the child aside at the moment its little mind is thirsting for information, with,—Go away and don't plague me! How troublesome you are! What curiosity you have! Yes! the curiosity of a child is indeed unbounded—and would we wish it otherwise? Let us suppose ourselves placed for the first time in our lives in a large and magnificent palace, adorned with furniture, not only of the most beautiful description, but all of a kind perfectly new to us; would we not be anxious to examine all, and make ourselves acquainted with their nature and uses? And is not a child placed in such a palace? Is it not surrounded with innumerable objects at once, new, beautiful and interesting? Nay, more, is it not possessed of impulses,

dispositions and passions, all equally new, and calling for the directing hand of experience and affection, to assist it to govern and control them?—and so circumstanced, will any one pretend to say that the watchful care of the mother is not required to satisfy its curiosity, solve its doubts and regulate its feelings?—and with these first cares of the parent the business of education commences. Who would wish to see his child pass on blindfold and uninterested in the objects which surround it? Who does not desire that sprightliness and animation should be leading characteristics of its young mind? And if lively and active, must it not have something on which to feed? And if not supplied with good, wholesome and nutritive food, will not folly, and even vice, step in to fill up the vacancies? Nature admits not of any thing lying idle and unemployed; a continual change is taking place in the mental as well as in the physical world, and if not advancing to a higher state of perfection, every thing in nature is continually sinking into decay and corruption. The ground which is lying fallow, though apparently useless and unemployed, is not really so. Concocting suns and softening dews are at work upon it, and it is imbibing the various ingredients requisite for enriching and fertilizing its furrows and enabling it to bring forth a rich and abundant harvest. But to lay it open to the suns, and dews, and rains, is not all that is necessary to secure a luxuriant crop; it must also be kept clear of noxious weeds, which will not only exhaust its present strength, but will dis-

seminate their destructive seeds and choke every useful plant as it springs. And so it is with the human mind, even in its very earliest stages; ideas, feelings, impulses and passions begin to germinate, from the first moment that the breath of heaven begins to waft over the soft cheek, or the sun gladdens the eyes of the young human blossom. But not a moment, oh, ye parent, is it allowed to rest; for, if not supplied with wholesome nourishment, which shall bring forth rich and valuable fruits,

‘Folly will plant the tares without your toil,
And weeds spring up in the neglected soil.’

But it may be objected that few parents are sufficiently acquainted with the practical part of education to enable them to become teachers; and this is an objection which at first sight appears to have considerable weight. But all parents have the advantage of their children in experience, and as that is proverbially acknowledged to be a dear school, they must always have it in their power at least to save those children from learning many things at it, which, if left without any other teacher, they could obtain in no other way. Let all mothers, then (for it is to mothers we chiefly address ourselves, as on them the care of the child principally depends), keep in mind that in whatever she does or says she is giving a lesson to her child, that in every equivocation, every deviation from truth, every burst of passion, every uncharitable speech

of which she is guilty, she is calling into practice some of the leading principles of education, and vitiating that which ought to be the first and leading object of every parent and teacher, the culture of the heart; and with such an object in view as that of trying to make her child virtuous and amiable, what mother would not keep a watch over herself, and endeavour to form her conduct according to the most probable means of attaining such an end.

Another point, which is always within the power of the mother, is that of giving the information required, so far at least as her own knowledge extends; and where it is found deficient, what stronger inducement can she require for self-improvement than that of satisfying a laudable curiosity in her child. But perhaps a greater service still may be rendered to her child, even by the most uninformed mother, simply by giving it repeated lessons on the art of thinking; that is, of fixing its mind upon some one object, till it has given it a fair examination; for this is perhaps one of the most difficult lessons that a child has to learn, and one which, if not acquired at an early period of life, is scarcely ever perfectly accomplished.

The arts of examining, comparing and judging, which can never be exercised without the power of abstraction, are, next to the cultivation of the heart and the moral principles, the chief objects to be kept in view; for, without them, knowledge is only a useless burden, clogging the mind, bewildering the ideas, and destroying the fancy. But with a habit of inquiring, examining and arranging

every fresh piece of information assimilates itself with the mind and enters into the circulation of the thoughts, giving additional strength and vigour to its constitution, in the same manner that wholesome food improves that of the body, when the digestive organs are neither made weak from want of use, or have become clogged by being overloaded with food which it is unable to digest. Whilst, however, an unnecessary burdening of the memory is condemned, we feel the duty equally imperative of declaring our entire disapprobation of the plan of *playing learning into children*. There is no "royal road" to knowledge. It must be the result of a child's own application, study and perseverance, or it will never be of any real value ; and when it is considered that the knowledge thus acquired is not the only good obtained, but that the mere art of studying gives strength to the mind in like manner as exercise braces the limbs, there can be but little doubt of the efficacy of a child's early commencing the important business of thinking.

AIDS TO MENTAL DEVELOPMENT.

INTRODUCTORY CONVERSATION.

MY dear Mrs. Eustace, said Mrs. Sandhurst, as she entered the room, I am glad to find you alone, and, I hope, at leisure to spare me a little of your valuable time. I have long wished to converse with you on the subject of education, in which I feel deeply interested; but in the practical application of which I find so many difficulties meeting me at every step, that I have almost determined to give up the plan of educating my children myself; and I think of sending them to school.

Mrs. Eustace. I feel, with you, that there are great, though, I think, not insuperable difficulties, in the way of a mother's educating her own children; but it is a plan so evidently pointed out by God himself, that it should not be hastily relinquished. The influence of a mother over the affections of her child during the years of infancy, enables her not only to cultivate its mind, but to produce on its heart those impressions which it will never lose, in after intercourse with the world; and which, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, she may firmly believe will enable it to overcome the various temptations by which it must be assailed.

Mrs. Sandhurst. I feel all you say to be true, and only wish that I could be as successful as you have been in bringing up your children. May I ask what are their ages? I do not exactly remember.

Mrs. Eustace. Fanny is fourteen: Albert, eleven: Lucy, eight: and Edward, three years old.

Mrs. Sandhurst. Mine are rather older than yours, but they seem to have so rooted a dislike to application, that I am completely worn out with the exertion of teaching them.

Mrs. Eustace. You will pardon me, my friend, if I venture to remark, that if you complain of being fatigued by instructing your children, it is not wonderful that they should participate in the same feeling. But perhaps you are too anxious to *teach* them, instead of drawing them out to teach themselves?

Mrs. Sandhurst. I do not comprehend your meaning. I have taught them exactly in the same manner as I was taught myself; nay, I have employed the same books, that I might make no mistake.

Mrs. Eustace. What will you say to me, then, when I tell you that I use hardly any books, especially with the younger children?

Mrs. Sandhurst. No books, Mrs. Eustace! but surely you teach them grammar, arithmetic, spelling, and reading?

Mrs. Eustace. I do, but not at all in the manner in which they are usually taught.

Mrs. Sandhurst. I have used small Catechisms on every branch of learning, considering that knowledge presented in so very clear and condensed a form, would be much more easily retained than in any other way.

Mrs. Eustace. I entirely differ from you there. Can any thing be so uninteresting to a child as this mode of instruction; in which the bare facts are brought before him, stripped of all that could make them pleasing? I remember too well the disgust I myself felt—when obliged to commit long tasks to memory, scarcely a word of which I understood,—to impose the same burden on others.

Mrs. Sandhurst. Do you not think, then, that the memory ought to be early cultivated?

Mrs. Eustace. I do, but not as a distinct faculty. Whatever is thoroughly understood will be easily retained; but whatever is learned merely by rote, will be as easily forgotten; and if it were not forgotten, it would seldom be of any use. I never allow my children to learn any thing by heart, which I am not first assured, by questioning them, that they fully understand. If they acquire, in the course of a whole day's application, but one clear idea, something is gained; whereas, of what avail is it to them to have committed pages to memory, to which they attach no meaning, or at most, only a confused, and frequently a false one? The teacher has at first little to do, but to draw from the child that which he can himself observe, by attending to what passes in his own mind, as well as by coming in contact with sensible objects.

Mrs. Sandhurst. Indeed your theory appears to me scarcely intelligible, because I have always thought that the first duty which I owed to every child when it was old enough, was to teach it to read; and this I have accomplished with infinite pains and trouble.

Mrs. Eustace. I would not shock your prejudices by

a harsh declaration of my own sentiments; but allow me to say, that I think reading is quite misplaced, by being allowed so complete a precedence in the order of instruction. Words are but the *signs* of *things*, of actions, or of feelings; and of what value is the *sign* till the *thing* is understood which it is intended to express.

Mrs. Sandhurst. I agree with you, but until a child can read, how is it possible to instruct him in any thing?

Mrs. Eustace. Every thing within its reach or its view, may be made a source of instruction. Take, for example, any part of its body, an arm or a hand; or take any of its actions; or any thing in the room. Here is a piece of stick, this will afford a long lesson. Its breadth, length, thickness, weight, colour, form, properties, uses, origin, growth, &c.; upon all these the child's observation may be directed, and they may become sources of improvement. By these simple methods a taste for inquiry is excited; the child will be led to reflect on its own powers and capacities; and its faculties will be developed more rapidly than you would at first conceive to be possible.

Mrs. Sandhurst. This is all very well for a clever mother, but I should despair of finding a sufficient variety of subjects to enable me to instruct my children upon this plan.

Mrs. Eustace. Believe me, you are quite mistaken. You need not fear that you will want materials; the mind of a child once brought into active operation, will furnish them for you, and you will soon have enough to do in answering the questions which your young pupil will propose to you. Children will often make inquiries, to which their parents will find it no easy task to reply satis-

factorily. And by this mode of treatment you will prevent them from degenerating into those little sensual beings, who are continually disgusting you with their appetites and passions ;—while, on the other hand, they will have endless sources of pleasure and improvement opened to them.

Mrs. Sandhurst. I should like to be a learner in your school, for I feel my own need of instruction daily. Neither pains nor expense were spared in my education, and yet I find that I never thoroughly understood any thing I was taught.

Mrs. Eustace. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to point out to you such plans as might enable you at once to be the mother, friend, and teacher of your children. It is one of the excellences of the system which I advocate, that we learn with our little ones ; they become unconsciously our instructors, by continually furnishing us with fresh materials for thought and reflection.

Mrs. Sandhurst. But at what age do you think a child is capable of being taught?

Mrs. Eustace. Much sooner than is generally believed ; a child can hardly be said to be incapable of receiving impressions, from its very birth. How soon does it observe the expression of its mother's countenance, and give evidence that it is the subject of painful and pleasing sensations, from external objects ! Light, colour, and form, are the first sources of these impressions, and, gradually, thought is exercised upon them. After this time, the child begins to feel its own power of making impressions upon these external objects : and at a still later

period it is conscious of its own mental existence, and becomes a reasoning being.

Mrs. Sandhurst. It is then to its reasoning powers that you would principally direct your attention?

Mrs. Eustace. Far from it; the first and main point at which we must aim, is to draw forth its affections, and thus to form a proper basis, on which to ground intellectual culture. Without keeping this constantly in view, you may ultimately make its knowledge an obstacle in its way to heaven.

Mrs. Sandhurst. In order to explain your method more clearly to me, may I ask you to send for one of your children? I shall then have a practical illustration of your mode of teaching.

Mrs. Eustace. With pleasure; you shall see my youngest boy directly. I will fetch him.

Mrs. Eustace soon returned; bringing little Edward in her arms.

Now, Edward, said she, run and fetch mamma your stool. Show me what you can do with it?

Edward. I can set it down, mamma, and lift it up.

Mrs. Eustace. So you can! Do something more with it.

Edward. Look, mamma, I can push it away, and then pull it back again.

Mrs. Eustace. And can you do any thing else with it?

Edward. O yes, drag it after me, and then turn it over.

Mrs. Eustace. Well done, Edward; now think of something more to do with it.

Edward. May I throw it, mamma ;

Mrs. Eustace. No, Edward, something more gentle than throwing.

Edward. Oh ! see how it goes along the floor.

Mrs. Eustace. What do you call that?

Edward. I don't know, mamma.

Mrs. Eustace. Sliding it, my dear. What are you doing with it now?

Edward. Carrying it in my right hand. I will carry it in my left, and then in both hands, mamma.

Mrs. Eustace. Can you put it no where else but in your hands, Edward?

Edward. Yes, mamma, I can carry it, like the milk-woman, on my head.

Mrs. Eustace. And when you have done that, what is the opposite to your head?

Edward. I know, mamma; my feet; I can put it under my feet.

Mrs. Eustace. And what do you do when you have put it under your feet?

Edward. I stand upon it, mamma; and I can put one foot on it, and then the other foot on it.

Mrs. Eustace. Can you place it in any other way than it is now?

Edward. I will try, mamma. I can turn it on its side, and on its end.

Mrs. Eustace. And how are you holding it now, my dear ?

Edward. Sloping, mamma. And now I am putting it against your chair.

Mrs. Eustace. That is called *leaning* it, my dear. Tell me what you would like best of all to do with it?

Edward. I should like to set on it close by you, mamma. May I?

Mrs. Eustace. Yes, my love, do so.

Mrs. Sandhurst. I admire this lesson exceedingly.

Mrs. Eustace. You see clearly that the child has comprehended the meaning of the *terms*, by his having performed the actions they express; and though he knows nothing of the *name* of 'an active verb,' yet he knows the *thing*, which is far more important.

Mrs. Sandhurst. Would it not have been as well if you had told him to lift the stool, or do any thing else with it?

Mrs. Eustace. By no means;—I should merely then have made him go through a set of exercises; but in asking him, What can you do with it? I have called forth reflection. A child quickly acquires language for himself in the daily intercourse of life; but if, after he has performed an action, he wants words by which to express it, you may then give them to him.

Mrs. Sandhurst. I understand the distinction, and see the force of it. But how would you proceed in making him acquainted with the other parts of speech?

Mrs. Eustace. Not very systematically perhaps; but shall we try the prepositions, without telling him that long word, which has frightened so many poor children?

Mrs. Sandhurst. Pray do.

Mrs. Eustace. Now, Edward, jump up, and bring your stool to me. Where are you holding it?

Edward. *Between* my hands, mamma.

Mamma. Put your hands somewhere else, and tell me where they are.

Edward. They are *over* it now, mamma.

Mrs. Eustace. Change their place again, and tell me where they are.

Edward. Under it, mamma.

Mrs. Eustace. Can you put them in any other way, my dear.

Edward. Yes, behind it, and before it, mamma.

Mrs. Eustace. And where are they now, Edward?

Edward. Near it, mamma ; and now they are far from it.

Mrs. Eustace. Right, my love ; that will do.

Mrs. Sandhurst. Your plan of teaching grammar makes that an amusement which is generally the most irksome occupation.

Mrs. Eustace. Yes, I find it does so. I need scarcely point out to you how easily you may teach the adverbs in the same mode, by connecting them with an action done *quickly, slowly, gently, suddenly, violently*, and so on. And as to the nice distinctions in grammar, they are certainly quite beyond the comprehension of children, and therefore no good end is effected by burdening their memories with them.

Mrs. Sandhurst. But you would not set aside reading ; and my difficulty on this point returns.—When would you teach it, and how ?

Mrs. Eustace. With regard to reading and every thing else, no invariable rule can be given. Much depends on the child itself ; some will learn almost insensibly, while they are very young, and others will be three or four years old before they seem to have any notion about the combination of letters into syllables and words. I am never at all solicitous on the subject, and should prefer waiting many years, rather than force it upon them

as a task. If the mind be enlarged, and led to think, they will after a time desire to read as a medium of acquiring further knowledge. I have generally taught reading and spelling at the same time, by printing words for them on paper, and making these into short, easy sentences, which they themselves dictated to me ; and also by letting them have some alphabets of single letters on cards, which they formed into words. Another plan I have adopted, is that of showing them the pictures of animals, with the names printed under them, which the children have learned to spell for the purpose of finding out what to call them.

Mrs. Sandhurst. And have you found this sufficient, without requiring them daily to spell a certain quantity from a book?

Mrs. Eustace. Quite so, and much more effectual.

Mrs. Sandhurst. You said that you did not teach systematically : will not this produce desultory habits in your pupils?

Mrs. Eustace. I am glad that you asked me that question, because I see that you have misunderstood me. I meant simply, by saying ‘not *systematically*,’ not according to the systems usually laid down. Methodical teaching is of the first importance. But there is another point in education which cannot be too much insisted on, and which is very generally overlooked, and that is, an orderly development of the faculties.

Mrs. Sandhurst. I do not quite understand you.

Mrs. Eustace. I mean, that the order designed by nature should be strictly attended to here. Instead of which, how common it is to see one portion of the mind cultivated, whilst the rest is allowed to lie waste ; whereas,

if this order were observed, what different results would be discoverable, and what an harmonious balance would be preserved between the various mental powers.

Mrs. Sandhurst. I thank you for this explanation, to the truth of which I fully agree. I have found great difficulty on another subject, on which I should like to have your opinion, and that is with regard to the amusements of little children. I am constantly buying them new toys, and contriving ways of entertaining them, yet I have generally been disappointed in the result.

Mrs. Eustace. We greatly err in supposing that children need so many sources of amusement as are provided for them by the mistaken kindness of mothers and relations. You cannot but have remarked, how long a child will amuse itself, if left alone, with the simplest object. But if the passion for novelty is excited by supplying it with fresh sources of gratification, he becomes restless, dissatisfied, uneasy, and irritable.

Mrs. Sandhurst. I admit the justice of your remark : but would you give your children no toys ?

Mrs. Eustace. There are a few of which I find they are never weary, such as balls and humming-tops, but especially some hundreds of little wooden bricks ; these they can place in every variety of form, and they are an endless source of amusement and instruction. It is a great trial to a child's temper to put those things in its power which you must be continually reminding it not to break or injure.

Mrs. Sandhurst. Certainly I must try your plan at once in my nursery. But to recur to our former subject, I think I shall find much more difficulty in adopting

your system with the elder than with the younger children ; how can you vary your lessons for them ?

Mrs. Eustace. This room alone would last me many months, if we were to go into all the minutiae of its parts. The rudiments of arithmetic and geometry may be easily taught with no other instruments than the doors and windows : let the children observe the number of panes and pannels ; and multiply or divide by—or subtract the one from the other ; double and triple each, or both combined ; then, if you vary this exercise in every different way, you will always find something new. Let them find the different lines and forms of every thing about them, and compare one object with another ; and after you have once pointed out to them the different sorts of figures and angles, by imitating and combining these, they learn the rudiments of drawing and geometry.

Mrs. Sandhurst. Would you then advise me at once to throw aside all the books I have been accustomed to use with my little children ?

Mrs. Eustace. By no means could I wish you to take such a step ; so sudden a revolution might prove as injurious in your little community as it has done in many larger ones. You might also find some difficulty yourself in proceeding thus, until you have by reflection prepared your own mind for it ; but you may gradually bring about the change your desire. Make your lessons less dry by introducing conversation upon them, and asking familiar questions as you proceed ; lead the children to bring illustrations from what they have themselves seen, heard, or remarked, and vary your mode of instruction as much as possible. Never go on with any thing

till weariness is produced, nor persevere in any thing which has hitherto caused nothing but uneasiness, for if it has already occasioned disgust, you will in vain endeavour to make it interesting afterwards.

Mrs. Sandhurst. I see the force of your observations, but perhaps you would not think it necessary for me to relinquish at all some of my present plans. I have been accustomed to set my children to learn by heart little poems which are written expressly for this purpose ; do you object to this?

Mrs. Eustace. I confess I do, but on a different ground to that of which we before spoke. What is generally called poetry for children, in order to be made comprehensible to them, is brought down to so low a standard, that all which ought to be distinguishing in poetry is necessarily lost. Instead, therefore, of their ideas being elevated by it, and their imaginations cultivated, the contrary effect is produced ; and for these reasons I prefer not introducing poetry to my children, until they can understand and relish the higher kinds of it.

Mrs. Sandhurst. Then you would banish poetry altogether?

Mrs. Eustace. Oh no ! a judicious teacher may select passages from our greatest poets to read with her pupils, into the meaning and spirit of which they will enter at an earlier age than you would at first suppose probable.

Mrs. Sandhurst. I sincerely thank you for your advise, which I hope I shall be enabled in some humble degree to follow ; but I fear I shall often have to trouble you for further instruction.

Mrs. Eustace. Nothing will give me greater pleasure

than to afford you any assistance in my power. I only wish that every mother saw the evil of the present mode of instruction as clearly as you do ; we might then hope, that the rising generation would be as superior to the present in solid attainments, as this surpasses the preceding in showy accomplishments.

CONVERSATION II.

ON LANGUAGE.

Mamma. Albert, my dear, have you and Fanny finished your Latin lesson with your papa already?

Albert. Yes, mamma, we said it very perfectly, and therefore it did not take us long.

Mamma. How did you employ your time till papa was ready for you?

Albert. In reading, mamma.

Mamma. What book, my dear?

Albert. Bingley's Animal Biography, mamma.

Mamma. Show me what part you were reading; and tell me if you quite understand it.

Albert. Nearly all of it, mamma.

Mamma. I wish you, my love, never to pass over a single word you do not understand. Always ask for an explanation of it.

Albert. Here is the place in the book, mamma, 'The Antelope Tribe.'

Mamma. We will take this then for our lesson.* Read it, my love, one sentence at a time.

Albert. 'The antelopes are in general an elegant and

* Bingley's Animal Biography, Vol. I. p. 48.

active tribe of animals, inhabiting mountainous countries, where they bound among the rocks with so much lightness and elasticity, as to strike the spectator with astonishment.'

Mamma. Stop there, Albert. What is the antelope?

Lucy. An animal.

Mamma. Of what class?

Fanny. A quadruped.

Mamma. What is meant by saying, 'they are *in general* active,' &c.

Albert. That they are most commonly so.

Mamma. You are right. What do you mean by 'elegant?'

Albert. Graceful, well made, full of grace.

Mamma. Can Lucy tell me what 'active' means?

Lucy. Lively, moving about a great deal ;—does it not, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, Lucy. What does a 'tribe' mean?

Fanny. A class, a race of beings.

Mamma. Give me an instance by which this can be proved.

Albert. Oh, mamma, the hymn we transposed yesterday—

'Let every nation, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,' &c.

Mamma. What part of speech is 'active?'

Fanny. An adjective.

Mamma. Lucy, tell me what your sister means by an adjective.

Lucy. A word added to a noun, to show its quality.

Mamma. Which is the noun, then, here?

Lucy. 'Tribe,' mamma.

Mamma. What does 'an animal' mean?

Albert. Any living thing.

Mamma. This is not a sufficiently clear definition.

Fanny. No,—because plants are alive ; but they are quite different from animals.

Mamma. What distinguishes an animal from a plant?

Albert. The one can move itself where it pleases, and the other cannot.

Mamma. Yes ; life is distinguished into animal and vegetable life. How will you define the difference between them?

Fanny. Vegetable life is shown by plants growing gradually larger and producing seeds, from which other plants spring ; and animal life is shown, as Albert said, by those who possess it, by being able to go from one place to another.'

Mamma. Yes, and by what is called volition, that is, the exercise of will. We will now go on. Explain the word 'inhabiting.'

Fanny. Dwelling, or living, or existing.

Mamma. 'Mountainous countries?'

Lucy. Countries full of mountains.

Mamma. What would be the opposite to a mountainous country?

Fanny. A flat country.

Mamma. Give me another word, Albert.

Albert. A level, or even country.

Mamma. What do you mean by 'a country?'

Lucy. Land, mamma.

Mamma. Your papa has land, has he therefore a country?

Lucy. No, mamma, he has not, his is only an estate.

Mamma. You must then give me a clearer explanation of country.

Fanny. A large tract of land joined together, and generally containing rivers and hills.

Mamma. That is better, but how do you distinguish this from a county?

Albert. Oh, a county is much smaller, mamma it is a subdivision of a country.

Mamma. These antelopes 'bound;'—what does that mean?

Fanny. Jump, spring, leap.

Mamma. 'Among?'

Albert. There it means, about and between, and upon. I do not know *one* word, mamma, that will express it.

Mamma. I think I know one beginning with an A, which is better than yours, Albert.

Fanny. Amidst, mamma: am I right?

Mamma. Yes, Fanny. What am I to understand by 'a rock?'

Lucy. A very high, large place, mamma.

Mamma. Then our house is a rock, Lucy, it is both high and large?

Lucy. Oh no, mamma: a rock is a natural thing, and our house is an artificial thing.

Mamma. Right, my love; I am glad you have remembered the meaning of those words; but if you allow yourself time to think, you can give me a clearer idea of a rock than you have done.

Lucy. It is high, like a hill, mamma, only stony instead of earthy.

Mamma. That is much better, Lucy; what are its qualities?

Lucy. Hard, and cold, and craggy, and sharp.

Mamma. What does 'lightness' mean, Lucy?

Lucy. I suppose, mamma, it means that it does not jump heavily and awkwardly.

Mamma. Just so; now for 'elasticity'?

Fanny. It means, does it not, that it springs easily?

Mamma. It does, my love; an elastic thing, when bent, returns easily to the same place again. Tell me the names of some things which are elastic?

Lucy. A bow, mamma.

Mamma. Now another instance.

Albert. Indian rubber.

Mamma. That is a very good illustration,—think again.

Fanny. A watch-spring.

Mamma. Now another.

Albert. A branch of a tree; for if you bend it down, it recovers itself instantly.

Mamma. Very true. Is 'to strike,' a noun, Lucy?

Lucy. No, mamma, a verb.

Mamma. Why so, my dear?

Lucy. Because it expresses action. *To strike* is an active verb.

Mamma. And its meaning,—is to give a blow?

Fanny. Sometimes, mamma; but in this sentence it means to make a person feel any thing suddenly. That is a blow to the *mind*, is it not?

Mamma. You are right; and 'astonishment' means—

Albert. Surprise, mamma, wonder.

Mamma. And 'a spectator' means,—what, Fanny?

Fanny. A person who sees any thing done.

Mamma. But in one word, my dear?

Fanny. A beholder ; an observer.

Mamma. We have now got at the meaning of all these words ; tell me what you have understood by the sentence. Of what is it speaking ?

Lucy. Of antelopes.

Mamma. What description is given of them ?

Fanny. That they are elegant and active.

Mamma. What feeling do they give to a spectator ?

Lucy. They fill him with wonder.

Mamma. Why do they do so ?

Albert. Because they bound about the rocks with so much agility.

Mamma. Now read the next sentence, Albert.

Albert. 'Some of them reside in the plains of those countries, where herds of two or three thousand are sometimes to be seen together.'

Mamma. What does 'reside' mean ?

Fanny. Live, dwell.

Mamma. What part of speech is it ?

Albert. A verb ; indicative mood ; present tense ; third person plural.

Mamma. What does tense mean, Lucy ?

Lucy. Time, mamma ; present tense is present time.

Mamma. How can you express the present otherwise ?

Lucy. Now ; at this moment.

Mamma. What is 'a plain' ?

Fanny. An open space, a level country.

Mamma. What is its opposite, Lucy ?

Lucy. A mountain, mamma.

Mamma. What is the meaning of the word ‘some?’

Fanny. A part.

Mamma. A part of what ?

Albert. A part of a whole, mamma.

Mamma. What then is *some* distinguished from ?

Fanny. From *all*. It is an indefinite pronoun, is it not, mamma ?

Mamma. Yes, my dear. What do you mean by an indefinite ?

Albert. Not exactly pointing out any thing, not limited.

Mamma. Are there any other pronouns in this sentence ?

Lucy. Yes, mamma, ‘them,’ and ‘those ;’ and ‘those’ is indefinite also, is it not ?

Fanny. Oh no ; ‘*those*’ is a demonstrative pronoun, because it clearly points out the thing to which it refers.

Mamma. The *thing*, Fanny ?

Fanny. I meant, mamma, the thing it speaks of, it is always plural.

Mamma. What is a ‘herd?’

Albert. A number of animals, or a great many cattle together.

Mamma. May I not say a herd of birds ?

Lucy. Oh no, mamma, that would sound very odd indeed : we say a flock of birds.

Mamma. Then is flock used only for birds, Lucy !

Lucy. Only for birds, mamma.

Mamma. Then, Lucy, those animals I see from the window, feeding on the lawn, are birds ?

Lucy. Oh no ! I forgot, flock is used for some animals too, for sheep at least.

Mamma. Do you remember what those animals are called who live together in such vast numbers?

Fanny. Gregarious, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, my dear. How many hundreds are there in 'two thousand,' Lucy.

Lucy. Ten hundred in one thousand, and twice ten in two thousand,—twenty hundred, mamma.

Mamma. And how many fifties, Lucy?

Lucy. Twice as many fifties. Forty fifties, mamma.

Mamma. And how many twenty-fives?

Albert. Eighty, mamma.

Mamma. What proportion then is twenty-five to a hundred?

Fanny. A fourth.

Mamma. To two hundred?

Albert. An eighth.

Mamma. To two thousand?

Fanny. An eightieth, mamma.

Mamma. Right, my dear ; how do you prove that?

Fanny. By multiplying eighty by twenty-five, it gives two thousand.

Mamma. And to sub-divide it again into twenty-fives, what would you do?

Albert. Divide two thousand by twenty-five.

Mamma. How would you do it, Fanny?

Fanny. I should say—there are four twenty-fives in a hundred, therefore, in twenty hundred there must be twenty times four, that is eighty.

Mamma. Quite right, my love. You will find that by frequently making these little calculations without the

aid of the slate, it will become as easy to you to reckon in this way, as in the other. But we will now return to our antelopes. What do many of them do?

Albert. Reside in the plains.

Mamma. Of what countries.

Fanny. Of mountainous countries.

Mamma. How many are occasionally seen together?

Lucy. Two thousand.

Mamma. Now, Fanny, read the next sentences; I think we shall meet with a word here which Albert did not understand.

Fanny. ‘They browse like goats, and frequently feed on the tender shoots of trees. In disposition they are timid and restless; and nature has bestowed on them long and tendinous legs, peculiarly appropriated to their habits and manners of life.’

Mamma. What do you understand by ‘browse,’ my dear Albert?

Albert. I do not know, mamma; I thought it meant to eat.

Mamma. It does, my dear; but the reason this word is used, is, that the food of these creatures is called ‘browse,’ which means underwood, and the young shoots of trees, which they bite off, and from this substantive comes the verb to browse. What do you understand by ‘disposition?’

Fanny. Temper.

Mamma. Or more properly character: and by ‘timid’—what other word can you give me for that?

Lucy. Shy, mamma, fearful.

Mamma. And they have another quality, something

like a little girl I know, 'restless,' give me an explanation of that.

Albert. They do not keep long in one place.

Fanny. They are fond of motion.

Mamma. It says, 'nature has bestowed on them,' did nature make them?

Lucy. No, mamma; God made them.

Mamma. Just so; it means that the plan on which God originally formed them, and which each tribe of animals has preserved from the creation was so and so. This is what goes by the general name of the law of nature. 'These creatures have tendinous legs.' Can any of you tell me what that means?

Fanny. Let us think a minute, mamma. A few days ago you talked to us about tendons, and I think it must have something to do with that word.

Mamma. You are right, my dear. What did I tell you tendons were?

Fanny. Cords, which fastened the muscles to the bones.

Mamma. And the muscles are, what, Albert?

Albert. I think, mamma, you told us they were a kind of fleshy substances, which are placed all over the body.

Mamma. And what is the use of these muscles?

Fanny. They enable us to move our body in different ways, and to use our limbs. They also fill up the cavities between the bones, and so give soundness to the form of different parts of our bodies.

Mamma. Now, then, can you find out what tendinous means?

Fanny. I suppose it means, having strong tendons.

Mamma. And if an animal possesses strong tendons, what advantages would it have?

Fanny. It would be able to move easily and quickly.

Mamma. It would; and it is very interesting to observe how God has provided each animal with the exact qualities necessary for the particular life it is to lead. These creatures, who live among rocks, require the power of leaping with ease, and therefore they are so constructed as to make this exercise pleasant and delightful to them.

Lucy. How kind it was of God to remember the poor antelopes, and to give them this quality.

Mamma. Yes, he is a gracious Father to his creatures, his loving-kindness and his tender mercies are over all his works. Now let us return to our lessons; these tendinous legs are ‘peculiarly appropriated to their habits and manners of life.’ What do you understand by ‘peculiarly?’

Fanny. Particularly. But, mamma, may I ask you one question? Is that sentence well expressed?

Mamma. I am glad to hear you make that inquiry, my love, because it shows observation;—no, it is very ill expressed; try if you can improve it.

Fanny. Would not ‘appropriate’ be better, mamma, than ‘appropriated?’

Mamma. It would, Fanny; but there is another word we must alter,—what is it, Albert?

Albert. Is it not ‘manners’ mamma? I do not know why it is put in the plural.

Mamma. Yes, my dear, that is the error I wished you to observe.

Albert. Do you think it is a proof, mamma, that a book is very well written when there are a great many long words in it?

Mamma. By no means, my dear. The wisest persons are always the most simple in their mode of expressing themselves, and some of the cleverest men I know, could be understood by a child. Fine words are often used for want of fine ideas, or rather to supply their place. I will now ask you a few questions on this sentence. In what manner do antelopes feed?

Fanny. They browse like goats.

Mamma. What does that mean?

Lucy. To feed on the young shoots of trees.

Mamma. What are their dispositions?

Fanny. Shy, and restless.

Mamma. What is there peculiar in their formation?

Albert. They have long tendinous legs.

Mamma. And of what use are they, Lucy?

Lucy. To help them to jump with.

Mamma. Albert shall read one sentence more, and then we will leave off.

Albert. 'These in some of the species are so slender and brittle, as to snap with a very trifling blow; the Arabs, taking advantage of this circumstance, catch them by throwing at them sticks, by which their legs are entangled and broken.'

Mamma. What does 'these' refer to?

Albert. Their legs.

Mamma. What is further said of their legs ?

Fanny. That in some species they are very slender and brittle.

Mamma. What do you mean by 'species ?'

Albert. Kind, or class.

Mamma. And by 'slender,' Lucy ?

Lucy. Thin and slight.

Mamma. And by 'brittle,' Albert ?

Albert. Brittle, means easily broken.

Mamma. Tell me, Lucy, something that is brittle ?

Lucy. Glass, mamma, and china.

Mamma. Who are 'the Arabs ?'

Fanny. The people who inhabit Arabia.

Mamma. In which quarter of the globe is Arabia, Lucy ?

Lucy. In Asia, mamma.

Mamma. Fetch the maps, my dear, that you may be sure you know the situation.

Lucy. Here it is, mamma.

Mamma. What are its boundaries ?

Lucy. On the north, it is bounded by Syria ; on the south, by the Arabian Sea and the straits of Babelmandel ; on the west, by the Red Sea ; and on the east, by the Persian Gulf, and a little piece of Persia.

Mamma. That is right, Lucy. How do the Arabs treat these poor antelopes ?

Fanny. They take advantage of their slender legs.

Mamma. What do you mean by taking advantage ?

Albert. I suppose it means, getting the better of them.

Mamma. Yes, that they avail themselves of the weakness of these creatures for their own benefit.

Lucy. That is like my fable of the fox and the goat, the fox persuaded the goat to come into the well that he might take advantage of his shoulders to leap out.

Mamma. What do you understand by 'circumstance?'

Fanny. An event, any thing that happens.

Mamma. 'Catch,'—give me another word for that.

Albert. Take, mamma.

Mamma. 'Throwing,' what part of speech is it, and what does it mean?

Lucy. An active participle, mamma, it means hurling or jerking.

Mamma. Now, Fanny, how do you explain 'entangled?'

Fanny. Caught, or twisted in, mamma.

Mamma. You are right, my dear, but does the word apply properly to sticks which break their legs?

Albert. No, mamma. It would be more properly used for a snare or a string, than a stick.

Mamma. Let us now go through this sentence once more, and then we will leave off.—What is said of some species?

Lucy. That they have very thin legs.

Mamma. What else is said of their legs?

Albert. That they are brittle, or easily broken.

Mamma. Is this the case with every antelope?

Fanny. No, only with some kinds of them.

Mamma. How is this circumstance applied to their injury?

Lucy. The Arabs catch them by it.

Mamma. Catch them by the circumstance, Lucy, or by their legs?

Lucy. Oh, mamma, you always observe when I express myself badly.

Mamma. I do, my love, on purpose that you may learn to think before you speak, and by cultivating this habit of attention to your words, you will soon find it as easy to express yourself correctly, as incorrectly. Try and improve that sentence. My question was, how is this circumstance applied to their injury?

Lucy. The Arabs avail themselves of it, in order to break their legs with sticks.

Mamma. That is much better, my dear; I never wish you, as I said before, to use fine words, but always to select those most suitable to your subject.

Now put the room quite in order, and then run and get ready to take a walk with me.

CONVERSATION III.

A VISIT TO AN INFANTS' SCHOOL.

Mamma, said Fanny, you promised that we should soon go with you again to see the Infants' School, may we walk there this morning?

Mrs. Eustace. Yes, my love, I have not the least objection.

Thank you, thank you, mamma, exclaimed all the children at once; it is such a treat to go and see all those happy little creatures.

The school was situated in a very pretty spot, about half-a-mile from their house; it was a long and airy room, opening into a large play-ground, which had a border of flowers all around it. Here the children often received their lessons in fine weather, as their master delighted to give them pleasure, and they never plucked the flowers, or spoiled his garden, because they had learned to be both obedient and honest. A viranda was in the front of the school-room, over which were trained the clematis, passion-vine, jessamine, hop, and ivy; this sheltered it from the heat of the sun in summer, and formed a nice dry walk for the children during rain.

Fanny. I wonder, mamma, what lessons the children will be doing when we go there, they have such a variety, and all so amusing!—Let us guess.

Lucy. I hope it will be one with the arithmetical frame, they count those pretty round balls so quickly.

Albert. I wish it may be the natural history of some animal, for there are so many amusing anecdotes which the master tells them, that I never go without learning something new.

Fanny. And I had rather hear them sing a hymn.

They were all mistaken, for, as they entered, the children, who were seated in the gallery, looked highly delighted, and were clapping their hands because the master had just said, We will have a lesson on comparison of animals.

Mrs. Eustace desired her children to sit perfectly still, lest they should take off the attention of the little scholars, whilst the master proceeded in the following manner:

Master. Well, my dear children, shall we compare the cow and the horse to-day?

O yes, master; please, master, said a number of little voices at once.

Master. Now then be all very attentive, and think; and let those who can answer my questions stand up, and hold out one hand, but not speak until I tell them to do so, or I shall not understand what they say, from the noise of many speaking at once.—Did you ever see a cow?

1st Child. Yes, master.

Master. And a horse?

2d Child. Yes, master.

Master. Do you think there is any difference between them?

3d Child. Yes, a vast deal.

Master. Can you tell me which kingdom they belong to?

4th Child. The animal kingdom.

Master. In that, then, they are alike.—And how many legs have they?

5th Child. Four, they are both quadrupeds.

Master. On what do they feed?

6th Child. Both eat grass, and hay, and sometimes vegetables.

Master. Are they alike in any other respects?

7th Child. Yes, they have each two eyes.

8th Child. And four hoofs, master.

9th Child. And two ears, master.

10th Child. And a tail, and a mouth, and nostrils, master.

Master. Then we find that a cow and a horse are alike in *many* things, let us repeat them over.—They are both animals, quadrupeds, eat the same food, and have the same bodily organs; they are also both domestic animals. What do I mean by domestic?

11th Child. Tame, master.

Master. What is opposite to tame?

12th Child. Wild.

Master. Right. Now we will try and find out the differences between the cow and the horse. Tell me one.

13th Child. Master, they are different colours.

Master. Now another difference.

4th Child. Their skins are not alike.

Master. How?

4th Child. The horse has got short, soft, fine hair.

Master. And the cow?

14th Child. Longer and coarser hair, master.

Master. True. Think of another difference.

15th Child. The cow has horns, and the horse has not.

Master. Yes; but all cows have not horns.

15th Child. No, master, but horses never have; no horses——

Master. Well; another difference?

1st Child. The ears are stuck up and pointed, of a horse.

Master. And a cow's ears?

5th Child. They go flatter and broader, master.

Master. Is there any other distinction you can tell me of?

16th Child. Yes, master. The shape of a cow is more clumsy than the horse's shape.

Master. Think of something else.

17th Child. Master, I know. Their tails aren't alike.

Master. Why?

17th Child. The horse has got long hairs all down his tail, and the cow has only got some at the end.

2d Child. Master, sometimes they cut the horses' tails, and they a'n't long then.

Master. And is it right to cut the tails of horses?

18th Child. No, master, it is cruel.

Master. Why so? Is there any use in their tails?

19th Child. Yes, master, God gave them tails to help to brush off the flies, which tease them in hot weather.

Master. True; but there are some more things which you have not yet named, which you must tell me.

1st Child. The hoof of the horse is not like the cow's hoof.

Master. How does it differ from it?

6th Child. The cow's is parted in two, master, and the horse's is not.

Master. Give me a word which means the same as parted in two.

20th Child. Divided, master.

Master. Another word still.

7th Child. Cleft, or cloven, master.

Master. Well, children, think again.

4th Child. The cow has a loose piece of flesh hanging from the breast, and the horse has not.

Master. What is it called?

10th Child. I don't know, master, that it has got any name.

Master. It is called the dewlap;—repeat it after me—D-e-w, dew—l-a-p, lap—Dewlap.

Children. D-e-w, dew—l-a-p, lap—Dewlap.

Master. How many letters are there in that word?

Children. Two threes, master,—six.

Master. Well, have you any thing more to tell me.

9th Child. The noise the cow makes is quite unlike that of the horse.

Master. What is it called!

19th Child. The cow lows, the horse neighs.

14th Child. Master, I have thought of something else. The horse has a mane and the cow has not.

Master. Right.

8th Child. And master, the cow's flesh is good to eat, but nobody but dogs eat dead horses.

Master. No one in England, my dear ; but in some countries the flesh of the horse is used for food.

20th Child. The people must be very hungry there, master, or they would not like to eat such food.

Master. But you have all forgotten one grand difference between these two animals. Think,—what does the cow do all day, when she is not eating ?

3d Child. She keeps moving her mouth about.

Master. And what is that for ?

12th Child. To chew her food.

Master. It is called chewing the cud. She has two stomachs, and after she has swallowed her food, it is brought again into her mouth, and chewed over and over again.

3d Child. Horses don't do that, master, they could not when they had bits in their mouths.

Master. No, surely. Will you remember if I tell you what this is called ?

Children. We'll try, master.

Master. It is called *ruminating* ; and the principal difference between a cow and a horse is, that one is a ruminating animal and the other is not.

2d Child. The cow gives milk, too, for us.

Master. Yes ; and the mare gives milk also, but it is not good for food for man.

20th Child. I should think, master, in those countries where they eat the horse's flesh, they might as well drink the milk too.

Master. You are right ; and they do drink it there, and reckon it very nice. Now we will count in how many things the cow differs from the horse. I will repeat

what you have said and put it on the slate, and you shall count. In colour.

Children. One.

Master. In the quality of their skins.

Children. Two.

Master. In the cow having horns.

Children. Three.

Master. In the form of their ears, and tail, and whole body.

Children. Four.

Master. In the cow having a cloven hoof, and the horse a whole one.

Children. Five.

Master. In the cow having a dewlap.

Children. Six.

Master. In the noises that they make.

Children. Seven.

Master. In the horse having a mane.

Children. Eight.

Master. In the flesh of the cow being good for food.

Children. Nine.

Master. In the cow being a ruminating animal, and the horse not.

Children. Ten.

Master. In the cow's milk being good for food.

Children. Eleven.

Master. Now shall we talk a little more about the cow and the horse? or are you tired?

Children. Oh no, master, pray let us go on.

Master. Then we will try and find out the use of these animals. First the horse. What is he good for?

1st Child. He carries burdens.

Master. Another use ?

4th Child. He draws carts and wagons.

Master. Well, another ?

7th Child. He drags coaches and chaises.

10th Child. And barges, master, and ships sometimes.

Master. For what else is he used ?

9th Child. He carries men and women on his back.

8th Child. And he is useful for fighting.

Master. Think of some more uses still.

14th Child. He turns mills and wheels. I have seen one walking round and round a wheel in the brewery all day long.

Master. Another use ?

17th Child. He draws bathing machines into the sea.

Master. Can you remember any more things which he does.

18th Child. He runs in races.

Master. And do you think that is a proper use for man to put this noble animal to ?

19th Child. No, master, I think it is very cruel.

Master. It is, my dears, very cruel ; and they are trained in a cruel manner, to fit them for this sport, as it is called.

20th Child. How, master ?

Master. They are kept in hot stables, and fed upon food which is not natural for them ; and are often forced, by the most cruel means, to use exertions which injure and almost destroy them. The persons who have the care of them are called jockeys, and are often wicked and profane men.

21st Child. I went to the races last year, master, but I won't go again.

Master. There will soon be races held here; do you wish, my dears, to be there.

Children. No, master; I think God would not be pleased with us if we did.

1st Child. I did wish to go, but I don't now, master; I did not know before that it was wrong.

Master. I am glad to see that you wish to act right, my dears. There is a use of the horse which you have not any of you named. I wonder you have forgotten it, for we were talking about it only yesterday.

10th Child. Oh, I remember. It is used for treading out the corn in some places, instead of having it threshed.

Master. It is. But the principal use of the horse to man, you have still forgotten. How are our fields cultivated?

9th Child. Oh, by the horse, master; he plows them.

Master. Does *he* plow them.

4th Child. No, he draws the plough.

6th Child. And the harrow, and the roller, too, master; and he works from morning till night.

Master. And is the horse of no use after he is dead?

10th Child. Yes, his flesh is used for feeding dogs.

Master. And is no other part of him of use?

11th Child. O yes, his skin is tanned, and made into leather.

Master. Yes; and are his tail and mane of no use?

13th Child. Yes, they are made into chair-bottoms, and ropes, and fishing lines.

Master. And do you not know what is done with the short hair which is taken off for the skin to be tanned?

18th Child. I know, master; father puts it into mortar to build houses with.

20th Child. And are not the horses' bones used, master.

Master. Yes, they are, for different purposes. Now we will return to the cow, and see of what use she is to us.

1st Child. She gives us milk.

Master. What is her milk good for?

2d Child. To drink and to make things.

Master. To make *things*, what! chairs and tables?

3d Child. No, master, things to eat, such as puddings, and cakes, and biscuits.

15th Child. Yes, and into butter and cheese.

Master. Is butter made of milk?

7th Child. No, of cream.

Master. How do you get the cream from the milk?

2d Child. The milk is left to stand in open pans till the cream swims at the top.

Master. Why at the top?

10th Child. Because it is lighter than the milk.

Master. If it was heavier, what would it do?

10th Child. Sink, master.

Master. Did you ever see any thing sink because it was heavy?

11th Child. A stone, master, when I threw it into the pond.

Master. And if I throw this piece of wood into the water, what will it do?

17th Child. Swim, master, because it is light.

Master. Not because it is light, but because it is lighter than water. Tell me what is done with the cream, to make it into butter ?

10th Child. It is skimmed off the milk and put into a churn, and then it is moved about till it is quite thick.

Master. And what next ?

1st Child. It is taken out and salted, and put into shapes.

Master. Now, who can tell me how cheese is made ?

20th Child. I can, master, I have seen mother make it.

Master. Well, let us listen to Susan, and see if she knows how to make cheese.

20th Child. It is made of new milk.—Mother puts rennet into it, and that separates the curd.

Master. And what next, Susan ?

20th Child. Then the curd is put into a cheese-press, till it is pressed quite dry, and there it stays a long time.—Then it is put on the floor, and often turned, till it gets quite dry and hard.

Master. Very right, Susan. Is there any other use of which the cow is made ?

19th Child. Yes, the ox, which is the male of the cow, is used for ploughing and drawing, and for treading out corn, too, master.

Master. Is this use of oxen mentioned any where in the Bible ?

16th Child. Yes, master, you told us a text the other day, where it says, “Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out thy corn.”

Master. What do you mean by muzzle?

4th Child. Fastening something round its mouth, to prevent its eating the corn.

Master. Did you ever see any animal muzzled?

1st Child. Yes, master, dogs.

Master. And was that to prevent their eating?

2d Child. No, master, to prevent their biting.

Master. Then, was John right when he said muzzling meant putting something round the mouth, to prevent the animal from eating?

11th Child. No, master, he should have said it was fastening something round the mouth, and that it did hinder the ox from eating.

Master. Is the ox or cow of any other use?

3d Child. Yes, after it is dead, its horns are used for many things.

Master. And its flesh?

12th Child. Yes, it is eaten.

Master. What is it called?

16th Child. Beef, master.

Master. Tell me some other use it is of.

16th Child. Its fat is made into tallow.

Master. Think of something else.

7th Child. Its skin is tanned for leather.

Master. Right; and what is the name of the young of the cow?

8th Child. A calf.

Master. Are calves of any use?

10th Child. Their flesh is eaten, and it is called veal.

Master. Is any other part of the calf useful?

1st Child. Yes, the skin for leather.

20th Child. And the stomach for rennet, master.

Master. Are you tired, my dear children? shall we leave off talking about the cow and horse till to-morrow?

23d Child. No, master ; pray go on.

Children. We have not had the qualities of the horse and cow yet, master.

Master. No ; let us try and remember what they are.—I will count, and you shall tell me.—We will begin with the horse. He is a—

4th Child. Noble animal.

Master. One.

9th Child. Strong ; master.

Master. Two.

14th Child. Brave.

Master. Three.

18th Child. Affectionate.

Master. Four.

20th Child. Willing ; master.

Master. Five.

13th Child. Patient.

Master. Six.

24th Child. Laborious ; master.

Master. Seven.

22d Child. Docile.

Master. Eight.

11th Child. Active.

Master. Nine. Can you think of any more qualities?

10th Child. Yes, master ; useful. I think that's all.

1st Child. May we find out the qualities of the cow and the ox, master ?

Master. Do so.

8th Child. In some things they are like the horse.

6th Child. Yes, master ; patient.

Master. Yes ; think of some other qualities.

21st Child. The ox is laborious.

12th Child. Yes,—and strong.

Master. And the cow ?

2d Child. Very useful, master.

1st Child. Yes, *very* useful.

Master. Can you tell me any thing else about her ?

4th Child. Yes ; she is very fond of her young ones, and very kind to them.

Master. She is so.

19th Child. I think that is all about the cow, master.

Master. Which do you prefer of them ?

1st Child. I like the horse best.

20th Child. And I like the cow best. I had rather be useful.

Master. We must thank God that he has given us these creatures, and we may learn many lessons from both of them.

Children. Yes, master.

Master. And what should we learn from the kind care God takes of cattle ?

4th Child. It should teach us how kind we ought to be to them also.

Master. God made a particular law that they should be allowed to rest from their labour on the seventh day, as well as man. It is said, in Exodus xxiii. 12. "Six days thou shalt do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest ; that thine ox and thine ass may rest."

3d Child. Yes, master ; and it says in the commandments, that on the seventh day the cattle should not work.

Master. It does so. And there is another place in which this command is still more plainly given, Deut. v. 14. After saying that no one should work on the Sabbath-day, it says "nor thine ox, nor thine ass, nor *any* of thy cattle."

10th Child. Then, master, it is very wrong to make cattle work on Sunday?

Master. Yes, very wrong. Do any of you remember what I told you yesterday about the way we should treat animals?

24th Child. Yes, master; we were to be merciful, or kind to them.

1st Child. And you told us a text about it, master, "The merciful man is merciful to his beast."

Master. Shall we talk any more about the cow and the horse?

Children. Yes, master; pray, master, let us have that pretty story once more about the Arabian and his horse! Do you tell it to us, master, and let us help you.

Master. Where is Arabia?

1st Child. In Asia.

Master. Is that one of the three quarters of the globe?

4th Child. One of the four quarters, master.

Master. The Arabian horses are very—

6th Child. Fleet and beautiful.

Master. And the poor Arabs love—

10th Child. Them almost as well as their children.

Master. And they let them sleep at night—

14th Child. In their houses with their families.

Master. In their *houses*?

1st Child. No, master; in their tents.

Master. A great many years ago, a person belonging to the court of——

15th Child. The French king Louis——

Master. Was in Arabia, and he wished very much——

24th Child. To buy a beautiful horse——

Master. Of a very poor man, to send——

20th Child. To the king, his master.

Master. Yes ; so he offered the Arab a——

18th Child. Large sum of money for his horse.

Master. And did he consent at once to sell it ?

11th Child. No, master ; not for a long time.

Master. But at last, as he had a large family, and was miserably——

10th Child. Poor, and wanted every thing.

Master. He determined to sell it.—When the day came to part with it, he jumped——

8th Child. On the back of his beautiful horse and rode to the Frenchman, who was quite pleased to see him come.

Master. And he told out the gold, piece after piece ; but just——

16th Child. As the Arab was going to take it, he looked sorrowfully at his dear horse——

20th Child. And then at the money, and then at the horse——

Master. And said——

4th Child. Who am I going to give thee to ?

Master. To men who will——

17th Child. Tie thee up, and beat thee, and make thee miserable :——

Master. Return with me, my——

1st Child. Beauty, my jewel, and go back to my children, who will be glad to see thee again :—

Master. So saying, he—

20th Child. Jumped on his horse's back, and rode out of sight in a moment.—I am glad he did not sell his horse.

And so am I, and so am I, exclaimed a number of little voices at once; his nice horse was better than all the money !

Master. Well, my dears, as we have finished this pretty lesson, we will sing a little song about kindness to animals, and then you shall go into the play-ground.

As soon as the children had dispersed, Mrs. Eustace took Fanny, Albert, and Lucy home, who thanked her many times for the pleasant hour they had spent.

CONVERSATION IV.

EVENING SCRIPTURE READING.

OH ! look, look ; did you ever see such a beautiful rainbow, mamma ? exclaimed Lucy ; do come, mamma, to the window.

Beautiful ! said her mother, beautiful, indeed !

Lucy. What a bow it is, mamma, and how long it lasts. Oh, no, though, it is going away. I wish it would stay ; I like to see it. Oh ! it is just gone. Now it is gone. What a pity ! Don't you like to see it very much, mamma ?

Mamma. Yes, Lucy, it brings to my mind all that I like to think of and remember.

Lucy. How can it do that, mamma ? do you remember all the times you have looked at it before.

Mamma. No, my love, that might not be always pleasant ; but the rainbow reminds me of good tidings.

Lucy. Does it, mamma ? do tell me how.

Mamma. Do you know, Lucy, when the rainbow was first seen ?

Lucy. Yes, mamma ; after the flood, God showed it to Noah.

Mamma. And for what purpose, Lucy ?

Lucy. As a sign, did he not, mamma, that no flood should come again upon the earth ?

Mamma. Yes, Lucy ; and why had a flood been sent ?

Lucy. Because the people were so very wicked, mamma, that God destroyed them all.

Mamma. True, my love ; now do you see what the rainbow reminds me of ?

Lucy. Of the flood, mamma ; but that is not glad tidings, is it ?

Mamma. The rainbow tells me of man's sin, which brought the flood, Lucy ; but it speaks also of God's grace ; and when I think of the deluge which came on all the world, I remember also that refuge which saved some who then lived on the earth.

Lucy. The ark, mamma ?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, the ark, which was a figure or picture of a better refuge, to which I trust my soul has fled ; having escaped a still more dreadful curse than even the flood. The rainbow makes me remember that I am a poor sinner, and tells me the consequences of sin ; but it also tells me that there is a Saviour, and that is the glad tidings which I love to think of.

Lucy. How very wicked those persons must have been o have had such a dreadful punishment, must they not, mamma ?

Mamma. Yes, Lucy, it says, "all flesh had corrupted his way on the earth."*

Lucy. I suppose they were very dreadfully wicked, mamma, worse than any who ever lived. Do you think they had broken all the commandments, mamma ?

Mamma. I do not doubt that they had, my love.

* Genesis vi. 12.

Lucy. How very dreadful ! all the commandments ! I am sure they deserved to be drowned.

Mamma. Do you think, my love, that they are the only persons you ever heard of, who had broken all the commandments of God ?

Lucy. I do not know, mamma ; I don't think I ever heard of any other who had broken them all, every one of them :—only think, mamma, what that person must be who could break them all :—so very, very wicked :—you never saw any one, did you, mamma, who had been so wicked ?

Lucy's mother said, solemnly, “ Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans ?—I tell thee nay, but expect ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.”*

Lucy. What do you mean, mamma ?

Mamma. I mean, my love, that I think, without intending it, you have been condemning yourself.

Lucy. Oh ! mamma, you don't think that I have broken all the commandments ? I am sure I have not broken them, mamma.

Mamma. Not any of them, Lucy ? think a minute.

Lucy thought, and then said, Yes, mamma, I have sometimes coveted something which I had not got, sometimes, mamma ; and I have not always honoured you, mamma, as I ought to have done ; but I have not broken any more of them.

Mamma. Are you quite sure of that, Lucy ?

Lucy. I do not remember any more that I have broken, mamma : but, at least, I know I have not broken

* Luke xiii. 2, 3.

them nearly all. I am sure I have never made any idol and worshipped it; and I have never broken the sabbath-day; and I never killed; and never—

Mamma. Stop, Lucy, not quite so fast. I do not think that you can prove you have never broken any of these commandments.

Lucy. Indeed, mamma, I assure you—

Mamma. Wait, my dear Lucy, before you say any more. I do not think you understand the meaning of what you have said; we are going now to read, as usual, and if you like, we will read the commandments; and then, at the end of each, we will ask ourselves what does this mean, and have we ever broken this.

Lucy. Thank you, mamma, so we will; and I am sure, not quite sure, but almost, that many of them you will find I cannot have broken.

We shall see, said her mother, as she opened her Bible, and drew her chair to the table. Lucy fetched herself one also, and sat down by her mamma.

Lucy. What chapter are they in, mamma?

Mamma. The 20th of Exodus, my dear. Here it is: let me read them; the first is, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me."

Lucy. Well, mamma, can I have broken that command?

Mamma. What is the meaning of it, my dear?

Lucy. The meaning, mamma? why, how do you mean? The meaning must be, that we must worship God, and not idols.

Mamma. Yes, Lucy;—and what is an idol?

Lucy. An idol is a bit of wood or stone, which men set up and worship.

Mamma. Yes, my love, that is one sort of idol, but not of so general a kind as most idols are; but let us now turn to the 12th of Mark and the 28th verse, and see what the Lord Jesus told the scribe was the first great commandment. For He, you know, well understood what was the real meaning of the word of God.

Lucy read, "Which is the first commandment of all? and Jesus answered him, The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment.

Mamma. This, then, my love, is the real spirit of the first commandment; relating, you see, not so much to the outward conduct as to the religion of the heart. Now try yourself by this, and see whether or not you have kept it. "The Lord your God is one Lord;" then, to keep the commandment properly, you must keep it strictly; it concerns one object;—one Lord: "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart." What does the heart do, Lucy!

Lucy. Mamma, I think you told me, our affections were in the heart.

Mamma. True, Lucy;—then if you loved God with all your heart, your affections would be entirely placed upon him; when you awoke in the morning, you would immediately feel love to God, you would not forget him; when you were pursuing any employment, you would be always thinking of him with love and delight; if you walked out, or if you saw any one, or spoke, or read; still your love to him would be the feeling which would be uppermost in your mind. You

could not have any wrong feelings, still less unkind or sinful ones ; for your heart would be full of the love of God, and thus there would be no room for evil in it.

Lucy. Oh ! mamma, is it so really ? I am sure I am not so full of the love of God, but yet I think I love him from my heart.

Mamma. But our Lord says, we must “love him with *all* our heart,” for the Lord is one Lord, and cannot divide the affections of a heart which belongs to him, with any other. If your heart were full of the love of God, you would never find any desire enter into it, which did not spring from that source ; but do you, Lucy, check any desire which comes into your heart if it is not quite what you know God would approve, any wish which may be there,—if you feel it is not what God likes, even though it might be very agreeable to yourself ?

Lucy. No, mamma, I often go on wishing for things, and liking them, even when you have told me they are not proper for me, and so would be displeasing to God.

Mamma. I need not ask, then, Lucy, do you love the Lord with all your heart ? you have answered that question. Now let us pass to the next sentence, “With all thy soul.” The soul is sometimes spoken of as “the life ;” and I think I can show you, that if I only take the word to mean life, you will not think you have obeyed this command. If you love God with all your life, every breath will be spent in his service ; you will only live to obey him, as with your heart you only did to love him. Life, too, is understood as meaning all the pleasures and comforts of life—Friends, health, ease, food, and every thing of which life consists. Do you,

Lucy, make all these blessings which you have in such abundance, only so many more ways in which you can prove your love to God. Or do you not think that you sometimes rather employ them in a way contrary to his will, and thus doubly transgress, by using gifts, which you should apply to God's glory, as means of sinning against him.

Lucy. Mamma, I do not quite understand you.

Mamma. Your health, for instance, my dear Lucy, if you loved God with all your soul, or life, would be only employed by you to serve him. All the strength and spirits with which good health fills you, you would prize, because you could serve God more than if you were weak and ill; but does not your health sometimes take from you the obedience which you should render to God, by giving you such spirits that you cannot content yourself?

Lucy. Yes, mamma, I know it does; and so I am sure I do not serve God with all my life, or the comforts of it.

Mamma. No, my love, and I could easily show you, that with respect to the other parts or powers of your life, you were wanting in the love of God. But now let us read the third sentence, "With all thy mind." The mind is the thinking or knowing part, which remembers, and considers, and understands. In the 33d verse of the chapter, when the scribe answers our Lord, he calls it "the understanding,"* which is the same thing.

If, then, you love the Lord with all your mind, you will never learn, or remember, or think, or know, any

* Mark xii. 33.

thing but what would make you love God more, or serve him better. Your thoughts and all your mind would be occupied with seeking to know God; you would then only think in order to understand him better. His word, his ways, his works would dwell in your mind, and rest there, while it would try to examine them, in order that your heart might love him more, and your soul devote itself more to him. Not even *one* thought would wander to any other subject; for it could not do so. ALL your mind would meditate on, and seek to know God, and an earthly thought could not find an entrance. What do you say, Lucy, to this part of the command?

Lucy. You know I cannot have kept this part, for I am constantly thinking of other things, and very often I do not even remember God for a long time, indeed, mamma; and my mind is quite different from the mind I should have if I had one like that you have been speaking of.

Mamma. Then, Lucy, as you see that you have not kept that part, we will pass to the next and last sentence—"with all thy strength." Now this is the same as if Jesus had said,—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind and will, the whole powers of each. That is, you must serve him with all the strength of your body, soul, and spirit. There must not be one power left out, nor one which you do not use as much as it is possible for it to be used. Even if you do not let your heart sin, in loving or desiring any thing beside God, this will not do; it is not enough that you should not love any *but* God; your heart must love him as much as it can love, or you will not love him with all your strength.

Lucy. And I suppose, mamma, that it would not be enough if I did not devote my soul to any but God, and did not serve any other but him; but I must also give up all the powers of my life, and all my friends and comforts, and my body, to work for God as much as possible?

Mamma. You are right, Lucy; you would not serve God with all your strength, if you did not do so, or if one power remained inactive. And it is the same with your mind as with your heart and soul, *that* must be so employed as that all its strength shall be given to God. It would not rest a moment, it would be ever active, diligent, and seeking. I need not ask you, my love, if you have kept this part, because you see that you did not serve God with all your heart, and soul, and mind, in any degree, therefore you cannot serve him in the greatest degree possible. As, if your heart were not entirely filled with the love of God, your active powers could not be his in a way which would be acceptable to him.

Lucy. But are you sure, mamma, the commandment means all that you have been saying? for it does not seem to do so when it only says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Mamma. My love, our Saviour says, this *is* the first commandment; and his words, you well know, Lucy, are "faithful and true."* He came to fulfil this law,† which he did entirely and perfectly; but we shall speak of that by and by. You wished to go through all the commandments, did you not?

* Rev. iii. 14.

† Matt. v. 17.

Lucy. Yes, mamma, if you please.

Mamma. We will do so, then ; you have finished the first only, and what is your answer to its requirements?

Lucy. Mamma, I have broken it entirely, in every part. I did not think it meant what you tell me it does. I am sure I am guilty of breaking the first commandment.

Mamma. Now read the second.

Lucy read, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth : thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God,"* &c.

Lucy. I do not think, mamma, I can have broken this command, for I never worshipped any graven image ; you know I never thought even of praying to or worshipping any one but God.

Mamma. You see, Lucy, that the sin pointed out here is not the making a graven image, but the bowing down to it, and serving it ; we often make images or likenesses of many things, and this is not wrong ; we do not now worship carved images and paintings made by the hand of man.

Lucy. No, mamma, the figures in the hall are graven images ; for they are cut, papa told me, out of stone, by workmen who gain their living by the art ; and no one would ever think of bowing down before them.

Mamma. True, my dear, and we read in the account of the magnificent temple built by Solomon, for the worship of God, that there were likenesses of oxen, and

* Exodus xx. 4.

other figures. We therefore know that the commandment was given to forbid us to bow down and serve any but the Lord our God. And the sentence "I am a jealous God," shows this still more: for it says, I will be worshipped alone, without any else being served with me; or your worship is not worship, it does but insult me. I think I can show you, my dear Lucy, that whoever breaks the first commandment, must also be guilty of a breach of the second. What did the first commandment mean?

Lucy. That we should love God, mamma, with the whole of our hearts, and thoughts, and wishes, and powers, &c.

Mamma. Yes, my dear, and whoever does not do this, must love something else, which he loves and serves with part at least of his heart—must he not?

Lucy. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. Well, you said you did not love God, with *all* your heart, as he commands; then you must have something which prevents your doing so; and that something is an idol;—it is not indeed a graven image; but, as I said before, whatever prevents us from entirely devoting ourselves to God is an idol; it is the likeness of something which is in heaven above or on earth beneath; it is that which tempts you to idolatry.

Lucy. I never thought of that, mamma.

Mamma. No, my dear, or you would not have said you could not have broken the second commandment. The Apostle Paul says to the Corinthians, when he entreats them "to flee from idolatry,"* "whether therefore

* Cor. x. 14.

ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do *all* to the glory of God ;”* this would be serving God alone, and any thing but this is idolatry.

Lucy. But, mamma, I cannot think what idol I have which takes off my heart from God ; I do not remember any.

Mamma. Try and think, Lucy, we all have some idol, or we should worship God alone. Some persons make an idol of their children, they suffer their whole affections and minds and delight to be set on them, they only live to serve them. But though it is right that much care, and attention, and love should be bestowed upon these precious gifts of God to us, yet he does not give them to us to be served in his place, and thus to become idols. Some persons make an idol of their riches ; they only delight in increasing them, or in thinking of them. Some others make idols of their friends. Many make idols of their favourite pursuits, their studies, and learning, so that their hearts become fixed on them instead of on God. Some even make an idol of their religion.

Lucy. How can they do that, mamma ?

Mamma. If they think only of the form ; that is, if they pray and read the Bible, and go to church, and believe that by doing so they serve God, without ever doing so from the real love of God put into their hearts ; they then rest satisfied in the form of worship, and trust to that idol instead of the Lord their God. Others again make idols of their charities. But I could not tell you half the idols which are made by the sinful heart of man, and put into the place of Him, whom to love is the

* Cor x. 31.

greatest blessing we can enjoy. But now, Lucy, what idol do you think prevents you from entirely loving God?

Lucy. I cannot think; none of those you have mentioned, I am sure; but yet I know I must have one;—do tell me, if you know, mamma,—pray do.

Mamma. There is an idol which we all worship, Lucy, which we carry about with us, when we go any where, and which remains with us where we stay; it rises in the morning, and lies down with us at night; the more we serve it, the more cruel and hard are its demands; and yet we willingly let our hearts, and all that is ours, bow down and worship it.

Lucy. What can it be? Oh! mamma, I cannot imagine what it can be?

Mamma. The idol which you so much love, I see constantly opposing me, when I tell you to do any thing which it does not like you to do. It prevents you from obeying me, and from doing what would really make you happy, by telling you that it is not agreeable to itself. If you knew it at all, you would find that when you should have been thinking of God; as for instance, when you are at church, or reading your Bible, it would not let you do so; it made you think of what it liked. Your heart, and body, and thoughts, and mind, instead of loving God with all their strength, are constantly loving this idol. Your heart loves it, for it yields to all its wishes, and tries in every way to please it. Your thoughts love it, for they are always dwelling upon it. Your body loves it, for it cannot bear pain because it displeases the idol; though that pain is sent by One, who should be the Lord God of all your heart, and mind, and strength.

Lucy. How can that be? pain does not displease any

one but myself. Mamma, is it *myself*? Why, I do not really worship myself ;—Oh ! mamma, can I do such a thing?

Mamma. Whose wishes, and inclinations, and pleasures, Lucy, do you always consult first on every occasion? or rather, I should say, whose wishes are ever present, and rise first in your mind, without your knowing it?

Lucy. My own, mamma, even when I do obey you, I often feel something which says to me, that I had rather do another thing.

Mamma. That is your idol, *self*, Lucy ; and when you yield to that, you bow down and serve it. Self is the worst kind of idol, as it rules with the widest dominion over the whole mind. We can never be entirely aware of the slavery, and never shall be entirely free from it, till self and all its servants are lost in God, and instead of seeking self we only live in, and to, God.

Lucy. And that will not be till we are in heaven, will it, mamma?

Mamma. No, my love, though we may fight against it daily and hourly. But now, Lucy, tell me, have you broken the second commandment, or not?

Lucy. Yes, mamma, I see that because I do not keep the first commandment, I must have an idol ; so that I have broken the second also.

Mamma. And that idol, Lucy, is—what?

Lucy. *My own self*, mamma.

Mamma. We will now pass to the third commandment.

Lucy. Yes, mamma, I cannot think how I can have broken that, as you shall hear when I have read it, because it speaks of a thing I never thought of doing.

Mamma. Read it, my dear, and we will try.

Lucy. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."*

Mamma. This commandment, as well as each of the others, speaks of the heart as well as of the lips; but even with your lips, Lucy, do you always speak of the great God with the reverence you should use? Do not I sometimes see you, when you are reading the Bible, so trifling and careless, that I know you are doing anything but keeping the third commandment? When you seem to be joining in prayer to this holy Lord God, does your heart always go up with your words, or are you taking his name into your lips but to mock him, by seeming to think that God, who searches the heart, can accept the mere service of the mouth.

Lucy. Yes, mamma, I know I often do that. I do not always speak of God with reverence. When I hear about him, I often do not at all care about attending or thinking.

Mamma. And why is this, Lucy?

Lucy. I do not know, mamma.

Mamma. If your thoughts of God were full of reverence or respect for him, and your mind always received with wonder and love all you heard of him, would you be inclined ever to trifle in speaking of him, or in praying, which you know is speaking to him?

Lucy. No, mamma, I should speak as I thought, and pray as I felt.

Mamma. If you came to me, Lucy, and said a num-

ber of times, Mamma, mamma, mamma, will you give me; and then, when I turned and said, What do you want me to give you, Lucy,—I saw you looking at something else, and forgetting that you even were speaking to me: should I not say you are mocking me, you do not want any thing, or you would not do so? You only spoke to me with your lips, and did not really wish me to hear or answer you?

Lucy. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. And would it not be disrespectful, Lucy?

Lucy. Yes, mamma, I would not be so disrespectful.

Mamma. And just so is it, Lucy, when you trifle, with your heart, in the presence of God; for he sees your heart more clearly than I can see your outward manner; you then take his name in vain, and “the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.” Do you think you can tell me why you do so?

Lucy. I think it must be because I do not love the Lord with all my heart, and mind; or I should not feel tempted to do so.

Mamma. Yes, Lucy, that is the reason; if your whole mind loved God, it could not be careless about him, or think of him except with reverence and godly fear.

Lucy. Then I have broken the third commandment as well as the first two. I did not think I should have found out that; and now I know you will show me that I have broken the fourth; but, indeed, mamma, I have often tried to keep it, and I do not think I break it now; at least not much.

Mamma. Read the commandment, my dear, and we shall see—

Lucy. “Remember the sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath-day, and hallowed it.*

Mamma. Do you know, Lucy, what is the right way to keep the Sabbath holy, as God requires?

Lucy. Is it not, mamma, to think of God on it, and read the Bible, and try not to do what would displease him on it?

Mamma. If you look at the 58th chapter of Isaiah and the 13th and 14th verses, you will find that those persons who were commanded by God to keep holy his sabbath, were to “call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable;” and then they should, they were promised, “delight themselves in the Lord.” Now, my dear Lucy, can we call any thing a delight, unless we really have pleasure in it, and love it?

Lucy. No, mamma; certainly not.

Mamma. We read, my love, that God “blessed the sabbath-day, and hallowed it;” and what God blesses, his children, or those who really love him, will delight in. Do you think, Lucy, that if you could think of none but God all the Sunday, and leave off all those employments which are not called proper for Sunday, that

* Exodus xx. 8—11.

you would be keeping it holy, if all the time you did not love it, but wished it over?

Lucy. I suppose not, mamma; but should I not be doing right, if I did so?

Mamma. What did the Lord say to Saul, even when he was sacrificing burnt-offerings to him? "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt-offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken, than the fat of rams?"* And to those Jews who did externally observe the Sabbath, but who felt in their hearts unwillingness to keep it, and said, When will it be over, that we may go on with our worldly business?—God declared that he would "not forget any of their works,"† to punish them for so disobeying him; because God cannot call that obeying him, which is only the outward service; he reads the heart, and those who do not keep the Sabbath holy there, by really hallowing it and delighting in it, do not obey the fourth commandment.

Lucy. But, mamma, will you tell me how I can do this, for I do not quite know what you mean?

Mamma. My dear Lucy, when I give you leave to go and see your aunt, and spend the day with her, are you not very much pleased?

Lucy. Oh, yes, mamma, I like so much to visit my aunt, I always spend such happy days with her!

Mamma. Why are they so happy, Lucy?

Lucy. Oh! because aunt always is so kind, and tries to do every thing to make me happy, and I hope to hear

* 1 Sam. xv. 22.

† Amos viii. 5—8.

her talk to me, and to talk to her, and to walk with her ; and she is such a nice person, and I love her so.

Mamma. You do not then want me to teach you how to like and enjoy the day which you spend with your aunt, do you, Lucy?

Lucy. Oh, no, mamma ! how very odd ; you could not tell me. Why, if I did not like to go and see my aunt, I don't think you could make me learn to like it.

Mamma. How, Lucy, did you learn to like being with your aunt ?

Lucy. Oh ! mamma, I don't know, I never learnt, I always liked it : always, mamma. I suppose because I always loved my aunt.

Mamma. It is just in this way, my dear Lucy, that those who have the Lord for their God, learn to keep holy the sabbath-day. We have seen that the meaning of keeping it holy is to love and enjoy it. Those who really love God will be rejoiced to have a day when they can be very much engaged in his praise, and be much with him. The day is the happiest and the best to them, in which they most enjoy his presence ; that is, when they can pray to him, and hear of him, and think of him most. They do not want to learn how to keep that day holy ; no one can teach us to delight in what we do not love. They enjoy the Sabbath, because they love God, as you do the days you spend with your aunt, because you love your aunt.

Lucy. Now I see, mamma, what you mean.

Mamma. And do you, Lucy, love the Sabbath in this manner?

Lucy. No, mamma, I am sure I do not, for though

I like Sunday very much, I do not think I like it for the reasons you have mentioned.

Mamma. For what reason then, Lucy, do you like it?

Lucy. Why, mamma, I do not exactly know why I like it.

Mamma. But think, my love, for I should like to know.

Lucy. Mamma, I think I partly like it, because—because you like it, mamma, and papa likes it, and every body seems to enjoy it; and partly because you talk to me a great deal on Sunday afternoon, and partly, I like going to church with you. And it is, you know, a change, something different from the rest of the week.

Mamma. I am glad, my love, that you have been able to find out why Sunday seemed pleasant to you, for I like you to know the reasons you have for every thing. But are any of these causes those which the Bible points out as the cause for loving the Sabbath?

Lucy. I suppose not, mamma.

Mamma. Does it not say, "Call the Sabbath, the holy of the Lord, and honourable, and honour him."* That is, love it because it is the day of the Lord, and belongs to him alone?

Lucy. Yes, mamma, and now I see I do not love Sunday for that reason; so I am afraid I do not keep holy the sabbath-day. I have broken the fourth commandment too.

Mamma. Can you tell me the reason that you have done so, Lucy?

* Isaiah lviii. 13.

Lucy. Is it because I do not love God with all my heart and mind?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, it is; if you did, you could not help loving the Sunday, because, as I have explained to you, when we love a friend, we enjoy to be with him as much as we can.

Lucy. Why, mamma, I see that if I kept the first commandment, I should keep all we have read. If I kept the first, you know, I should have no idols,—not mine own self for an idol,—and so I should keep the second; and if I kept the first, I should reverence God always from the bottom of my heart; and so I should keep the third, mamma; and if I kept the first, I should love Sunday for the reason God commands us to love it; and so I should keep the fourth, should I not?

Mamma. Yes, my love, you are right; and can you tell me the reason it would be so?

Lucy. I do not know, mamma.

Mamma. If you loved God in the way I explained to you when we were thinking over the first commandment,—that is, with all your thoughts, and desires, and affections, and strength,—would it not be quite impossible that you should do or think any thing wrong?

Lucy. Yes, quite impossible; I should think nothing but love, and do nothing but—but what, mamma?

Mamma. Do nothing but what love to God gave you the wish to do.

Lucy. And the wish being holy, I should do holy actions; and I should certainly worship God in my heart, if my heart were full of his love. I could not help it, could I, mamma?

Mamma. Certainly not, my dear, it would be more natural to you, if your heart were pure, to love God, than it is natural for you to breathe the air by which we live. We are now come to the end of the first table of the law, as it is called. It is so named because when God gave to his servant Moses, the law on the Mount of Sinai, it was written on two large stones; on the first were written the four commandments we have been talking of this evening; which contain, as you see, all our duty to God. If we keep these, we shall be perfect towards God; perfectly loving, and serving him; there would be no sin in our conduct with respect to him. You now see why our Saviour, in speaking to the scribe, calls the first commandment, *THE* command; on which, and on the last of the second table, hang all the law and the prophets. Indeed the whole of the first table is wrapt up, or contained in the first great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength."* And did we observe the first table, we should also observe the second, which is "like unto it."†

Lucy. But, mamma, even without keeping the first table, cannot persons keep the second? I know, since you have shown me the meaning of the commandments in the first, that I have broken them all, but I do not think I can have broken the commands in the second table.

Mamma. We will read them also, my dear, in the same manner, and then we shall see the whole law, and

* Mark xii. 30.

† Mark xii. 31.

whether you have kept any part of it. We shall also have a great deal to think and talk about, after we have gone through all the commandments: for I do not wish to stop and point out to you now, many things which I am desirous you should observe; or to speak of the great perfection and holiness of this great Lord our God; but I want you first to find out whether you have transgressed the commands of God; and then we will consider the consequences of doing so.

Lucy. Yes, mamma, and now may I read the next commandment; the first in the second table?

Mamma. Not now, my dear, it is getting very late, and we must wait till to-morrow evening. We have now gone on half an hour beyond our usual time.

Lucy. Have we really, mamma, I did not know it was so late. To-morrow evening, I hope, you will not find that I have broken so many commandments. I think you will not. There are some which I think you will say that I have not broken, even in my thoughts.

Mamma. We shall see: but remember, my dear Lucy, what a solemn thought it is, that you do so often, and so entirely break these holy commands, and thus offend God. Try and keep this in your mind, and it will make you think less highly of yourself. You will think to yourself, I am not so good as I imagined; I am constantly sinning in my heart against God, and this ought to make me think myself a very sinful little child, and should shut out the pride I feel, when I have behaved better, as I think, than usual.—Good night, my love.

Good night, mamma, said Lucy, and thank you, and after she had kissed her mother, she went up stairs.

CONVERSATION V.

INFANT DEVELOPMENT AND ARITHMETIC.

Mamma. Come, my little boy, tell me what this is?

Edward. My hand, mamma.

Mamma. And how many hands have you, Edward?

Edward. Two, mamma.

Mamma. Of what else have you two?

Edward. Two eyes, mamma.

Mamma. And what two other things have you got?

Edward. Two ears, mamma.

Mamma. Tell me something else of which you have two?

Edward. Two feet, mamma.

Mamma. And have you two of any thing else?

Edward. Two holes in my nose, mamma.

Mamma. Those are called nostrils, my dear; and how many have you got, of those fat rosy things on each side of your nose?

Edward. Oh, two cheeks, mamma.

Mamma. Now think of some other things of which you have two.

Edward. Two shoulders, mamma.

Mamma. And what is between your shoulders and your hands, Edward?

Edward. Elbows, mamma, and two wrists also

Mamma. Look about you, and you will find several more things that you have two of.

Edward. Two thumbs, mamma.

Mamma. Put your hands on your face, and find me some more things there, of which you have two each.

Edward. I said, eyes, and cheeks, and nostrils ; oh, there is the skin that covers my eyes.

Mamma. Your eye-lids, Edward ; and think of some things higher up in your face, what are they called ?

Edward. Eye-brows, mamma. I cannot remember any thing else that I have two of.

Mamma. You used two things, Edward, which you have not named, when you spoke to me now.

Edward. Did I, mamma ? I have only one tongue. Two teeth, mamma, was it ?

Mamma. Have you only two teeth, Edward ?

Edward. Yes, mamma, many teeth.

Mamma. Well, dear, think again, then.

Edward. Two jaws, and two gums, mamma.

Mamma. Well, that is right ; but there are two more things I want you to remember.

Edward. Oh, I have found it out ! two lips, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, Edward ; but we have still many things to find out, of which you have two.

Edward. Two ! Two ! Two sides, mamma !

Mamma. Right ; now go on.

Edward. Two legs, mamma.

Mamma. And what are below your legs ?

Edward. Oh ! my feet. Ah ! I have two ancles, and two heels, and two knees. Oh, what a number of things I have got two of ! let me add them all together.

Two eyes, two eye-brows, that is four ; two eye-lids, that is six ; two nostrils, eight ; two cheeks, ten ; two lips, twelve ; two ears, fourteen ; two shoulders, sixteen ; two elbows, eighteen ; two wrists, twenty ; two arms, twenty-two ; two hands, twenty-four ; two thumbs, twenty-six ; two sides, twenty-eight ; two feet, thirty ; two ancles, thirty-two ; two heels, thirty-four ; two legs, thirty-six ; and two knees, thirty-eight.

Mamma. You have forgotten some things, Edward.

Edward. O yes. I forgot two jaws, forty ; and two gums, they make forty-two. What a number of things, mamma ! I did not know I had so many things !

Mamma. And don't you think, my dear, they are all of use to you ?

Edward. Yes, mamma, of great use.

Mamma. Let us talk about the use of some of them. Can you tell me the use of your hands, Edward ?

Edward. Yes, mamma ; to lift things with, and to carry them about, and to roll my ball, and to open the door, and shut it ; and to put on my hat, and to tie my shoes, and to eat with.

Mamma. What ! do you eat with your hands, Edward ?

Edward. No, mamma, but I put my food in my mouth with them.

Mamma. True, my dear ; now think of some more uses for your hands.

Edward. To pluck flowers, mamma ; and to give bread to poor people with ; and to shake hands with you and papa, and other persons. I don't know any more uses, mamma.

Mamma. What would you have done without hands this morning, Edward, when you were in my room? What were you doing then?

Edward. Oh, mamma, I use my hands to draw and to write with, and to hold my book, and to build bricks, too, mamma, and to stir the fire with.

Mamma. I hope you never use your little hands for that purpose, Edward. That is one use for my hands, but not for yours till you grow older.

Edward. Mamma, I can cut out paper with my hands, when you lend me your scissors.

Mamma. You can so, my dear; and there is another use which I wonder you have forgotten, I saw you using them just now for it.

Edward. Just now, mamma? Oh, to stroke my cat; and when I was a little boy, I used them to hold by Jane, for fear she should let me down when she carried me.

Mamma. Cannot you remember any other use of your hands, my dear?

Edward. I will think, mamma. Yes; to dig in my garden with, and to pull up the weeds too; and to draw the curtains with, and to wash my face with, mamma. Are they of any other uses than those I have said?

Mamma. Think, my dear, for yourself.

Edward. I forgot to say, to water my flowers with, mamma; and to put crumbs out for the little birds.

Mamma. I remember another use, Edward; do you like to oblige me?

Edward. Yes, mamma, very much.

Mamma. Do your hands ever help you to do so, Edward?

Edward. Yes, mamma, when you tell me to bring you any thing : your work-box, or a footstool, or many other things. I am very glad God gave me hands, mamma.

Mamma. You must always try and use them, my dear, for the purposes for which they were given to you, and never for any thing which God would not like. If you do not now recollect any other use for your hands, we will talk about something else ; what shall it be ?

Edward. My feet, mamma, if you please.

Mamma. Come then, tell me what is the use of your feet ?

Edward. To run, and walk, and jump with, mamma.

Mamma. And what else, my dear ?

Edward. Oh, to hop, and skip, and slide with, mamma.

Mamma. And think of some other use you can make of them.

Edward. To climb with, mamma, and to stamp on my spade, and to kick my ball with, and to put my shoes on, too.

Mamma. I think your shoes were made to be of use to your feet, and not your feet to fit your shoes, Edward ?

Edward. Yes, mamma, certainly. But my feet have not so many things to do with them as my hands. I do not know any more. May we talk about my mouth, mamma ?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, if you wish it ; but first tell me how you spell feet, that I may write it down.

Edward. May I make the word with my letters, mamma ? I can get the box in a moment ?

Mamma. Do so, my love.

Edward. Here, mamma, are the letters—FEET.

Mamma. How many letters are there, Edward ?

Edward. Four, mamma. May I make hands, too ?

Mamma. You may, my dear ; how do you spell it ?

Edward. I will give you the letters, mamma, and you shall see if I am right. Here they are.

Mamma. You have given me HENDS ; does that spell hands, my love ? which letter is wrong ?

Edward. The second, mamma, it should be A. There it is, don't move the letters, pray, till we have got all the words. Now, mouth, mamma,—may I talk about my mouth ?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, you can easily find the use of that, I think.

Edward. To talk with and to bite with.

Mamma. Do you bite with your mouth, Edward ?

Edward. No, mamma, with my teeth ; but I eat with my mouth too.

Mamma. You do so, and what else do you do with it ?

Edward. Kiss you, mamma, and my sisters.

Mamma. And what else, Edward ?

Edward. Blow and breathe, mamma.

Mamma. You breathe *through* your mouth, or your nose, but not *with* them, my dear ; when you are older, I will tell you how you breathe.

Edward. I whistle with my mouth, mamma, and pout.

Mamma. The last is a use I should be very sorry to see you make of your mouth, Edward ; we were only to find out *proper* uses for it, and I don't think that is a proper one ; do you, my dear ?

Edward. No, mamma, I only pout when I am cross.

May I make the word mouth now, I do not know what I can do with it besides ?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, if you know how.

Edward. Here, mamma, is this right,——MOWSE?

Mamma. No, my love, only the two first letters are right. I thought you would not find it so easy to spell as the other words. I will pick out the letters and you shall try and put them together.

Edward. I cannot find out how they go, mamma ; is this right,——MUOTH ? it sounds so.

Mamma. No, my love, you must make the second and third letters change place, and then it will do. Now spell it to me.

Edward. MOUTH. I think I shall know it another time, mamma.

Mamma. Here comes Lucy with her slate.—Edward, you may play a little with your bricks, whilst I talk to your sister. Lucy, have you done that amusing exercise I set you this morning ?

Lucy. Yes, mamma, I have tried to get all the words I could out of Breadth.

Mamma. And have you found many, Lucy ?

Lucy. Yes, mamma, a great many. See, mamma, I have put them in three columns.

BREADTH.

earth

are

heat

bear

bad

rate

dab

be

heart

tread

dart

hated

tear

hear

bade

art

trade

hatred

a	head	hard
death	bar	bat
bathe	ha !	ah !
read	brad	thread
bread	debt	rat
eat	hat	hart
bare	dare	ear
tear	bet	he
bead	at	tea
heard	beat	had
tar	herb	tare
date	dear	bed
hate	the	red
breath	ate	beard
bate	hare	bath

Do you think there are any more words, mamma, I do not remember any ?

Mamma. Do you not think there are more words, Lucy, if you were to put them of different parts of speech ?

Lucy. How do you mean, mamma ?

Mamma. Are there not some words, the substantives of which are spelt the same as the infinitive mood of the verb ?

Lucy. Yes, mamma, I understand you,—there is to heat, and heat ; to rate, and a rate ; to bet, and a bet ; to beat, and a beat ; to tear, and a tear ; to tar, and tar, and a tar ; to date, and a date ; to tread, and a tread ; to trade, and a trade ; to thread, and a thread ; to dart, and a dart ; to bar, and a bar.—Ah, mamma, that makes a great many more words ; I never recollected it, till you made me think of it.

Mamma. This will be a useful exercise, Lucy, by teaching you to spell correctly, which you often find it difficult to do.

Lucy. Yes, mamma, but you have partly cured me of that, by reading to me out of a book, and making me write it down on my slate. I shall be glad when I can write as quickly as Fanny does, but she is a great deal older than I am.

Mamma. How much do you call a great deal, Lucy?

Lucy. Why, mamma, I am but just eight, and Fanny is fourteen. She is six years older than I am.

Mamma. Suppose she was exactly six years older, how many months would that be, Lucy?

Lucy. Am I to reckon twelve or thirteen months in a year, mamma?

Mamma. You had better reckon twelve months, first, and then you can easily add the one month to each year.

Lucy. Six twelves are seventy-two, mamma, and then if I add the six ones besides, it makes Fanny seventy-eight months older than I am.

Mamma. Now, Lucy, try if you can find out how many days Fanny is older than you are?

Lucy. Oh, mamma, that is a long sum indeed. I must find out six three hundred and sixty-fives, must I not?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, but do not make it into a long sum, as you say, but reckon by round numbers as I have taught you.

Lucy. Yes, mamma.—Six three hundreds are eighteen hundreds; and six fifties are three hundred more, that is twenty-one hundred; and six fifteens, that is easy enough, mamma, because fifteen is the sixth of ninety:

so it is ninety more. Altogether 2190 days that Fanny is older than I am.

Mamma. And do you think, Lucy, you could tell me how many hours there are in 2190 days?

Lucy. May I reckon them by multiplying by twelve, mamma, and then doubling it? I think I should find that the easiest way.

Mamma. You may, my dear.

Lucy. Twelve times two thousand are twenty-four thousand, and double that is forty-eight thousand. Then I may reckon a hundred and ninety as two hundred, and take the odd tens off afterwards; so, twelve two hundreds are twenty-four hundred, and twice that, forty-eight hundred; now I must take away twenty-four tens, that is, two hundred and forty, which leave 4560 to be added to 48,000, that is, 52,560 hours, mamma, that Fanny has lived more than I have.—I dare say you will ask me now, how many minutes that is?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, I should like you to find that out also.

Lucy. That is not at all difficult, mamma.—The answer is, 3,153,600 minutes.

Mamma. Then if you improve to the utmost of your power the next three millions, one hundred-and-fifty-three-thousand, six-hundred minutes, how much knowledge you may have gained by the end of that time. And see, my dear Lucy, the value of those little minutes of which you often think nothing, when you waste a few of them.

Lucy. Then, mamma, all my life is made up of minutes, is it not?

Mamma. Yes, my love, and for the right employ-

ment, or misemployment of every one of them, you will have to give an account.

Lucy. Oh, mamma, I wish I could remember the value of minutes as you do ; but I often think—oh ! there is only a minute or two before something will happen, and there can be no harm in remaining idle for so short a time. But I will try and save my minutes more carefully, in future ; and I hope you will remind me, when you see me idling, of the value of these little bits of time.

Mamma. I will do so, my dear Lucy, and I wished you to come to this conclusion yourself, that you might really feel its force.—Now run and put on your things quickly, that we may take a walk.

CONVERSATION VI.

RUDIMENTS OF ARITHMETIC, AND MORAL DEVELOPMENT.

Mamma. Edward, my love, fetch me six bricks from the floor, and lay them on the table; count them and see that you are right.

Edward. One, two, three, four, five, six.

Mamma. Now divide them into three heaps, and put the same number in each. How many are there in each heap?

Edward. Two, mamma.

Mamma. Let us count them again in each heap. One, two; one, two; one, two. How many twos make six?

Edward. Three, mamma; two, and two, and two.

Mamma. Now put them together again, and divide them into two equal heaps. How many are there in each heap?

Edward. Three, mamma.

Mamma. Then how many threes are there in six?

Edward. Two, mamma.

Mamma. Add one to this heap, and count them again.

Edward. One, two, three, four; here.

Mamma. And count the other.

Edward. One, two.

Mamma. What do four and two make?

Edward. Six, mamma.

Mamma. Let us change them again, and take one off the heap on which there are two, and add it to the other heap. Now count again.

Edward. Five and one; six again, mamma.

Mamma. Then, dear, let us see, five and one are?

Edward. Six, mamma.

Mamma. Four and two are?

Edward. Six, mamma.

Mamma. Three and three are?

Edward. Six, mamma.

Mamma. Three times two are?

Edward. Six, mamma.

Mamma. And six ones are?

Edward. Six, mamma.

Mamma. Do you repeat this, my dear, and count the bricks at the same time to prove it.

Edward. Six ones are six; five and one are six; four and two are six; three and three are six; two and two and two are six.

Mamma. Take one brick away, and how many remain?

Edward. Five, mamma.

Mamma. Take two away, and how many remain?

Edward. Four, mamma.

Mamma. Take three away, and how many remain?

Edward. Three, mamma.

Mamma. Pick up six more bricks from the floor, my dear, and add them to the six on the table, and how many have you?

Edward. Twelve, mamma.

Mamma. How many do two sixes make then, Edward?

Edward. Twelve, mamma.

Mamma. Find out how many threes there are in twelve.

Edward. Three, and three, and three, and three. Four threes, mamma.

Mamma. Put all the twelve bricks together again, and find out how many fours there are in twelve.

Edward. Four, and four, and four. There are three fours, mamma.

Mamma. Right, my love; put them together again, and divide them into two halves, and see how many there are in each heap.

Edward. I have divided them, mamma, and there are, one, two, three, four, five, six, in one; and one, two, three, four, five, six, in the other.

Mamma. Then two sixes, or twice six, make how many, Edward?

Edward. Twelve, mamma.

Mamma. I am going to take two away, how many have you left?

Edward. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Ten left, mamma.

Mamma. Now I have taken some more away, how many have you left?

Edward. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. I think you have taken away five, mamma.

Mamma. Now run and fetch your frame, Edward, and see what you can do with the round balls on it. How many are there on each line? count them.

Edward. Ten, mamma.

Mamma. How many ones are there on each line?

Edward. Ten ones, mamma.

Mamma. Put them each separately, my dear.

Edward. I have done it; look, mamma! What shall I do next?

Mamma. Arrange the balls on the second line in two halves. How many are there now?

Edward. One, two, three, four, five; and one, two, three, four, five: five in each half, mamma.

Mamma. Then how many fives make ten?

Edward. Two, mamma. Five and five make ten.

Mamma. Tell me, once more, what you have found out on those two lines?

Edward. Ten ones make ten, mamma; and two fives.

Mamma. Yes, dear. Now let us try whether we can make ten, any other way, on the third wire. I will put one at this end, and see how many are left.

Edward. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. Nine, mamma:—so one and nine make ten.

Mamma. Now let us put two here, and see how many it will take to make up ten.

Edward. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Eight, mamma;—so eight and two make ten.

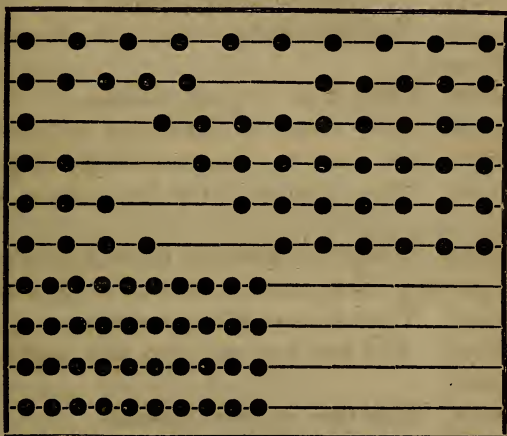
Edward's mamma went on in the same manner till he had found out all the different ways of forming ten. And when he had counted them over several times, he had no difficulty in repeating them without his frame.*

* The Arithmetical frame above named is made either of wood with longitudinal wires, each of which has ten balls of wood strung

Edward. What shall I do next, mamma?

Mamma. I will put the balls altogether, my dear, and then you shall place them again by yourself, just as we have now done.

Edward did so, and soon brought his frame to his mamma arranged thus—



Mamma. As you know how to make ten in a great many different ways, let us see what ten and ten will make if we add them together?

Edward counted, and found that ten and ten made twenty.

on it; or of brass, with wires, and glass beads of different colours. It is particularly recommended for children, as enabling them to comprehend the relations of numbers presented to them in a tangible and not an abstract manner. The balls should be black and white that it may be more easy to calculate how many are moved, but it is undesirable that they should be coloured, as their variety would distract the attention from the simple consideration of number.

Mamma. Repeat that several times, my dear ; and then count the next ten, that you may find how many three tens make together.

Edward. Thirty, mamma.

Mamma. Right, my dear ; then one ten, and one ten, make——how many, Edward ?

Edward. Two tens, or twenty, mamma.

Mamma. Two tens, and one ten, make how many tens, Edward ?

Edward. Three tens, or thirty, mamma.

Mamma. Now count the fourth ten, and add it to the third ten, and see how many you have got altogether.

Edward. I have counted : it is four tens, or forty, mamma.

Mamma. Look then, Edward, whilst I point to the frame ; one ten, and two tens, make how many tens ?

Edward. Three tens, or thirty, mamma.

Mamma. And two tens, and two tens, make how many tens ?

Edward. Four tens, or forty, mamma.

Mamma. And three tens, and one ten, make how many tens ?

Edward. Four tens, or forty, mamma.

Mamma. Right, my love ; this is enough I think for one lesson. You shall try, to-morrow, whether you have remembered it.

Edward. Do let me go on, mamma !

Mamma. Pick up some bricks then, my love ; and put them in a straight line on the table.

Edward. There——mamma.

Mamma. Now make a line of bricks by the side of it, and tell me which is the longest.

Edward. The first line.

Mamma. Now make another still longer than the first, and we will look at them together. Well done. Repeat after me, my dear, what I say ; the first is long, the second is longer, the third is longest.

Edward. Long, longer, longest.

Mamma. Which is the longest ?

Edward. This, mamma ; the third.

Mamma. Which is long ?

Edward. The first.

Mamma. Which is longer ?

Edward. The second.

Mamma. Now we will make three little lines of different lengths. This is short, that is shorter, that is shortest. Tell me which is short ?

Edward. The first, mamma ; this.

Mamma. Which is the shortest ?

Edward. This ; the third, mamma.

Mamma. What is this, then ?

Edward. Shorter, mamma.

Mamma. Which do you think is the longest, the window or the door ?

Edward. The door, mamma.

Mamma. Put three things together, my dear ; one high, the other higher, the other highest.

Edward. This stool is high—the chair is higher—the table is highest.

Mamma. That is right, my boy ; do you think you shall recollect what I have taught you ?

Edward. Yes, mamma ; but now will you tell me a story out of the Bible before I go ?

Mamma. Yes, my love ; which shall it be ?

Edward. The story of Daniel, mamma, if you please.

Mamma. Daniel was a very good man, and he loved, and worshipped, and served God; but he lived in the time of a king who did not worship or love God. Do you know what I mean by a king, Edward?

Edward. A man who rules over a country, is it not, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, my dear; and kings have persons about them, who are called courtiers. King Darius had a great many courtiers, who were more wicked than himself, and who hated Daniel because he was better than they were. They had, for a long time, determined to kill him if they could, and at last they thought of a plan by which they hoped to do so. They persuaded Darius to make a law, which forbade any one to pray to any man or God, for thirty days, except to the king.

Edward. How very wicked, mamma; I wonder God did not kill them all at once.

Mamma. My dear child, if God were to kill us all when we do wickedly, there would be no man left alive upon the earth, but "He suffereth long and is kind," and we should try to do the same. One part of this law was, that if any man prayed to God, he should be cast into a den full of hungry lions. Do you think, Edward, that Daniel should have obeyed the king, and left off praying?

Edward. No, mamma; but I think he must have been afraid of their finding out that he prayed.

Mamma. If Daniel had not feared God more than man, he would have been afraid; but instead of this he prayed three times a day, with his windows open, so that he was soon found out; and then the wicked courtiers went and told their king what he had done, and begged

him to order that Daniel should at once be punished. When the king heard this he was very sorry, for he knew that Daniel was a good man, and he did not like him to be killed.

Edward. But, mamma, if he was king, why did not he say that Daniel should not be put into the den ?

Mamma. Because, my dear, in Persia, where Darius lived, when a law was once made, it could never be altered. So the king was forced to order that Daniel should be put into the den ; and the men went with great pleasure to seize him, and carry him there.

Edward. Poor Daniel ! he must have been frightened.

Mamma. No, my love, he was sure that he was obeying God, and that no harm would come to him ; and even if the lions were allowed to kill him, his soul would go directly to God, and then he should be happy for ever. Even Darius seems to have thought that God would not let his servant be punished, for he said to him as he went into the den, “Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee.” Then they brought a stone, and laid it over the mouth of the den, that Daniel might not get out ; and the king sealed it with his own seal.

Edward. How sorry the king must have been !

Mamma. Yes ; we are told in the Bible, that he went home to his palace, and spent all night without eating, and would not hear music, or have any thing to comfort him, and he could not sleep. What do you think kept him awake, Edward ?

Edward. He thought how naughty he had been.

Mamma. Yes, my love, that is called conscience.

When you do any thing wrong, you feel unhappy, and sorry, and you cannot enjoy your play ; and that is because God has given you a conscience, which tells you that you have done wrong.

Edward. Do you think that Daniel went to sleep, mamma?

Mamma. I should think not, my love ; most likely he spent the night in prayer, and in thinking of the great love of God in keeping him from the evil his enemies meant to have done him. And I have no doubt, that he prayed to God to forgive them, and to teach them to love him, and to worship him ; and it is most likely, that an angel of God, or Jesus Christ himself, was with Daniel during the night ; which would make it the pleasantest night he ever spent. Very early in the morning, the king got up and went to the mouth of the den, and called out with a sad voice, Daniel, Daniel, has the God whom you always serve, been able to deliver you?

Edward. Oh ! mamma, just as if God could not do every thing !

Mamma. But you remember, my dear, that this king was a worshipper of idols ; and think how delighted he must have been when Daniel answered and said, My God has sent his angel to shut the lions' mouths ; and they have not hurt me, because I had not done wrong. Then the king was very glad, and ordered that Daniel should be taken out of the den ; and they saw that he was not the least hurt, because he believed in his God. If we trust in God, he never lets any real harm come to us, any more than he did to Daniel ; for though he does not promise to keep our bodies from evil, yet our souls are quite safe.

Edward. I like Darius much better than his courtiers ; do tell me what became of them ?

Mamma. The king commanded that they, and their wives, and their children, should be all thrown into the lions' den ; and before they got to the bottom of it, the lions flew upon them and ate them up, and broke all their bones in pieces.

Edward. They deserved it, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, my love, they did ; and the reason they were punished in this way, was to convince the people that God had kept Daniel alive by his own power, and that unless *He* had stopped the lions' mouths, Daniel would have been killed instantly ; and this was the plainest way by which he could convince them that he only was the true God.

Edward. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. Then the king ordered, that in all his kingdom no God should be worshipped but the God of Daniel, because he only could take care of his servants. Does not my dear boy wish to be like Daniel ?

Edward. Yes, mamma ; I hope I shall be, one day.

Mamma. You must try to obey and love your parents, and to love your brothers and sisters, and above all, to love God who has given them all to you. Even such a little child as you are, can pray to God, and ask him to forgive your sins, and help you to do right ; for God only can give you strength, as he did to Daniel, to please and obey him. Now, my dear, you may run into the garden ; and remember the pretty story I have told you.

Edward. Thank you, dear mamma.

CONVERSATION VII.

GRAMMAR.

“Mamma,” said Edward, rising from the floor, where he had been sitting playing with his bricks, whilst his mother had been conversing with his brother and sisters, “will you talk to me now?”

“Yes, my boy! with great pleasure,” replied his mother, “if you are tired of playing with your bricks.”

Edward. I am not tired, mamma, but I like better to have you to talk to me, because the time always seems so short when you are talking to me.

Mamma. And do you think you can find out the reason, that the time appears so much shorter when I am talking to you, than at any other time, Edward?

Edward. Because I love you so much, mamma.

Mamma. That may be partly the reason, Edward, but it is not the principal one; there is another and more important reason.

Edward. What is it, mamma?

Mamma. Because I try to make you think. And what means do I take to make you think? Can you find out, Edward?

Edward. You tell me something, mamma, that I did not know before, and that it is very pleasant to hear.

Mamma. And what does that make you do, Edward?

Edward. It makes me think about it, mamma.

Mamma. And is it not a very pleasant thing, to have something to think about, Edward?

Edward. Yes, mamma, very pleasant, but a little boy like me cannot think a great deal, because I do not know many things to think about.

Mamma. True, my love; but every day will increase your stock, if you do but continue to like to think. For every body has pleasure in talking to children, who are desirous of increasing their stock of things to think about; and it is the pleasure of thinking that makes time fly swiftly away. But why did you not listen, whilst your brother and sisters and I were talking, my love?

Edward. I did try, mamma, but I could not understand what it was about.

Mamma. Then you were right, my love, if, after trying your best to understand, you found you could not, to direct your attention to something else, and wait till you were wiser. But have you no idea at all of what we were speaking about, Edward?

Edward. I heard you call it grammar, mamma, that is all I know about it.

Mamma. Now, would you like to know what grammar is, Edward?

Edward. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. Then I will tell you, my love; you know when you wish either me, or any other of your friends to know any thing, you speak to us, to tell us about it. Now can you tell me what this use of words to express your ideas, or what you wish to say to others, is called?

Edward. No, mamma.

Mamma. It is called language: and I dare say, Edward, you are conscious of having more command of language, that is, you feel able to express what you want to say to us, with more ease than you could, even a very short time ago.

Edward. Oh ! yes, mamma, I know I can, for I have learnt the meaning of a great many words lately.

Mamma. And you will learn a great many more, and be able to express yourself better and better, every day, if you pay attention to what you hear. But still there will be something else yet wanting, to give you a correct knowledge of the proper use of words.

Edward. What is that, mamma ?

Mamma. I will endeavour to explain it to you, my love. All words have a connexion with one another ; so that the proper use of one word depends upon its connexion with the other words of a sentence. For often words that appear very much alike are in reality very different, and it is only a knowledge of grammar that will teach us to know how to use them correctly. This connexion of words with one another, then, Edward, is grammar ; and the person who is well acquainted with this connexion, is called a grammarian.

Edward. That is a very long word, it must surely be a very hard thing to be a grammarian, mamma !

Mamma. Because grammarian is a long word, you think it must be a difficult thing to become a grammarian ; but when you and I have had a few conversations on the subject, I believe you will not consider it so very difficult a thing to become a grammarian.

Edward. When will you begin to tell me about grammar, mamma? Will you not begin now, this morning?

Mamma. With pleasure, my love, if you think you can keep your attention fixed a little longer on what I say.

Edward. Oh! yes, mamma, indeed I can very easily, for I am not at all tired.

Mamma. Well, then, my dear little boy, you must know, in the first place, that all the words which we make use of, are divided into nine different sorts, so that you could not find a word of any kind whatever, that does not belong to one or other of these sorts, or to accustom you, at once, to the word that is always used to express this idea; these sorts of words are called parts of speech, and every word of which we make use, when either speaking or writing, belongs to one or other of these nine parts of speech.

Edward. Parts of speech! I will try to remember that.

Mamma. But it is still more important that you remember the meaning of the expression, Edward. Now, let me hear what you understand by the phrase part of speech, my dear?

Edward. You said, mamma, that all the words we use belong to these parts of speech.

Mamma. No! my love, you are not quite right; now take notice of what I say: every word does not belong to all those parts of speech, but only to some one or other of them. But I will give you an example. Look! I will arrange a number of piles of different things on the table. Here is a pile of pens, here is a pile of pencils, here is

one of pins, and here is one of buttons ; now I will give you a pen, a pencil, a pin, and a button in your hand ; but if I told you to place those which you held in your hand amongst the piles on the table, according to their natures, how would you do this?

Edward. I would put the pen on the pile of pens, the button amongst the buttons, the pencil amongst the pencils, and the pin with the pins.

Mamma. That would be quite right ; you see, therefore, that it would not be proper to say, that any one of the things that you have in your hand, the pen, for instance, belongs to *all* on the table, it only belongs to some one of them, and the same with the pin, the pencil, and the button, they each belong to some particular one of these four piles, and in like manner every single word of which our speech is formed, belongs to some one or other of the parts of speech.

Edward. I understand that, mamma.

Mamma. Now do you remember how many parts of speech I told you there were ?

Edward. You said there were nine, mamma.

Mamma. I did so. Now I will take the part of speech, the nature of which, you will, I think, the most easily understand, and first tell you, that it is called a noun. Now every thing that you can see, or feel, or hear, or think of, is a noun. This table is a noun, this chair is a noun, the window is a noun, my voice is a noun, because you can hear it ; my love for you is a noun, because you can think of it, or feel it ; goodness, diligence, virtue, kindness, are all nouns. Now try if you can find out a noun for yourself.

Edward. Is not pen a noun, mamma ?

Mamma. Certainly, my dear. Now another.

Edward. If a pen is a noun, then a pencil must be one too, because it can be seen just as well, and a button and a pin.

Mamma. You are quite right, my love ; now name some more nouns. Look around you, and remember that whatever you can see, is a noun.

Edward. Then, mamma, the carpet, and the pictures, and the inkstand, and the basket must all be nouns.

Mamma. They are so, Edward, and that little fly, and each of those particles of dust that you see floating in that sunbeam, are all of them nouns. Every thing, however minute or insignificant, that you can either see, or form an idea of in your mind, are nouns. Now try if you can find out any that you can only think of without being able to see.

Edward. I can think of to-morrow, mamma, but I cannot see it, because it is not come yet. Is it a noun?

Mamma. Yes, my love. Now try again.

Edward. I can think of pleasure, though I cannot see it, but I can feel it.

Mamma. But can you feel it in the same way that you can feel this table, Edward?

Edward. No, mamma, I do not feel it with my hands, I feel it here (pointing to his heart, as he spoke.)

Mamma. Then the one is a mental feeling, and the other is a bodily or corporeal one, for these two words mean the same thing. Those things that can only be felt by the mind are called abstract qualities. Now try if you can recollect some more of those abstract nouns.

Edward. Is not anger one ? and fear, and sorrow ?

Mamma. Certainly. But tell me, Edward, if you can think of any thing that is a sign of anger, that is not an abstract quality, because it can be seen by the bodily eye?

Edward. Yes, mamma, you mean a frown.

Mamma. I do. And what noun of the same kind would indicate fear?

Edward. Trembling, mamma; I always tremble when I am afraid.

Mamma. And sorrow, Edward; what would you give as an indication of sorrow?

Edward. A tear, mamma.

Mamma. You are very correct, my love; and now I think you understand this first part of speech so well, that you will be able to put all the kind of words which belong to it in their right places. Now, I have something more to tell you about these nouns. The first thing is, that they are always either singular or plural; that is, that they denote either one thing only, or more than one. For instance, when I say to you, "Hold out your hand," do I mean you to hold out both your hands, or only one?

Edward. Only one, mamma, to be sure.

Mamma. Then what number is that, my love; do you think you can find it out?

Edward. I am afraid not, mamma.

Mamma. Think about it, my love, and I think you will discover it. Suppose I were to say, "Hold out a single hand," what should I mean you to do?

Edward. To hold out only one hand, mamma.

Mamma. Then you see, my love, the word single,

will easily lead you to the name of the number, which indicates only one, for the word singular of course comes from single, or only one of a kind.

Edward. But, mamma, the other day you said somebody was a singular character, and when I asked sister Fanny what that meant, she said that it meant he was a queer, strange sort of man.

Mamma. Very true, my love ; and I am glad to find you have remembered your sister's definition of the word so well. But still this application of the word singular, does not differ from the original word, for it means that his character was different from others; that it stood alone, and was therefore singular. So that you may always understand the word singular, wherever you hear it, to signify something that stands by itself. Now what word did I say was the opposite to singular, or which meant more than one ?

Edward. I do not recollect, mamma.

Mamma. Plural, my love ; recollect the word, plural, and by way of impressing it on your memory, you had better repeat it several times over.

Edward. Plural, plural, plural, plural.

Mamma. Now what is opposite to plural ?

Edward. Singular, mamma ; I can remember that very easily now.

Mamma. And what is the number which indicates more than one ?

Edward. Plural, mamma.

Mamma. Very well, my love ; now let us repeat over what we have learned of nouns ; let me hear what you have to say of them before I give you any further particulars concerning them.

Edward. Nouns are words.

Mamma. You had better accustom yourself to say, parts of speech, my love.

Edward. Nouns are those parts of speech which signify things that we can either see, hear or feel ; that we can feel either in our hearts or by touching them ; or that we can think about in our minds.

Mamma. And how many numbers have they ?

Edward. Two, mamma.

Mamma. What are they called, my love ?

Edward. Singular and plural ; you see, mamma, I have not forgotten again.

Mamma. No ! I am glad you have not ; now tell me, my love, what does the singular mean ?

Edward. One thing, mamma. A single thing of a kind.

Mamma. And the plural, Edward ; what does it mean ?

Edward. More things than one.

Mamma. Name some things, my love, in the plural.

Edward. Pens, buttons, tables, chairs, carpets, thimbles, slates, hands—

Mamma. That will do, my love ; now if you were writing these words on your slate, or spelling them with your letters, how would you distinguish the plural from the singular.

Edward. I would put the letter s to the singular, mamma.

Mamma. But would that be right for the plural of all nouns, think you. Suppose I was writing or speaking of more than one child ; what should I say ?

Edward. Children, mamma.

Mamma. Then you see the plural of child is formed very differently from that of pens, table, or any of the plurals which you mentioned just now.

Edward. Yes, mamma, and I recollect that we say feet for more than one foot, and men for more than one man.

Mamma. True, my love, and there are a great many other words which form their plurals, as it is called, irregularly ; but these custom will soon make you familiar with, and therefore it is unnecessary to burden your memory with a list of them ; and I shall proceed to mention another quality of nouns.

Edward. Oh ! I am glad you have more to say about them ; I was afraid you had told every thing there was to tell about them.

Mamma. Far from it, and what I am going to say now, Edward, will require still closer attention and more thinking about than what you have yet heard.

Edward. I will pay attention, mamma.

Mamma. All nouns, whenever they are spoken of, are always in one or other of three particular situations. They either are spoken of as doing something or as being in some particular state. As, for instance, I say, "The cow lows," now what do I say lows ?

Edward. The cow, mamma.

Mamma. Then the word or noun cow, is the name of the thing which lows ; and this word name is changed into that of nominative ; so that the thing that is doing any thing, or is in any particular situation, is called the nominative, or nominative case ; as, for instance, when I say the horse neighs, the dog barks, the swallow twitters, the cat mews, the words horse, dog, swallow

and cat are all in the nominative case, which means that they are the names of the things which do what they are described as doing. Now let me see, my little boy, if you can give me an instance of the nominative case.

Edward. Mamma, if I said the pin pricks, would not pin be in the nominative case?

Mamma. Certainly it would, my love; now try to think of another instance.

Edward. If I said the bird flies, the fly creeps, the sun shines, those would all be nominatives, would they not, mamma?

Mamma. They would, my dear. But, Edward, if I were to say the fly's leg; would the fly be then in the nominative case?

Edward. I think not, mamma.

Mamma. Why do you think it would not, Edward?

Edward. Because, mamma, it would not be saying any thing about the fly, but only about its leg.

Mamma. Would it not say what the leg belonged to?

Edward. Yes, mamma! it would say that it belonged to the fly.

Mamma. Then the leg would be something possessed by the fly, would it not?

Edward. Yes, mamma! it would be possessed by it to be sure, for it would be a part of its body.

Mamma. Very well. Then this, Edward, brings us to another case or situation of pronouns, which will also be easily remembered, because it comes from the word possession, with which you are already familiar. It is called the possessive case. Now in the sentence, "The boy tore the girl's book;" which word is in the nominative, and which in the possessive cases?

Edward. Boy is the nominative, mamma, because he is the one which did something, and girl's is in the possessive case, because the book belonged to her.

Mamma. But is there any other noun in the sentence, Edward?

Edward. Yes, mamma, book is a noun.

Mamma. And what case do you think it is in?

Edward. I cannot tell, mamma. It is not nominative, because it does not do any thing; and it is not possessive, because it does not possess any thing. I do not know what it can be, mamma.

Mamma. Well! we must try to find it out; and first tell me, Edward, what it was that the boy tore.

Edward. He tore the girl's book, mamma.

Mamma. Never mind, at present, my love, who the book belonged to, but simply tell me, what the boy tore.

Edward. He tore the book, mamma.

Mamma. Then the book was the object that was torn, was it not?

Edward. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. Then this brings us to the third case of nouns, which will likewise be very easily remembered, as it is taken from a word that you are already well acquainted with. It is called the objective case, meaning the situation of the object that has something done to it, or is in some way or other acted upon. Now, I will give you another sentence, and you must tell me the different cases of the nouns. The pigeon eats the horse's oats.

Edward. Oh! I can tell them very easily, mamma, pigeon is the nominative, because it is the thing that eats, horse is the possessive, because it is the thing that the

oats belong to ;—and oats is the objective, because they are the things which the pigeon eats.

Mamma. You are perfectly right, my love ; and now you have got all the particular characters of nouns, except gender, which you will find very easy.

Edward. It does not seem a very easy name, mamma, for I cannot tell at all what it means.

Mamma. You will very soon understand it, if you pay attention to what I say. Every thing that has life, is either male or female, or, as it is called in grammar, of the masculine or feminine genders. Thus, you being a boy, are of the masculine gender, and your sisters, as girls, are of the feminine ; man is masculine, and a woman is feminine ; a king is masculine and a queen is feminine.

Edward. Thank you, mamma, now I understand that far.

Mamma. But still you know, Edward, there are a great many nouns that have no life, but are what are called inanimate, such as house, garden, field, flower, grass, and thousands of others, and these we do not consider to be either male or female, we therefore say, that they are of the neuter gender ; so that you have only to consider whether the thing spoken of is an animate or inanimate thing ; if inanimate, it is of the neuter gender, and if animate, a very little practice will inform you whether it is of the masculine or feminine gender. I will now close this very long lesson, my dear boy, by giving you another sentence to parse.

Edward. What does parse mean, mamma ?

Mamma. It means, to tell the different relations and situations of the various words of a sentence ; you of

course can only tell those which belong to nouns, as those are the only ones you have yet learnt. Parse the sentence, "The farmer brought the cow's supper."

Edward. Farmer is a noun, in the singular number, and the nominative case ; that is all, I believe, mamma, that I have to say about it; is it not, mamma ?

Mamma. You have forgotten the gender.

Edward. Oh ! yes ! well ! let me see, farmer, farmers are men, so it must be the masculine gender. Now I will say it over again, may I not, mamma ?

Mamma. Certainly, my dear.

Edward. Farmer is a noun of the masculine gender, singular number, and the nominative case ; is not that right, mamma ?

Mamma. Quite so, my love.

Edward. Cow's is a noun, of the feminine gender. I have not forgot the gender this time, you see, mamma—it is the singular number, because it does not mean more than one cow, but only that the supper belonged to the cow, so it is the possessive case ; is that all, mamma ?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, go on to the next noun.

Edward. Supper is a noun, in the singular number ; now let me think about the gender—supper is not a living thing.

Mamma. What is the word that I told you to use, instead of living thing, Edward ?

Edward. Animate, mamma, it is not animate, so it must be of the neuter gender ; and it is the object that the farmer brings, and therefore it must be the objective case ; and that I believe is all.

Mamma. It is, my boy, so now go and run in the garden.

CONVERSATION VIII.

VISIT TO A PAPER MANUFACTORY.

Mamma. Your papa has just told me, my dears, that he has requested the manager of the paper-mill to go over it with us to-day, at one o'clock, when you shall have the long-promised pleasure of seeing paper made.

Lucy. Oh, mamma, we will be so diligent with our lessons; we will not lose a minute, that we may be quite ready to go. I have so often wished to see the inside of the mill, for I never could understand how paper could be made from those dirty old rags which the poor people come here to collect. Shall we see it, from the very first to the last part of its being made, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, you will see paper in every different stage of the process; though not the very same sheets, because they require some time for drying before they can be finished. Now let us try and forget the paper till it is time to set off on our walk.

The lessons being completed, the children gladly prepared for their visit to the paper-mill.

In order to reach it, they had to pass down a beautifully green and shady lane, about a mile in length. It was covered with primroses and violets, and quite embowered in the thick trees, which grew on its hedges.

Sheep were feeding on the grass, watched by a shepherd's dog, who carefully guarded them from danger, whilst the shepherd was sleeping very soundly after his early dinner. What a sweet place this is, said Fanny. I should like to walk here every day. But, mamma, what are those curious looking things, which I see at a little distance.

Mamma. They appear to me, my love, like the tents of gypsies.

Lucy. But, mamma, those can never be places in which any one can live ! They are not high enough for a person to stand upright in.

Mamma. True, my love, and yet those are the only dwellings which these curious people inhabit ; they pitch their tents in sheltered lanes like these, for a short time, and then move off to distant parts of the country. They call themselves travellers, and are never stationary at any one place, for long together.

Albert. How do they support themselves, mamma ?

Mamma. The women are generally employed in buying, and selling again, old rags, tapes, hare skins, and all kinds of ordinary trinkets, and some of them make rush mats and baskets. They likewise gain a great deal of money by fortune-telling, and imposing on the credulity of foolish young men and women.

Lucy. But is that not very wicked, mamma ?

Mamma. Yes, my love, very wicked ; because they cannot really know future events, and those who are silly enough to believe them are often led into great imprudence, and are sometimes made unhappy for life.

Mrs. Eustace had not time to say more, for as soon as they were perceived, a group of half-naked children sur-

rounded them, who came begging for halfpence ; and on looking up they saw many more climbing the trees, from the branches of which some of them were hanging like monkeys.

After talking to the ragged little children for some time, Mrs. Eustace, finding that their parents were all gone out for the day, wished them good morning, promising to come and see them very shortly.

“Do let us all come with you then, mamma;” said Fanny, “I am so much interested for these poor children ; could we not do something for them, they seemed so pleased when you asked them if they should like to go to school, and learn to read and work ?”

Mamma. If their parents will consent, I think the best thing we can do will be to send them to the Infants’ School, and perhaps they may be induced to leave them under our care, when they remove for a time, if the children become attached to their master.

Lucy. Then, mamma, do let each of us pay for one child’s schooling ; and let me have that little black-eyed girl who ran after us all the way down the lane.

Mamma. I shall be very willing, my dear child, to allow you this pleasure ; and perhaps you can provide your little protégées with some clothing from our poor’s stock.

Lucy. Oh, dear mamma, I am so glad we came down this lane, and I hope we shall come again to-morrow.

Albert. You were telling us something about the gypsies, mamma, when the children surrounded us ; will you go on ? Where is it supposed that they came from, for they do not look at all like English people ?

Mamma. You are right, my dear, they have perfectly

foreign countenances and complexions, and their origin has been much disputed ; but I think it has been clearly proved that they are a caste of Hindoos, who probably were driven from their country at some very distant period of time, and that they then travelled into different parts of the world, maintaining still their own habits and manners.

Fanny. What proofs are given of this, mamma ?

Mamma. The most striking is that wherever they are found, they speak a language among themselves, which is proved to be the same ; though in every part of Europe, they speak likewise that of the country in which they live. Their own dialect so closely resembles the Hindoostanee, that a person who understands *that*, finds no difficulty in conversing with them ; and the principal words of each have been compared and found to be precisely similar.

Albert. How very curious ! Have they any printed books ?

Mamma. No, my dear ; and this adds to the wonder. Many of them, if asked, do not even know that it is a peculiar language which they speak, but consider it to be merely a kind of slang. But not only their language, but many of their customs, also, are evidently of eastern origin.

Albert. Is there any account of them published, mamma ?

Mamma. Yes, my dear ; a work has been written by Mr. Hoyland, on this subject, which contains all the information which has been collected respecting them.*

* Since the first edition of this work was published, a very inter-

Lucy. May we read it, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, Lucy; I will lend it to you with pleasure; and I wish that Christians in general felt as deeply concerned as they should do, for these poor native heathens.

Albert. Heathens, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, my love; though not idolaters, they are most of them as ignorant of all true religion as heathens; and thousands have lived and died amongst us, with scarcely any attempt having been made for their instruction or conversion.

Fanny. But will they listen, mamma, to preaching?

Mamma. Whenever any effort has been made to enlighten them, they have gladly and thankfully listened; and in a few instances, the happy effects have been manifested, by their being led to the good Shepherd, who goes into the mountains to seek and bring back the sheep which was lost.

Albert. But, mamma, why is nothing done for them? I wish I was older; I think I should like so very much to be a missionary to the poor gypsies.

Mamma. The Home Missionary Society is exerting itself in their behalf; and a society has recently been formed expressly for them, which I trust will be the means of awakening many persons to the importance of providing means for their instruction.

Fanny. I am very glad to hear that, mamma.

esting little volume has appeared by the Rev. James Crabb, of Southampton, entitled, "The Gypsies' Advocate," containing a full account of their habits and manners, and of the success which has attended the efforts made for the amelioration of their condition.

Mamma. They are in general very strongly attached to those who show them any kindness, and are particularly grateful for benefits. Their love to their children is boundless, and for them they will make any sacrifices.

Albert. Dear mamma, could not something be done for those gypsies, in this pretty lane, before they leave it?

Mamma. We will talk to your papa about it, my love, and I hope something will be done for them; we might often come with him to see them, and if he were to talk to them, and read and pray with them, some useful impression might be made on their minds. We might induce them to attend public worship on a Sunday; and if they will let us send their children to school, they may there learn what will never be erased from their young minds.

As Mrs. Eustace and the children turned the corner of the road, a loud rushing noise reminded them that they were not far from the paper-mill.

Oh! there is the great pond, said Lucy; I am glad to see the water splashing about so much, for that proves that the mill is at work. How pretty it looks to see the wheel as it goes round, throwing out the water in every direction!

Fanny. Beautiful! Mamma, do look where the sun shines upon that fine spray.

Mamma. It is indeed a very petty object, and one of which I think we may take a sketch, in the course of the summer.

The manager of the mill, who was standing at the door, invited them to enter, and offered to show them every part of the manufactory; to which Mrs. Eustace thankfully acceded, saying, that as the children had none of them seen paper made, she would feel particularly obliged

if he would show them in order each part of the process, and explain to them what they might not understand.

The first part of the work, said he, is carried on in the adjoining room, which is called the dusting-room; you cannot see what is doing, because the large box must be kept shut. It contains a cylinder, enclosed in a wire net, which is filled with rags, and it is turned round with great rapidity upon pivots, which are moved by machinery. All the dust falls from the rags, through the wires, into the box; and this operation being first performed, makes the next which I shall show you, that of sorting them, much less unpleasant and hurtful than it would otherwise be to those employed in it. He then opened the door of a large room, round which were seated a number of women and children, all busily employed in sorting rags. At one end of the room stood a large chest, divided by partitions, on which were marked, No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

What can that be for, said Lucy?

This chest, said the manager, contains the rags which are sorted according to their different qualities. No. 1, contains only the finest linen rags, from which the very best paper is made. No. 2, the rags next in quality: No. 3, the stitches and seams of the fine: No. 4, the middling: No. 5, the stitches and seams of the middling: and No. 6, the coarse.

Lucy. But still I see a great heap in one corner of the room, which is not put into any of those divisions.

Manager. Yes, miss; that consists of the very coarse pieces, which cannot be employed at all in the manufacture of white paper, but are used for the more ordinary kinds.

Albert. May I ask, sir, why the seams and stitches could not be put in the same division with the cloth from which they are so carefully cut?

Manager. Because, sir, they take so much longer to masticate in the mill, which I shall next show you, so that the cloth which has no seams in it would be ready for use long before the other was reduced to a pulp. After this has been done, they may be mixed together without any injury to the paper.

Lucy. Pray, sir, what is that great piece of paste-board for, which each woman has, tied round her waist, and which covers her knees?

Manager. It is to lay the rags upon, when she wants to cut off the seams, which you see some of them are now doing with a sharp knife.

Lucy. O yes, that is a very good plan, because it must be much quicker than if they used scissors.

They were next conducted to an upper part of the building. They there saw an immense cistern, perforated with holes on all sides, through which water was continually rushing from the stream below. Into this cistern, were thrown the rags which had been previously sorted. In the midst of it was a cylinder, thickly set with rows of iron spikes, corresponding to which, there were similar spikes at the bottom of the trough. This cylinder, being turned round by the current, with inconceivable rapidity, tore the rags to pieces, and with the aid of the water, reduced them to a thin pulp. The manager informed them, that after the rags had been about four hours in the mill, bleaching salt was added to the water, in order to make them whiter than they were before. Fresh water was prevented from entering, and

what was in it, was kept from escaping from the cistern for about an hour, till the salt had sufficiently acted; then water was re-admitted, in order to purify the rags finally.

When Mrs. Eustace and the children left this part of the mill, the sound of which was very distracting, they were shown into a kind of large hall, where a vat stood, filled with warm water (which was kept at a proper temperature by a charcoal fire under it), and into which the pulp which was ready to be made into paper was thrown. Behind this vat stood a man, who was called the *dipper*, and his occupation was to form the pulp into sheets. Across the vat was placed a piece of deal, with holes in it, and upon it a frame made of wood, and thickly crossed with brass wires, into which was fitted another frame, like a lid.

Fanny inquired what was the use of this.

Manager. You will see, miss, in a moment, when the workman begins his operations. He first dips this frame into the vat, and then lifts it out horizontally, filled with pulp. He then puts on the lid, which is called a *deckle*, and shakes the frame backwards and forwards, till the pulp is properly spread over the frame, and the water drained through the holes between the wires.

Lucy. Oh! look there, Fanny, he has begun; how very quickly he does it, and then pushes the frame along the board, and begins another sheet.

Manager. The person whom you see take up the sheet which is finished, is called a *coucher*; he empties it from the frame upon a piece of felt, and lays another piece on the top of it, to receive the next sheet.

Mamma. You can go and look closely at it, Lucy;

the felt is a very coarse kind of woollen, and it receives the moisture which is pressed out from the sheets of paper; as you will see presently.

Albert. Pray, sir, how many sheets are made before the next part of the operation is performed?

Manager. Six quires, sir; that is called *a post*; and presently they will proceed to pressing.

Fanny. How many sheets can they make in a day?

Manager. Of some kinds of paper, as many as twenty posts in a day may be made by two men.

Lucy. What an immense quantity! Why, mamma, that is 144 sheets each post, or 2880 in a day. But where are the workmen all going now?

Manager. To press the post which is just completed. You had better stand at a little distance, because the great force they are obliged to use in turning the lever, would make it extremely dangerous if it should give way.

When the paper had been there a sufficient time, the press was again unscrewed, and a man lifted off the felts, and threw them on one side, placing the paper in a heap on the other.

Manager. This man is called a *lifter*, and he is obliged to be very careful in placing the sheets of paper exactly one over the other; because when several of these heaps are made, the sheets are put together into what is called the wet press, in order to get out all the water which remains in them. But there is some paper now ready to be hung up to dry, which you shall see done, if you will follow me.

The manager led them up stairs, into what he called the drying-lofts, the sides of which were made of boards,

which could be opened or shut at pleasure. This, he told them, was in order to regulate the quantity of air in the room.

Fanny. Does the quantity of air which is admitted make any difference in the appearance of the paper, sir?

Manager. Yes, miss, a very great difference; and much also depends on the part of the sheet towards which the current is directed.

Mrs. Eustace desired the children to observe how the men were employed at one end of the loft.

Albert. That is a very good invention, mamma, to let them have a piece of wood in the form of a T to lift up the sheets with, because they can do it by that means without rumpling the paper.

Mamma. Yes, my dear; and have you remarked on what they are hung.

Albert. On lines; they must be made of hair, mamma, I should think, by the colour.

Mamma. Yes, they are, my dear; they are not only stronger than hempen ones, but they do not imbibe moisture in the same degree.

Fanny. Pray, sir, what is the reason that the men hang several sheets of paper together?

Manager. After they have been in the wet press, they adhere so closely, that if we attempted to separate them, a great number would be destroyed; but when they have hung upon these wooden beams (which you will presently see the men draw up to the top of the room) for about ten days, the paper is dry enough to be sized, and then the sheets are easily disengaged from each other.

Lucy. What do you mean by sized, sir?

Manager. Size is a kind of glue, miss, which is made from parings of leather; it is procured from tanners, curriers, and makers of parchment. After the glue is formed, alum is added to it before it is put on the paper.

Lucy. But what is the use of size, sir?

Manager. It is to prevent the paper from running, or blotting, when it is written or printed upon, and without this, it would be useless for these purposes.

Fanny. Is there any paper now sizing, that we may see it done, sir?

Manager. Yes, there is, miss, in the adjoining room.

In this room, they saw a man dipping about a dozen sheets at a time, into a copper, which contained the size; he dipped them first with his left hand, and then with his right, and when he had let them drain sufficiently, he laid them on a table, with a piece of felt between each heap of sheets, and they were again put into a press. After this the paper was carried into a drying-room, where it was carefully hung up, sheet by sheet.

Lucy. I am afraid we have now seen all that is done in making paper; have we not, sir?

Manager. No, not quite all, miss; I will take you into the finishing-room, where you will find a number of persons busily occupied in picking over the sheets, removing all the knots and blemishes from them with a knife, and then sorting them according to their qualities into quires.

Fanny. How curious it is, mamma, to think of the number of hands employed in completing one sheet of paper. I never thought before how much labour was necessary to furnish us with so common an article.

In the finishing-room they saw another large screw-press.

Lucy. What can that press be for, sir?

Manager. The paper has to undergo two more pressures, before it is ready to send to the stationer; one, as soon as it has had all the blemishes removed from it; the other, when it has been folded into quires. I am now speaking of writing-paper, because paper for common purposes of printing, does not not require this process, but is ready for use when it comes from the drying-room.

Fanny. What part of the work which we have seen is called hot-pressing, sir?

Manager. None of it, miss. The hot-pressing is done by the stationers, who place the paper between hot plates, and this gives it the glossy look, which so much improves it, for the purpose of writing.

Albert. How long does it take from first to last, sir, to complete a sheet of paper?

Manager. About three weeks.

One or two persons then entered the room, and Mrs. Eustace apologized for having so long occupied the time of the manager; and thanking him repeatedly for his kind attention, they took their leave.

As they were returning home, Lucy said, I am very glad we have had the opportunity of seeing paper made, mamma; I never could have understood how it was done, by only reading about it; but now I think I could write a very clear account of it all.

Mamma. I should like you to do so, my dear.

Lucy. I wish I could draw better, mamma; and then

I should put pictures of all I have seen, which would make it still clearer.

Albert. You should be a portrait-painter, too, Lucy, and have the likenesses of your friend the manager, and all the workmen.

No, no, brother ! said Lucy, laughing, I should be quite content without that.

Mamma. There was one thing, Lucy, which I meant to have pointed out to you, particularly. Can you tell me from any thing you have observed to-day, what causes the lines in writing-paper, and the name which you find in the middle of each sheet ?

Lucy. Oh, yes, mamma, I did observe that ;—is it not the lines of the brass frame, into which the pulp is put ? There are very close wires, which run horizontally, and make the little lines ; and more distant wires which cross them, and make the wider lines ; and the maker's name was worked in wire in the middle.

Mamma. Just so, my dear ; but you have not yet told me *why* these lines leave the marks which I have pointed out ?

Albert. I observed that particularly, mamma ; I thought that the wire, being raised, made the pulp thinner in those parts ; so that when we hold up the sheet of paper to the light, it appears more transparent there, for that reason.

Mamma. You are quite right, my love.

Fanny. Mamma, can paper be made of any thing else besides rags.

Mamma. Yes, my love, of many other things ; though for writing-paper nothing answers so well as linen rags. These are not only superior to cotton ones

in strength, but the parts adhere much more closely to each other:—the blue paper is made of blue cotton rags: and thick brown paper of the ends of ropes.

Lucy. That is the reason, I dare say, that it smells so nicely when burned, because it has so much tar in it.

Mamma. It is, my dear. Paper can be made from flax, or hemp, or cotton, in its raw state; but this would make it much more expensive. Old paper also can be re-made, if it is mixed with rags.

Albert. And, mamma, do not the Chinese make paper of silk?

Mamma. Yes, my love.

Fanny. Ah! and rice is made into paper too.

Mamma. There is a plant you would scarcely think could be turned to this use, and yet it is sometimes so employed. Lucy is often disagreeably reminded of it, when she is gathering wild flowers,

Lucy. Not the nettle, mamma, surely?

Mamma. Yes, my dear; nettle stalks, which much resembles hemp, may be turned to the same account. But you will be still more surprised, when I tell you, that a manufacture of paper has lately been undertaken, from chips of wood, or deal shavings.

Fanny. That is curious, indeed, mamma; I should have thought there was nothing in the quality of wood which could have made the parts sufficiently adhere together.

Mamma. It may not, perhaps, succeed on this account.

Fanny. What a great blessing it is, that paper was ever invented, particularly on account of the great quantities of books, which can be distributed by this means.

Albert. Yes; and before paper was invented, how scarce copies of the Scriptures must have been, because parchment was so expensive; and it took such a long time to write out a book.

Fanny. But for what you last said, Albert, we are more indebted to printing.

Albert. True, sister; but printing would not have done much good, unless paper had been manufactured to print upon.

Mamma. Paper-making and printing are sister arts. Do you recollect, Albert, what was used before the invention of paper?

Albert. Do you mean the papyrus, mamma; that large reed which grew in Egypt?

Mamma. Yes, Albert.

Lucy. And mamma, you know you told us, that the same kind of reed was now used in India for this purpose, and you showed us some of the writing on it, done by the children in the Female Schools. But who invented making rags into paper?

Mamma. That is a question which cannot be satisfactorily answered, my dear, nor is it even known how the fact, that they could be so used, was at first ascertained. Many of the most important discoveries have been made accidentally, if it be right to use such an expression.

Albert. How do you mean, mamma?

Mamma. Persons, who have been trying experiments, on different subjects, have unintentionally made combinations, which they saw at once might be turned to very valuable purposes.

Lucy. Ah, that was the way Friar Bacon discovered

gunpowder, you know, brother ; though he was too humane to make it known.

Fanny. About what period, mamma, was paper first made from rags ?

Mamma. That is also quite a disputed point, my dear. The invention is ascribed to different nations. There are some passages in ancient authors, from which the learned have concluded, that the use of paper made from rags was of very early origin. There seems great probability in the reasonings of those who ascribe it to the Chinese ; but some, with perhaps equal ingenuity, have traced it to the Arabs, others to the Greek refugees, who came into the interior of Europe about the year 1452, after the taking of Constantinople. Others say that the Saracens brought the discovery from the East into Spain ; and others again give the Germans the credit of this invaluable discovery.

Albert. Well, mamma, we need not be much concerned even if we cannot find out who invented it, since we have the benefit of it.

Mamma. But what effect should be produced on your minds, by what we have seen to-day ? All of you think.

Fanny. Gratitude to God, mamma, for having given us such a blessing.

Albert. And a wish, to make a better use of it than we have done, mamma, especially in reading and valuing the Scriptures more.

Lucy. And I think, that we should not only be very thankful that God has given us those plants that can be made into such useful things, but that he has made men clever enough to find it out.

Mamma. Yes, and how many persons are supported by this means, and enabled to maintain their families comfortably.

Lucy. And, mamma, there is another thing, which I know you will wish me to learn from it, and that is, not to waste what costs so much trouble and time to make.

Mamma. That is a very good conclusion, Lucy; and I hope I shall see the effects of it.

Lucy. Oh, mamma, here comes papa to meet us ! I dare say he wonders what has kept us so long. Let us run and ask him directly about the gypsies.

CONVERSATION IX.

EVENING SCRIPTURE READING.

After breakfast the next morning, Lucy's mamma said to her, bring your lessons, my love, and let us begin.

Yes, mamma, said Lucy :—but as she went to fetch them she passed by the nursery-door, which was open, where her little brother was spinning his top; and she went in to hear how well it hummed. When it had finished spinning, it fell, and Lucy staid to see it spin again. She knew that her mamma was waiting for her, and that she ought to go to her as she was desired, but she remained in the nursery for some time. One fault generally brings on another, and after a little while Lucy thought she should like to spin the top herself. She went to it in the middle of a spin, as her brother called it, and taking it in her hand she began to wind it up. But Edward, who was a very little boy, did not like her to interrupt his top, and ran to take it from her. Lucy did not give it to him,—but said she wanted to spin the top, and chose to do so. Edward would at another time have lent her the top, but he was not pleased at her snatching it while it was spinning, and he persisted in not letting Lucy have it. Lucy, on her part, was determined to spin the top, and the quarrel went on till at last Lucy

took it and threw it down, saying, in a very angry tone, There, take it, you little selfish boy, I won't have any thing belonging to such a selfish boy. Edward began to cry, and his mamma, who was surprised that Lucy did not come as she had been told to do, went to look for her, and came into the nursery. Lucy began to tell her, that Edward was only crying from passion, for he was a naughty, selfish little boy. Lucy looked red, and spoke loudly, and in a very angry manner.

Lucy, said her mother, I told you to come to your lessons; why did you not come?

Lucy. Yes, mamma,—but—but—I was going past the nursery, and—and—

Mamma. And you were disobedient and went in, and then quarrelled with your brother.

Lucy. No, mamma, indeed I did not; Edward quarrelled with me; he is such a naughty, selfish boy.

Oh, no, Lucy; you know, cried Edward, that you would take my top.

Since you cannot agree, you must be separated, said the mother. Lucy, you must not go into the nursery again, or play with Edward, to-day; and when you come into my dressing-room, Edward, I must send Lucy out, and not let you talk and read as usual.

Then Lucy's mamma took her away into her room to begin her lessons. Neither Lucy nor Edward were as happy as usual that day; nor could they be so, as they had not acted rightly. They loved each other, though they had been angry and quarrelled without any reason. In the evening, Lucy came as usual to read her Bible, and as she entered the room, she said, Mamma, I have been wishing to know how you think I can possibly have

broken some of the commandments, in the second table of the law. Now may I begin to read, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, Lucy, bring your Bible, and turn to the 20th chapter of Exodus. Let us begin with the fifth commandment.

Lucy. I do not mean, mamma, that I have not broken that, but that there are some others which I think I have entirely kept.

Mamma. Let us read them in order, my dear.

Lucy read, "Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."*

Lucy. Mamma, I know I am not always obedient to you, but I hope I am more so than I used to be.

This commandment, my dear Lucy, said her mother, extends, like all the rest, to the thoughts of the heart, as well as to the actions. If when I desire you to do any thing, you feel in your mind that you do not like to obey me, and had rather do something else, you then break this commandment, for your will rises against mine, and therefore you do not pay me the "honour" which is here commanded. If you wish at any time to do what you know would not please me, you do not honour me with all your mind. In this way, my love, I am sure you will say you are continually breaking this commandment! but I think I need not stop at the thoughts of your heart. Look back only to the beginning of this day, and see whether you have honoured me in your conduct?

Lucy thought a minute, and said, Mamma, I do not think I have much disobeyed this commandment to-day.

I did quarrel with Edward, in the morning, but did I dishonour you?

Mamma. That quarrel, Lucy, was disobedience; but there were other things which made it still more wrong. You knew I had told you to come to me, but instead of that you went into the nursery; was that obeying me? You knew I was waiting for you, but you allowed me to do so till I was forced to come to look for you. Was that honouring me? And when I brought you back, you looked cross, and said that Edward was a selfish boy, and that he ought to be more blamed than you; was that paying me respect?

Lucy. No, mamma, I know I broke this commandment this morning. I am very sorry for it, I wish I had not done so; but I should not have thought before, that keeping you waiting was breaking the fifth commandment. I hope I shall remember this another time.

Mamma. Any inattention which you may show to the wishes of your papa, or myself, Lucy, is also a breach of this commandment. Any carelessness shown to us, or any forgetfulness, not only of what we tell you, but of what, if you considered, you would know we wished would be to fail in the honour here commanded to be given.

Lucy. Then, mamma, I am afraid I break this commandment often, and almost without thinking or intending it; for I very often do things without thinking in the least whether you will be pleased or not.

Mamma. I think, then, Lucy, you quite see that you have broken the fifth commandment, not as you thought, a little, but constantly, and very much. But there is one other thing we shall observe in this part of the law;

which is that you are to honour those persons whom your papa, or I, set over you, to teach or take care of you, even as you would honour us.

Lucy. Am I, indeed, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, my dear. If I ask any one to take care of you for an hour, I then put that person in my place for that time, and you are to obey them as if you were obeying me. Some children, you know, have no parents, but the commandment is to be observed by them, as well as by others; they are to honour those who are in the place of parents to them; perhaps their teachers, or some other relations. But we now pass to the next commandment.

Lucy. Oh, yes, mamma, I want to come to that. I long to find one which I have not broken.

Mamma. Do you think you have not broken that, Lucy?

Lucy. Oh! to be sure, mamma, because even in my heart I know I can't have broken it. I never one moment thought of breaking it; no, never imagined such a thing.

Mamma. I am not quite certain of that, Lucy.

Lucy. Oh! mamma, you don't remember then what it is, or you would say, I think, you may pass over that, and go on to the next. Why you don't think, mamma, that even in my heart I ever once thought of killing any one. Oh! mamma; why, the commandment is, "Thou shalt not kill."

Mamma. Let us now read in the 5th chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, 21st and 22d verses, what our Saviour says of the meaning of that commandment.—"Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou

shalt not kill ; and, whosoever shall kill, shall be in danger of the judgment ; but I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment : and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council ; but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire." This is the meaning of the commandment, Lucy, or as it is expressed in another place, "let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart."* And now let us try ourselves by this rule, and see whether we are guiltless. I know, Lucy, that you have never thought of killing any body ; but have you never been angry with any one?

Lucy. Yes, mamma, very often indeed ; but can that be the same as breaking the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill?"

Mamma. You have often read, my love, that verse—"God who trieth the heart shall give to every man as his *work* shall be."† God looks into your heart, Lucy ;—he tries it, and though your work, before men, is not murder, the work of your heart is anger, which is the root of all the murders that ever were committed in the world. The first murder arose from anger and jealousy :—it is said, "Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell ;"‡ which shows that he felt anger in his heart ; and our Saviour says, "from within, out of the heart of man, proceed evil thoughts,—murders,—covetousness,"§ and many other things, by which he plainly means that it is the work of the heart which God looks upon and reckons

* Zech. vii. 10.

‡ Genesis. iv. 5.

† Rev. ii. 23.

§ Mark vii. 21, 22.

as murder ! for no one can commit murder in his heart, except by indulging thoughts of anger.

Lucy. I never thought, mamma, when I felt anger in my mind, or even when I showed it, that, in the sight of God, I was guilty of murder.

Mamma. It is not very long, I think, Lucy, since I saw you breaking this commandment.

Lucy. When do you mean, mamma? What, this morning. Yes, I felt angry with Edward, I know.

Mamma. And you showed it also, Lucy, in a very, very sad manner; you did not indeed say the words which Christ mentions in the text;—your lips did not utter, “Thou fool;” but you felt more than that, you felt angry with him, and also wished to show him that you were above taking notice, or caring about his play; you said you did not want his top, he was too selfish for you to play with. Now, was not this more than saying, “Thou fool?”

Lucy. Yes, mamma. I felt that he was a foolish, selfish little boy, and I would not play with him.

Mamma. See, then, Lucy, what the Lord Jesus says of your conduct this morning; he tells you that you broke the Sixth Commandment. In the law, indeed, it is written only, “Thou shalt not kill;” but I say unto you, I who know the spirit and the meaning of the law, that “whosoever shall be angry with his brother, or shall say unto him, thou fool, shall be——” what, Lucy?

Lucy replied, in a low voice, “shall be in danger of hell-fire.”

Mamma. How true are the words of David,—“Thy commandment is exceedingly broad !” Each command-

ment, you see, reaches the intention and motive of all our actions, as well as the effect, or outward expression of them.

Lucy. Yes, mamma; and St. Paul says, “the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart; neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight, but all things are naked and open unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.”*

Mamma. Yes, my love, that verse exactly describes the searching of the word of God. The intents of the heart, as well as the thoughts, and the very hidden conceptions of the soul and spirit, are exposed and judged by the perfect law of God.

Lucy. Mamma, I shall not say again, I do not think that I have broken this commandment, for I see I break the commandments every day, when I don’t imagine that I am doing any thing of the kind.

Mamma. Try always, my dear Lucy, to remember that; for it will make you feel yourself a sinner, and very apt to do wrong. We will now read the next commandment—“Thou shalt not commit adultery.”† You cannot understand this commandment, Lucy, at present; but when you are older, you will see its meaning. I will now only just say, that the prophet Hosea,‡ who speaks much of the sin of Israel, in having grievously forgotten and departed from God, tells them that they have broken this commandment in doing so. And again, St.

* Heb. iv. 12.

† Exodus xx. 14.

‡ James iv. 4.

James declares that those have disobeyed this commandment who have sought "the friendship of the world, which is enmity to God."* Seeking, then, to fill the heart with wishes and thoughts which God does not approve, is turning it away from him, it is taking it from him to whom it belongs: and it is therefore to break the spirit of this commandment. Now read the next;—"Thou shalt not steal."†

Lucy. What can be the spirit of this commandment, mamma, for I think I know some persons who do not in reality steal things away from others?

Mamma. What kind of things do you mean, my dear?

Lucy. What kind of things, mamma? why all kinds. If I were to take away any thing you have, it would be stealing.

Mamma. Yes, my love, but we have a great many different kinds of things belonging to us which may be taken away, without our at first knowing of it; and without even the person who takes them away being quite aware of what he has done.

Lucy. I do not understand you, mamma; what things do you mean?

Mamma. I will tell you, Lucy. The word of a person is a very valuable possession, and when we do not believe it, without having any good reason for disbelieving it, we deprive our neighbour of what is justly his own. And at all times to speak ill of any one when they are not present, to tell you whether what you are saying is true or not, is to steal from them. But there is a way in

* Hosea ii.

† Exodus xx. 15.

which we steal, in which I am afraid that you will see you are guilty ; and that is, we sometimes take what is another person's, for a short time, perhaps, without asking their leave. When you took Edward's top this morning, you stole it from him ; you did not mean to keep the top, you only wished to use it for a few minutes ; but by taking it from him without his leave, the top was stolen for those minutes, and you were the thief.

Lucy. But, mamma, I thought it was borrowing, when we only used a thing for a short time, and then returned it.

Mamma. Borrowing, my dear, is when we ask a person to lend us something of theirs, and he does so, and we afterwards return it. Stealing is when we take any thing away from another without their leave, whether we keep it for a long or short time.

Lucy. Then, mamma, I know I often break this commandment ; but I will try and not do so again.

Mamma. There is one way, my dear, in which you break this commandment, when you least think of it. You have some very valuable possessions intrusted to you, but you are not allowed to have them to throw away, or even to use just as you like, but as He likes who lent them to you ; if you do not do so, you waste them, and thus are guilty of stealing.

Lucy. What do you mean, mamma ? Is it not God who has given me these gifts ?

Mamma. Yes, Lucy, and what are they ?

Lucy. I do not know, mamma. Perhaps you mean my friends, and my home, and my food. But I do not waste them, or throw them away.

Mamma. These are some of the gifts, Lucy ; you

are placed in a comfortable home, with kind friends, and all you want; but did you not see, when we were talking of the first commandment, that these blessings, which were given you to make you love and serve God more, sometimes even take away your thoughts from him?

Lucy. Oh yes, mamma, I remember now.

Mamma. And then, my love; you waste these gifts; you use them for yourself, instead of for God, and thus steal from him. In the same way you waste the other gifts you have from Him,—your mind, your thoughts, your memory. You do not use them to serve and love God, and therefore you steal them; but as we have spoken of this before, I will not say more now: only there is one gift, or I should rather say one thing which is lent to you, and which you must return, or else say exactly what you have done with it, and prove that you have used it well, or you will be reckoned a thief; and I think, Lucy, that I often see you stealing it.

Lucy. What can it be that you often see me stealing? I cannot think,—when did you last see me stealing it, mamma? then perhaps I shall find it out.

Mamma. I do not exactly remember when I observed you steal it last, my dear; but I have seen you do so several times to-day.

Lucy. To-day! Oh, mamma, when?

Mamma. When I called you this morning, you said, ‘Yes, mamma, I will get up;’ but before you did so, you stole a little of this precious thing, for every part of which you will have to return an account; and when you were dressed, and came into my dressing-room, I saw you steal a little more, before you got your Bible. After breakfast, when I told you to bring your lessons, you first stole

a great deal of this valuable possession, indeed so much, not only of your own, but also of mine, that I was forced to follow you, and prevent you from going on stealing, by bringing you into my room; but even there you stole a little more before you begun your lessons. After dinner I said, 'Lucy, get your work and begin it;' but Lucy, instead of doing so, began to steal this same thing; and then—

Lucy. Oh, mamma, I know what you mean; it is time—yes, it must be time. But how do I steal, when I waste my time?

Mamma. Is not your time lent you, Lucy, that you may use every minute of it as God commands for his glory. And when you waste it either by idling, or by using it for what you like, when you are desired by me to do something else, do you not steal away from God what is his own? Your time belongs to God, he lends it to you indeed, but he observes whether you employ it to the end for which he lent it to you; and every minute as it goes away carries to him an exact account of the manner in which you have spent it.

Lucy. Then I am afraid, mamma, the minutes often say that I have wasted them.

Mamma. I am afraid that they do indeed, Lucy, perhaps much oftener than you think; for remember that we found, by examining the first table of the law, that God requires the service of the heart, and he gives us time that we may employ it for him, as the love which ought to be in our hearts would make us do.

Lucy. Oh then, mamma, I am sure I often steal time, and I am thinking that I never really spent my time as God would approve.

Mamma. You now see, my dear, that you often steal time from its right owner; this more properly belongs to the first table of the law, because, as you know, that table speaks more directly of our duty to God himself; and the second, of our duty to our neighbour. There is one way in which you steal the same precious gift from those around you, and what makes it worse, you steal it, though they have, like you, to give an account of it.

Lucy. How can that be, mamma? How can I steal from any one, I cannot have any more time than my own, I could not get your time and add it to mine.

Mamma. No, my dear, but do you not frequently waste my time? Did not I wait for you some minutes this morning, and was not my time wasted then? Am I not sometimes kept waiting by you, when there is no occasion for it; when you perhaps are stealing your own time, and forgetting what you are doing by mine? And very often you are longer in saying your lessons, or at work, than you ought to be, because you waste the moments in looking about you, or in thinking of other things; and then you know you waste my time, which is stealing from me.

Lucy. I am sorry, mamma, that I steal from you, I did not know that I did, I am sure that I do not wish to take any thing away from you, I should like to give you a great many things if I could, mamma.

Mamma. You steal from me in a great many ways. If you do not take care of your clothes, you steal from me, because the money is mine with which I buy your clothes, and I wish to employ it usefully. You also steal from the poor when you waste any thing, for you prevent

me from giving to them, by requiring the money to be spent in providing for you. You steal from me when you do not show me the obedience you ought; for that is my right, and if you take it away, or do not give me my own, you steal from me.

Lucy. Oh ! I never thought that I could have broken this commandment so much ; and then to steal from *you*, mamma ; why I am more sorry for that than any thing else.

Mamma. Then, my dear, as you see that you have also broken this commandment in so very grievous a manner, we will pass to the next.

Lucy read—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."*

Lucy. I do not quite understand the meaning of this, mamma.

Mamma. Try and find out, my dear ; what is the meaning of bearing witness ?

Lucy. I think, mamma, it is if you see a person doing something, and you go and tell some one else of what he was doing, you would be bearing witness of your neighbour.

Mamma. True, my dear ; if Edward were now to come into this room, and see us reading, and then was to go into the nursery and say to Jane, Mamma and Lucy are reading the Bible, he would bear witness of us.

Lucy. Yes, mamma, I understand that ; but what is false witness ? is it saying that your neighbour in doing what he is really not doing ?

Mamma. Yes, my dear. If Edward were to go

back and say, Mamma and Lucy are working, would that be true witness ?

Lucy. Oh no, mamma, because we are reading.

Mamma. Then he would bear false witness of us, and that is what the commandment forbids.

Lucy. Thank you, mamma, now I understand ; and I wonder whether I have ever broken this commandment, for I don't think I say things against any person. I don't go and say that they are doing things which they are not doing.

Mamma. False witness may be borne of our neighbour's character, Lucy, quite as much as of his actions. Some persons are very apt, without even thinking of what they are doing, to go and talk about their neighbour's concerns ; and in doing so, for want of knowing all their circumstances, or the reasons for which the person did what they are talking about, they often judge very wrongly, and quite misrepresent their neighbours. This is bearing false witness, and it is a very common way of doing so. We often hear it said, how very wrong it was in that person to act thus, or in that other person to go there ; when perhaps those persons had very proper reasons for doing those things ; and had the person who was speaking of them waited, and asked them why they acted so ? before he spoke of it to another, he would not have borne false witness.

Lucy. Then, mamma, if we kept this commandment, we should never judge hastily of any one, but wait and hear their reasons, for fear we should misrepresent, and so bear false witness against our neighbour.

Mamma. Yes, my dear, and this would not be difficult for us, for if we really loved our neighbour, we

should not wish to say any thing to another of his conduct, even though we were sure it was wrong. We should be sorry for it, and never expose it. But instead of this we find that some persons like to blame others, especially if they think that by doing so, they can in any way excuse themselves. Thus we hear sometimes, 'That person provoked me, or I should not have done so to them; or, 'How cross that person is;' or 'How selfish that child is !' when, if we considered before we began to bear witness against our neighbour, we should perhaps find that the crossness, or the selfishness began on our side, and was more felt by us than by the persons whom we are blaming. Sometimes, indeed, I think we might find that we were wholly to blame, and that we have been bearing false witness against our neighbour.

Here Lucy looked down, and seemed a little ashamed; perhaps she was trying to find out whether she had borne false witness against her brother in the morning, when she had so blamed him for being selfish. She might be thinking whether she had not been quite as selfish in interrupting him in the middle of his play, without asking his leave, as he was in being angry with her for doing so.

Her mamma went on,—Thus, my dear, we excuse our own faults, by making those of another person appear worse than ours, or by wishing to represent that they have made us do wrong by their tempers, or unkindness. But this is no excuse at all, and we only add to our faults by trying to prove that our neighbour has been wrong. We then bear false witness against him, and thus break this commandment. If you consider, Lucy, I think you will say that you have broken it as well as the rest.

Lucy. Mamma, I know I often wish to excuse myself, particularly if I have been quarrelling, by saying, that my brothers and sisters have been more wrong; but I never say so when I do not really think that they really have been more to blame than I have.

Mamma. No, Lucy; but does not your wish to excuse yourself make you ready to say, without having really considered about it, that they are more to blame than you are? If you loved them as well as you do yourself, you would be as anxious to excuse them, as to make your own faults seem small, and you would then never be tempted to bear false witness against any one.

Lucy. Yes, mamma, I am sure I often break this commandment; and besides that, I sometimes say quickly, how very wrong it was in that person to do something, without at all stopping to know whether he meant to do wrong or right.

Mamma. And oftener still, my dear, you think harshly of another when he does what you do not like, and thus you feel unjustly towards him, though you may not say so to any one else. All this arises from your not loving your neighbour as well as you do yourself. You are too ready to make excuses for your own conduct, and not sufficiently for that of another.

Lucy. But, mamma, is it possible for any one to love his neighbour as much as he loves himself? How can we do so?

Mamma. This, my dear, is the meaning of the whole of the second table of the law. Our Saviour said to the scribe, after he had spoken of the first commandment in the words which we read when we were going through the first table; "And the second is like unto it,

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;”* but this brings us to the last great commandment which contains the meaning of all the second table, and indeed of the first also; which we shall see when we have thought of it a little.—Read the tenth commandment, my dear.

Lucy read, “Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour’s house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour’s wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour’s.”†

Lucy. Mamma, I am sure I have often broken this, for I often long for things belonging to other persons, and am quite sorry when I cannot have them. But how do you mean that this commandment contains all the rest?—there is nothing in it which is like any other of the commandments.

Mamma. If, my love, we were not even to desire any thing belonging to our neighbour, would it not be a proof that we loved our neighbour as we love ourselves?

Lucy. I suppose it would, mamma, but I do not quite know how.

Mamma. I will try and explain to you, my dear, what I mean: Suppose I buy a book, and say to you, This book, Lucy, I buy either for you, or for a little girl who lives at the end of the village; I think I shall give it to her. Would you not say, Oh, mamma, why will you not give it to me, and not to that little girl?

Lucy. Yes, mamma, I would rather have a nice book than that a little girl I did not much care for should have it; but you would not have given the book to her, so it would not be coveting my neighbour’s book, would it?

* Matthew xxii. 39.

† Exodus xx. 17.

Mamma. Not exactly, my dear, but would not your wishing to keep the book prove that it would give you more pleasure to have it yourself, than to see another pleased with having it?

Lucy. Yes, mamma, certainly.

Mamma. And would not that show, Lucy, that you loved yourself better than your neighbour.

Lucy. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. Well, my dear, this is contrary to the spirit of the tenth commandment, which is, that we are to be as satisfied with seeing our neighbour possess good things, as if we possessed them ourselves.

Lucy. Oh, mamma, who ever could be as pleased with other persons having things as if they had them themselves?

Mamma. ♦ There are many persons, I believe, my dear, who love some friends so very dearly that they are as pleased when their friends have pleasure as if they had it themselves. They are as glad when their friends are praised, as if they were praised themselves, and they would rather suffer pain than have their friends suffer it; but even these persons do not love them quite as well as they love themselves; and still less do they love every one in this manner.

Lucy. Oh no, mamma, it would be quite impossible to love every one so very, very much.

Mamma. We do not even give up our own wills, or our own pleasures, with cheerfulness for the good of others, and this is a great proof of our self-love.

Lucy. But, mamma, still I don't see how this commandment contains all the others.

Mamma. Have we not just seen, my dear, that the

spirit of this commandment is, that we should love our neighbour as ourselves? Now, if we did this, should we ever feel even inclined not to honour those whom we loved so much, which is the first commandment in this table?—Should we ever feel angry or unkindly towards one we loved as well as ourselves, and thus break the second commandment?

Lucy. Oh no, mamma, that would be impossible; and then certainly we should never think of taking any thing away from our neighbours, not, I mean, their character, nor time, nor any thing, because we should wish them to spend their time as well as possible. And we should never bear false witness against them, because we should as soon think of going and saying things against ourselves, when we had not done them; and that no one would ever think of doing.

Mamma. True, my dear, and now you see that if we kept this commandment we should keep all the rest.

Lucy. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. But do you love any one, Lucy, as well as you love yourself? Is there any one person whom you are as happy to see made happy, or as pleased to hear praised, or as glad that they have all they want, as if yourself were the person?

Lucy. No, I don't think there is one person whom I love just in that way. I love you, mamma, very much indeed, you know, and I love my brothers and sisters, very much too, and papa very much; but I know I don't love even you or them as well as myself; for if I did I should not ever steal from you, or not honour you, as you showed me just now, mamma, I did; nor should

I quarrel with any of them.—Oh no! I don't love any one as myself.

Mamma. And if I had asked you, if you loved every-body as well as yourself, you must have said still more: Oh, no, no!

Lucy. Yes, mamma, I am sure I should.

Mamma. Do you know what prevents you from doing so, Lucy?

Lucy. I suppose, mamma, it is, because I love myself so very, very much, that I can't love any one else so well.

Mamma. True, my dear; self-love is the cause of our breaking all these commandments. We try to please ourselves before any one else, and consequently, we sin.

Lucy. Yes, mamma, you know when we were reading the first table of the law, and talking about it, I found I had broken the second commandment by making an idol of myself; so that must be the reason that you said, if I kept the first commandment I should keep all the rest, even those of the second table; because if I loved God with all my heart and soul and strength, I should not love myself better, and if I did not love myself so much, then I should love my neighbour as much as God commanded me to do.

Mamma. Yes, my love, and there is another reason why you would not break the tenth commandment, if you loved God with *all* your heart; what does that commandment speak of?

Lucy. It speaks of coveting, mamma.

Mamma. Right; and is not coveting, wishing or desiring to have something?

Lucy. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. Well, but if all our hearts were full of the love of God, and we wished, and thought, and felt nothing but love, could we desire anything else?

Lucy. No, mamma, we should only desire love.

Mamma. Then, Lucy we should not break this commandment, should we?

Lucy. Oh no, mamma.

Mamma. And then, Lucy, if we were full of love, how should we feel towards our neighbour?

Lucy. I suppose, mamma, if we were full of love, and nothing else were in us, we should show nothing but love.

Mamma. True, my dear, and now you see the meaning of the apostle when he says, "Now the end of the commandment," (that is, the extent or meaning of the commandment) "is love out of a pure heart." The pure heart must be that which entirely loves God, and then if that is the case, it will constantly show itself by deeds of love to its neighbour.

Lucy. Then, mamma, it is want of love which makes me break the commandments; for you say, all the law is to love.

Mamma. Yes, Lucy, "Love," the Apostle John says, "is of God, for God is love, for whosoever loveth, dwelleth in God, and God in him."* The first epistle of St. John beautifully describes this perfect love, and no one can understand that Epistle in whose heart God has not put some of this holy and pure love.

Lucy. Then, mamma, can no one be perfect till he is nothing but love?

* 1 John iv. 7.

Mamma. No one, my dear ; this David expresses when he says, "As for me, I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."* That likeness is love, for "God is love," and till he awoke in this he would not be really satisfied.—But of this we must talk a great deal more some other time, after we have thought of the state in which those must be who have broken these pure and holy commandments.

Lucy. Oh, mamma, and I have broken them all ; and I did not think I should find I had broken more than two or three of them.

Mamma. You did not at all know how perfect they were, my dear.

Lucy. No, mamma, and you know I thought those persons must be so very wicked who had broken them all.

Mamma. And you were right, my dear.

Lucy. Yes, mamma, but then I did not think of myself. But if every one has broken these commandments, must every one be punished for doing so ?

Mamma. When we next read, we shall see what is said of those who transgress this law. We will begin by reading of those persons to whom the law was first given.

Lucy. The Israelites, mamma ?

Mamma. Yes, Lucy, we will first examine a little of their history, and afterwards come to our own state, whether *we* have broken this law.

Lucy. Thank you, mamma, that will be what I wish ; may I begin at once ?

* Psalm xvii. 15.

Mamma. No, my dear, it is quite time for you to go up stairs to bed ; we must not read more now.

Lucy. And to-morrow, Fanny and Albert will come home with papa.

Mamma. I am sorry that they have missed these two evening readings about the commandments.

Lucy. Mamma, do not you think if they had been here, they would have found out that they had broken all of them too?

Mamma. I do not doubt it, my dear.

Lucy. Well, mamma, I shall tell them all about it, and that you have shown me that I have broken them all, and I dare say they will find that they have broken them too. And we shall all go on together again, as we did before they went on their journey. Oh how glad I shall be ; and you know, mamma, it is so pleasant to have them with us at our reading, because they remember many more texts in the Bible, to explain what we are reading, than I do, because they are so much older.

Mamma. Yes, Lucy ; now try and remember what we have been thinking of this evening.

Lucy. Yes, I hope I shall not steal to-morrow before I get up. Good night, mamma.

Mamma. I hope you will not, my love. Good night.

CONVERSATION X.

TRANSPOSITION OF A HYMN, AND GRAMMAR.

Fanny. Mamma, do you remember that this is Thursday morning; you have promised us that once a week we should continue to have that amusing exercise we had last week.—Shall we try it again to-day?

Mamma. What was it, my dear?

Fanny. Transposing the words of a hymn, mamma, that you might see whether we understood its meaning. Shall we fetch our slates?

Mamma. Do, my dear; and you must all be very attentive and silent, that you may have time to think of the best words you can employ. I will select some lines. You shall try Dr. Watt's version of the nineteenth Psalm. When I have repeated a line, do you each write it down.

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

I will question you on the verse first, and you shall put a mark under the words as you name them.

Mamma. What are 'the heavens' said to do?

Fanny. To 'declare.'

Mamma. To 'declare' what?

Albert. The 'glory.'

Mamma. Of whom?

Lucy. Of the 'Lord.'

Mamma. What 'declares the glory of the Lord.'

Fanny. 'The heavens.'

Mamma. What 'shines in every star?'

Fanny. 'Wisdom.'

Mamma. What 'wisdom?'

Albert. 'Thy wisdom.'

Mamma. Whose 'wisdom?'

Lucy. The 'wisdom of the Lord.'

Mamma. What does 'wisdom do?'

Fanny. 'Shines.'

Mamma. In what?

Albert. In 'the stars.'

Mamma. In how many 'stars?'

Lucy. In 'every star.'

Mamma. Where do we 'read the wisdom of the Lord in fairer lines?'

Fanny. In 'thy word.'

Mamma. What do you mean by 'thy word?'

Albert. The Scriptures.

Mamma. With what do we 'behold?'

Lucy. 'Our eyes.'

Mamma. What do 'our eyes' do?

Fanny. 'Behold.'

Mamma. What do we do then?

Albert. 'Read.'

Mamma. 'Read' what?

Lucy. 'Thy name.'

Mamma. Whose 'name?'

Fanny. The Lord's 'name.'

Mamma. In what manner?

Albert. In 'lines.'

Mamma. What is said of the 'lines?'

Lucy. That they are 'fairer.'

Mamma. Now, my dears, each of you must try and write this verse in different words, which are to give as much as possible the same ideas as are expressed here.

Lucy. Mamma, may I put two or three words for one; I could then do it more easily?

Mamma. No, my love, try and find one word only, in the place of each.

The children were some time occupied, but at length brought their slates to their mamma. Fanny being much older than the others, had written the best transposition: it was as follows—

The firmament shows thy greatness, God!
In each orb thy knowledge appears;
But when our sight contemplates thy Scriptures,
We discover thy character in lovelier forms.

Very well, said Mrs. Eustace, after having pointed out to the children many words which they might change for others, I do not expect perfection at first, but you will find the exercise less difficult when you better understand the signification of words. Now try and give me the *sense* of the verse in as few words as you can.—Fanny wrote—

The firmament displays God's glory and wisdom, but the Scriptures give us a more pleasing view of him.

Mamma. You may now, my dears, proceed to another verse.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days, thy power confess ;
 But the blest volume thou hast writ,
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Mamma. What 'confess the power of God ?'

Fanny. 'Days.'

Mamma. What else ?

Albert. 'Nights.'

Mamma. Any thing else ?

Lucy. 'The sun.'

Mamma. What is said of 'the sun ?'

Fanny. That it is a 'rolling sun.'

Mamma. 'What else confesses the power of God ?'

Albert. 'The light.'

Mamma. What 'light ?'

Lucy. The 'changing light.'

Mamma. What do all these do ?

Fanny. 'Confess.'

Mamma. 'Confess' what ?

Albert. 'The power.'

Mamma. Of whom ?

Lucy. Of God.

Mamma. What is said of 'the volume God has writ ?'

Fanny. That it is 'blest.'

Mamma. Why 'blest ?'

Albert. Because it 'reveals.'

Mamma. 'Reveals' what ?

Lucy. His 'justice.'

Mamma. And what more ?

Fanny. His 'grace.'

Mamma. What has God done ?

Albert. 'Writ.'

Mamma. 'Written' what ?

Lucy. A 'volume.'

Mamma. Now try and transpose this verse also.

Fanny's only will be given, for the reason before assigned, though all the children wrote the verse.

The revolving orb, the varying brightness,
And evenings, and mornings, thy influence own ;
But the beloved book thou hast inspired,
Declares thy faithfulness and thy favour.

They then wrote the substance of the verse : on Fanny's slate was—

The change of day and night, produced by the sun, tells us of the *power* of God ; but the gospel, of his love.

Do not shut the book, mamma, let us have one verse more, said Albert, before we leave off. Perhaps in a little time I shall write as well as my sister does now.

Mamma. You shall write the last verse then, my dears.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven :
Lord, cleave my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

What do 'we view ?'

Fanny. 'Thy noblest wonders.'

Mamma. Whose ?

Albert. God's.

Mamma. Where ?

Lucy. 'Here,' in the Bible.

Mamma. How are these 'wonders' displayed ?

Fanny. 'In souls renewed.'

Mamma. And in what else ?

Albert. 'In sins forgiven.'

Mamma. What do you ask God to do ?

Fanny. To 'cleanse.'

Mamma. To 'cleanse' what ?

Albert. 'My sins.'

Mamma. Whose 'sins ?'

Lucy. Mine.

Mamma. And what more ?

Fanny. To 'renew.'

Mamma. To 'renew' what ?

Albert. 'My soul.'

Mamma. Whose 'soul ?'

Lucy. Mine.

Mamma. And what do you ask him to make his word ?

Fanny. 'My guide.'

Mamma. Whose guide ?

Albert. Mine.

Mamma. To what place ?

Lucy. 'To heaven.'

Mamma. What is to be your guide ?

Fanny. His 'word.'

Mamma. Write these lines carefully, my dears, and then show me your slates again.

Fanny wrote—

Thy greatest glories here we behold,
In spirits converted, and guilt pardoned ;
Saviour, purge my guilt, my spirit regenerate,
And make thy gospel my conductor to Paradise.

She then produced the following sentence as the sense of the verse :

The glory of God is shown in saying sinners ;—may I be a partaker of this grace !

I should like, mamma, if you please, to learn that hymn by heart, said Albert.

Mamma. You may, my dear, because I think you now understand the meaning of it, and therefore you will remember it ; but I never wish you to learn any thing you do not understand ; you would then only repeat words like a parrot. When you asked me to let you learn that poem which your papa read to me the other day, I did not allow it, because I knew it was merely the sound which pleased you, and that you could not comprehend the sense of it. Do you know, Lucy, what I mean by comprehend ?

Lucy. Understand, mamma, I believe.

Mamma. Then to show me that you know something of this word, we will find out what family it belongs to. You can each take a branch of it in turn. The infinitive mood is—

Fanny. To comprehend.

Mamma. The active participle ?

Albert. Comprehending.

Mamma. The passive participle ?

Lucy. Comprehended.

Mamma. The personal substantive ?

Albert. Comprehender.

Mamma. The abstract substantive ?

Lucy. Comprehension.

Mamma. The adjective ?

Fanny. Comprehensive.

Mamma. The adverb ?

Albert. Comprehensively.

Mamma. Albert, repeat the family, my dear.

Albert. To comprehend, comprehending, comprehended, comprehender, comprehension, comprehensive, and comprehensively.

Mamma. That is right. There are some words which have even a larger family than this, they have a personal substantive of both genders. Can you think of one of this sort?

Fanny. To act, mamma.

Mamma. We will try,—the infinitive mood is?

Fanny. To act.

Mamma. The active participle is?

Albert. Acting.

Mamma. The passive participle is?

Fanny. Acted.

Mamma. The personal substantive, masculine?

Lucy. Actor.

Mamma. The personal substantive, feminine?

Fanny. Actress.

Mamma. The abstract substantive?

Albert. Action.

Mamma. There is another also.

Fanny. Act.

Mamma. The adjective?

Albert. Active.

Mamma. The adverb?

Lucy. Actively.

Mamma. Lucy, will you try and repeat what we have said?

Lucy. Yes, mamma. To act, acting, acted, actor, actress, action, act, active, and actively.

Mamma. I have thought of another of the family which you have all forgotten.

Lucy. What can that be, mamma?

Mamma. Think, my dear ;—it is another substantive.

Fanny. I think I know, mamma ; activity, is it not?

Mamma. Yes, my dear.

Lucy. This is a very large family, indeed, to have five substantives belonging to it.

Mamma. It is so, my little girl ; and as I think you have the adjective of the family belonging to your character, you may go and run in the garden till I call you in again. If you find anything there on which you wish to have a lesson, bring it in with you, and we will talk about it. Albert shall go in the mean time to his papa for his Greek lesson, and I will hear Fanny play on the piano-forte.

CONVERSATION XI.

MISSIONARY ANECDOTES.

Fanny. Mamma, I often wish I could be of as much use as you are, but I am afraid I never shall be.

Mamma. *Never* is a long time to speak so certainly about, Fanny; and I should be sorry to think you would grow up a useless character.

Fanny. But, mamma, you do so much; you teach the poor, and subscribe to different charities, and visit the sick, and instruct us, and are always about some good or other; and I am of no use at all.

Mamma. The principal thing you have to do at present, my dear, is to be very diligent and attentive to those things which I teach you, and by this means you will be fitted for usefulness hereafter. But I think I could point out to you many ways in which you could even now be of use to your fellow creatures, and which I do not wish you to defer till you are older.

Fanny. What things, mamma?

Mamma. You can make clothes for the poor; and as I am just going to form a Missionary Association, you, and your brother and sister can subscribe a little, weekly, to it. A penny a week, though it seems a very small sum, will amount in time to a great deal. A vast proportion of the means by which Missionary Societies are supported, is raised in this way.

Fanny. I should like to do this particularly, would not you, Albert?

Albert. O yes, sister. Mamma, will you tell us something about these societies; we have heard so many persons talk of them? Papa, you know, prays every day for all the missionaries; and also that those who manage the societies may have wisdom given them to conduct them properly.

Mamma. Yes, my dears, willingly; and as you were just speaking of your papa's prayers, need I remind you, that in this way, the smallest child may aid the cause of missions?—If you ask in faith, daily, that God would convert the heathen, he will hear and answer you.

Fanny. But I cannot think, mamma, why it takes so long a time to convert all the heathens; because it seems so absurd to worship idols, that one would think it the easiest thing in the world to convince them that they were wrong.

Mamma. Do you find it then so very easy, Fanny, when you are wrong, to be convinced of and forsake your error?

Fanny. Not always, mamma, but then I never do such things as the heathen do.

Mamma. And from whence do you think all idolatry springs, as well as all other sins?

Albert. From the heart, I suppose, mamma.

Mamma. You are right, my dear. What does our Lord say on this subject.

Albert. "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, thefts, false-witness, blasphemies."

Mamma. Then, by what power can the heart of

man be changed? Can man work this mighty alteration?

Fanny. No, certainly, it must be done by the Spirit of God.

Mamma. Do you remember a verse of Scripture to this point?

Fanny. Yes, mamma, in the first of John it says, "Born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

Mamma. Yes, my love, and there are many other passages of a similar kind; but, Fanny, tell me how you would begin,—as you think it so easy,—to convert a heathen?

Fanny thought for some time, and then said, Mamma, I should tell him that there was only one God, and that he made all things.

Albert. I should tell him, that he could not make himself, and that the piece of wood that he worshipped could not do it, and so God must have done it.

Mamma. And suppose you succeeded in proving this to him, how would you go on?

Fanny. Really I do not know, mamma.

Mamma. But I wish you to think, my love.

Albert. I should tell him that he was a sinner, and that if he did not repent he must go to hell.

Fanny. And I should tell him that hell was a very dreadful place, and that he would be always miserable there, and have to live with wicked spirits, and to endure great suffering.

Mamma. And do you think this would convince the poor heathen?

Fanny. Not convince him, perhaps, mamma, but frighten him so much, that he would ask me what he must do, that he might not go to hell.

Mamma. Suppose I were to say to you,—Fanny, you are a very naughty girl; and I was to prove to you that this was the case,—and then added, I am determined to lock you up in a room by yourself for a month, and never to come near you. Do you think this treatment would make you sorry for your sins, or sorry for the punishment of them?

Fanny. Sorry for the punishment, mamma, and afraid of you; and I think I should consider you very cruel, and be angry because I could not escape from you.

Mamma. And would this produce any good effect on your mind?

Fanny. No, certainly not.

Mamma. Suppose, instead of this way of treating you, I tried to convince you of your sins, by talking affectionately to you, and showing you that your fault was the greater, because I was so kind to you, and loved you so much; and had always loved you, and would do any thing in the world to make you happy: how would you feel then, Fanny? would you be obstinately determined to go on in your sins, or would this melt you into repentance?

Albert. I am sure Fanny would love you more, dear mamma; and would try not to repeat her fault.

Fanny. Ah! I see you mean, mamma, that it is not by alarming the heathen that we are to convert them, but by a contrary treatment.

Mamma. Exactly so, my love; it is by simply preaching the gospel to them, or, in other words, telling

them, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have eternal life." These "cords of love are the bands of a man," as the prophet says; and wherever the gospel has been thus declared to them, the heathen have "turned from dumb idols to serve the living God." But there are great difficulties in the way of Missionaries, because the heathens are brought up with the idea, that to change their religion, is the greatest sin they can commit. They have also been strongly prejudiced against the truth, because they have seen men calling themselves Christians who have acted very inconsistently with their professions. This is particularly the case in India, where the English first settled themselves, in order to gain as much money as they could by trading with the natives, Mr. Thomas, the first Missionary who went to Bengal, actually advertised in a Calcutta newspaper, for a Christian, and no one answered his advertisement.

Albert. What is the meaning of caste, mamma, of which I have often heard persons speak?

Mamma. The East Indians, my dear, are divided into separate classes, none of which are allowed to intermarry, or even to mix or eat with one another, or with Europeans. They have each to observe many ceremonies, and are bound by particular rules; and if they break any of these, they forfeit the privileges belonging to their rank in society, and are subject to great persecution; this is what is called 'losing caste.' None of their relations are allowed to have any intercourse with them, or even to supply them with food, so that they are left to perish for want. This is one of the great obstacles to the

conversion of the heathen in India, but not an insuperable one, as was at first imagined, because, through the grace of God, many hundreds have been enabled to brave all their difficulties, and publicly to confess their faith in Christ. When you read the accounts of the different missions, you will find them deeply interesting.

Albert. Could you not, dear mamma, read us some parts of them now.

Mamma. Willingly, my dear: I remember a very striking account of a Hindoo convert, whose name was Futtick. All the former part of his life was passed, like that of most idolaters, in very gross sin; for even the worship offered to their deities is united with great crimes.

Whilst he was pursuing this course, a tract was put into his hands, about Jesus Christ; which he read; and it impressed his mind so strongly, that he determined to travel to Serampore, where the Missionaries lived who had written and printed it, that he might hear more about this new religion. He set off, and arrived at this place, but no one could tell him where to find them. He then went in search of them to Calcutta, but the person, at whose house he applied for information, treated him very unkindly, and turned him out of doors.

Poor Futtick, greatly disappointed, returned home; but resolved, that when he had earned money enough to undertake the journey, he would go again. He persuaded two of his friends to accompany him when he set out the second time; but, at Serampore, they met with threats and discouragements from the Bramins of whom they inquired for the Missionaries.

They were just about to return home in despair, when

a person named Kristno Presaud, who had overheard their question, and who had himself been converted from idolatry, took them joyfully by the hand, and led them to the Missionaries. Futtick heard the Gospel with joy, remained five days, and then went home.

Not long after he returned to Serampore, taking some friends with him; and there they were all baptized and renounced idolatry. His mind was so full of love to God, that he almost forgot to eat.

He continued to act consistently as a Christian, though he was exposed to great persecution in consequence from his neighbours, when he went back to his home. The head man of the village was so enraged with him, that he raised a mob, who went to his house one Sunday whilst he was at prayer, bound his hands, and dragged him into the road, whilst the whole village hissed at him and insulted him. They threw stones and dirt at him, and stopped up his ears with mud, which they daubed all over him:—in short, he was nearly murdered.

He was continually offered deliverance if he would promise to forsake Christ and return to idolatry. But, like the apostle, “he counted not his life dear unto him, so that he might finish his course with joy;” and whilst they were thus tormenting him, he said his mind was so filled with love to Christ, that he felt neither fear nor shame. The mob buried his Testament, and kept him tied up to a pillar in an idol’s temple for many hours. They offered again to release him, if he would promise no longer to worship Christ, but he would not do this, and at length they let him go.

He was very anxious to convert his brother, sister and other relations, which after some time, he was so happy

as to be the instrument of accomplishing. He became a most useful missionary among his countrymen, and was the means of turning many of them to God.

At length he was taken ill, but during his sufferings, expressed unshaken faith in Christ. The evening before his death, he was extremely cheerful, and sat up and recounted the history of the missionaries going to India, and of his own conversion. At length, quite overcome by want of breath, he said, 'I can speak no longer.' Afterwards, when asked of his hope in Christ, he said, 'I have not a doubt of obtaining salvation by the death of Christ.' Some one said, 'Are you at all uneasy at leaving this world?' He replied, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." His native brethren sat up with him all night, singing hymns; and early in the morning they sung one of which the chorus is, 'Full salvation by the death of Christ;' then one of them prayed, and Fut-tick almost immediately expired. His happy spirit seemed wafted to heaven by the sound of 'Full salvation by the death of Christ.'

Thank you, mamma, said all the children, that is a delightful account indeed: how wonderful that such a change should have been wrought in a wicked idolater.

Mamma. Yes, my dears, but is it not a greater change than must take place in your hearts, before they are turned to God.

Fanny. I hope you are not tired, mamma; pray read us some more of these narratives.

Mamma. I will read you an anecdote, related, I think, by Swartz, which shows how willing men are to try the most desperate means to save themselves; in hope of obtaining heaven by their own works.

A certain Hindoo inquired of the priests, how he could atone for his sins? and he was told to drive iron spikes sufficiently blunted, through his sandals, and on these spikes he was to place his naked feet, and walk 480 miles. If he fainted through loss of blood, he might stop a little to rest. The poor man set out on his journey, but God in his love led him by a way that he knew not, for whilst he was stopping under a large shady tree, a missionary came and preached from these words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Whilst he was preaching, the man rose up, threw off his torturing sandals, and cried out, 'This is what I want,' and he became a lively witness that the blood of Christ doth indeed cleanse from all sin.

Lucy. How wonderful! Mamma, I think I could sit all day to hear about these Missionaries; do go on.

Mamma. Mr. Thomas, whom I mentioned to you before, was one day travelling alone through the country, and seeing a great number of idolaters waiting round the temple of one of their gods, he went forward into the midst of them. They discovered by his dress that he was a European, and wondered what he was going to do. He entered the temple with them as soon as the doors were opened, and walked directly up to the idol, who was elevated above the people, and beckoned to them to be silent. Then he said, putting his fingers on its eyes, 'It has eyes, but it cannot see! it has ears, but it cannot hear! It has a nose, but it cannot smell! it has hands, but it cannot handle! it has a mouth, but it cannot speak! neither is there any breath in it!'

Lucy. Oh, mamma, how bold of him! did they not pull him to pieces for laughing at their god?

Mamma. No, my love ; you shall hear. An old Bramin in the company was so convinced by the truth of what he heard, that he exclaimed, ‘It has feet but cannot run away !’ At this a universal shout was heard, and the people were so full of shame and confusion, that they dispersed, without saying a word to Mr. Thomas.

I will read, if you wish it, some letters from two converted Hindoos, who have been active and useful preachers of the Gospel since they renounced idolatry ; Kristno the first convert wrote thus—

‘KRISTNO TO THE SOCIETY.

‘To the brethren of the church of our Saviour Jesus Christ, our soul’s beloved ; my affectionately embracing representation.

‘The love of God, the Gospel of Jesus Christ, was made known by holy brother Thomas. In that day our minds were filled with joy. Then judging we understood that our souls were dwelling in darkness, through the door of manifestation we came to know, that sin-confessing, sin-forsaking, Christ’s righteousness embracing, salvation would be obtained. By light springing up in the heart, we know that sinners becoming repentant, through the sufferings of Christ, obtain salvation. In this rejoicing, and in Christ’s love believing, I obtained mercy. Now it is in my mind continually to dwell in the love of Christ. This is the desire of my soul. Do you, holy people, pour down love upon us ; then, as the chatookee, we may be satisfied.’

Lucy. What does that mean, mamma ?

Mamma. The chatookee is a bird which the Hindoos say never drinks of the streams which flow on the

earth, but when it rains, it opens its bill and catches the drops as they fall from heaven.

Fanny. What a pretty comparison that is, mamma, of Kristno's ; but do go on.

Mamma. 'I was the vilest of sinners, he hath saved me. Now this word I will tell to the world. Going forth I will proclaim the love of Christ with rejoicing. To sinners I will say this word,—Hear, sinner, brother ! without Christ there is no help. Christ, the world to save, gave his own soul ! Such love was never heard ; for enemies Christ gave his own soul ! Such compassion where shall we get ? For the sake of saving sinners, he forsook the happiness of heaven. I will constantly stay near him. Being awakened by this news, I will constantly dwell in the town of joy. In the Holy Spirit I will live : yet in Christ's sorrow I will be sorrowful. I will dwell along with happiness, continually meditating on this—*Christ will save the world !* In Christ not taking refuge, there is no other way of life. I was indeed a sinner, praise not knowing.'—This is the representation of Christ's servant,

KRISTNO.

Fanny. How beautiful, mamma ! now may we hear the other letter you promised to read to us ?

Mamma. Yes, my dear. It is from another Hindoo convert, named Sebuck Ram.

'I, the forlorn servant of sin, obtaining deliverance and life by Christ's death, write this letter.—Through the favour of God the Father and our Saviour Jesus Christ, you will know the great love of your unworthy servant, Sebuck Ram. Formerly I performed the ser-

vice of the gods, and danced before the images, and doing that which was evil, I was floating down the stream into hell. At this time I heard the good news of the Lord Jesus Christ, at the mouth of the messengers, and believed. Then I obtained deliverance from the sea of destruction. Then I saw my sin. Then I confessed all my sin to God. Then, delivered from everlasting destruction, I obtained everlasting life. Now God has chosen me for his own service. Being with my whole mind, and soul, and spirit, devoted to the service of God, through the favour of God, I went to Sadamah'l and Dinagepore, to proclaim the good news of our Lord Jesus Christ's death. Staying there a long time, I made known, in the presence of many people, and in many houses, the cross of Christ, and the sufferings he endured for sinners. From that place God has now brought me, to Calcutta, where he has now placed me in his service. In this city much work for God is going forward, and the minds of many people are turning. Through the favour of God and your compassion, I serve God with my mind. But I entreat you this favour, do thou thyself pray to God, for me, that to the hour of my death I may serve God. This is my request.

‘SEBUCK RAM.’

These, my dear children, are but a few specimens of the power and grace of God towards these poor heathen. I think I lately gave you an account of the wonderful effects which were produced by the preaching of the Gospel in the South Sea Islands.

Albert. O yes, mamma; and of the conversion of that wicked king Pomarre; that was a change indeed;

and you told us that now the people were really more like Christians, than many of those who were called so in England.

Mamma. What proof did I give you of that, Lucy?

Lucy. That they loved the Sunday so much, mamma, and always employed it for the purposes for which God gave it.

Albert. What excellent men the Missionaries must be, mamma.

Mamma. They are indeed, my dear, and perhaps there have never been greater proofs of devoted love to God, than some of them have given. A remarkable instance of this I will mention to you. Two Moravian Missionaries were sent to the West Indies to instruct the poor negroes who are there enslaved. The slave proprietors would not allow them to go and preach to the blacks, for fear they should unsettle their minds. At length these Missionaries, finding it impossible to get amongst them in any other way, offered to be sold as slaves, that they might have an opportunity of instructing them in the way of salvation.

Fanny. What wonderful devotedness, mamma; that was really acting like Christ, who took on him the form of a servant to save us.

Mamma. It was, my dear, truly so. Perhaps no scene of missionary labour is more important or interesting than the West Indies, and it is especially incumbent on Englishmen to instruct those unfortunate slaves, who have suffered so much from them. The methodists have been indefatigable in this work, and it has prospered abundantly in their hands.

Albert. Are not the Missionaries often obliged to

endure great hardships, mamma, in their different stations?

Mamma. They are, my dear; and you cannot easily imagine the various difficulties and trials they have to encounter in the work which they undertake. They have first to give up their friends and their country, and all those things which they love best upon earth, to go to distant lands, in order to preach the gospel. The climate frequently injures their health; and numbers, especially amongst the missionaries in Africa, have fallen a sacrifice to their disinterested exertions. Then they have to labour among those who, for a time, neither understand nor value their kindness. But there is a greater difficulty still, which I have not noticed,—What do you think that is, Lucy?

Lucy. I suppose you mean, mamma, learning the language of these heathens?

Mamma. Yes, Lucy, and in many instances no books exist by which these languages could be learnt; and the Missionaries have been obliged to compile grammars and dictionaries, before they could translate the Scriptures into the language.

Fanny. I wonder the first Missionaries did not give up their task in despair; the undertaking seems so formidable.

Mamma. If they had relied on their own strength, they would have done so; but they knew who had said, “Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!” And they felt also, that the command of our Lord, delivered just before his ascension, was still binding—“Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.” The love of Christ constrained them

to give up all for him, who had "so loved them as to give himself for them." And do you not think, my dears, that it is very selfish in us, who hear the glorious gospel preached so freely, to be content to keep it all to ourselves, when 600,000,000 of idolaters are perishing for lack of knowledge?

Albert. Six hundred millions! oh, mamma! is it possible that there are so many? I never thought of that; how awful! I wish I was a man, I should like to be a Missionary myself.

Mamma. When you *are* a man, my dear Albert, if it should please God to fit you for his service, I trust you will, either as a Missionary or a Minister, be made useful in proclaiming the gospel.

Lucy. Mamma, I wish I could do something to help this cause; you said we all might; is there any way in which I may begin at once?

Mamma. There is, my dear. I was going to tell you, that, in heathen countries, and particularly in India, the females are thought to be little better than the brutes. They are not allowed to mix in society, nor to learn anything, and if they marry, they are obliged, at the death of their husbands, to burn themselves on their funeral piles.

Fanny. How dreadful! but can nothing be done for them?

Mamma. Yes, my dear. For a long time the Hindoos would not allow their daughters to be instructed; but for a few years past the wives of the Missionaries, and other benevolent ladies, have opened schools for these unfortunate beings; and they are now making great progress in learning. One lady left England for

the express purpose of forming Female Schools in India, and she has been very successful in her endeavours. The parents begin to feel interested in their children's improvement; and often bring them to school, and stand looking on whilst they are taught. If you will remind me, I will show you some specimens of the work of these poor girls, and of their writing also.

Fanny. Oh! pray do, mamma. Do they write in copy books?

Mamma. No, my love, they write on a long flat reed, called the Tal or Taul leaf, it is about an inch and a half in width, and nearly a yard long, and can be folded up. The writing on those which were sent to me is very distinct. I will tell you an anecdote of these poor girls which will please you. Some time ago, the inhabitants of the Cape of Good Hope were reduced to great poverty and distress; and many ladies in Calcutta sent them clothes. The work was partly done at the Female Schools, and Mrs. Wilson (the lady whom I mentioned before), always pays them for the things they make. When she told her scholars who these things were for, and how much the poor people had suffered, they were greatly concerned, and said, 'Why do they not come here, they would get plenty to eat?' She asked, would you not be very glad to assist them? They said, 'Yes, but we are so poor, that we have nothing to give.' She said, 'Some ladies in England, who have not money to spare, work for the poor.' They immediately answered, 'Oh, we can work for them also;' and six girls then finished what had been given them without any pay.

Fanny. Do tell us, mamma, how we can do anything to help these poor girls.

Mamma. There are two ways, my dear ; one is by making various fancy articles, which are in great request in India, and which sell there for twice as much as they do in England ; and another way is, by making work-bags, and house-wives, and pincushions, to be given to the little girls in these schools. They are greatly delighted with such presents, and it teaches them habits of order and neatness which they could not otherwise acquire.

Lucy. Thank you, dear mamma, for telling us how to do any good ; I long to begin: may we begin to-day ? Fanny can make pretty things to sell, but may I make some pincushions for the little girls ?

Mamma. You may, Lucy, and I will give you and your sister one afternoon in the week for making these things ; and Albert shall read the Missionary accounts to us whilst we are at work.

Fanny and Lucy. That will be delightful ; do let us begin to day ?

Mamma. Not to-day, my dears, because I must first procure some materials ; but to-morrow, if my little impatient girls can wait so long, we will commence.

CONVERSATION XII.

POETICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

One day as the children were all seated round their mother, at the hour usually appropriated to conversation, Fanny commenced by saying, Mamma, will you let us play awhile at the game you call Poetical Recollections? It is long since we tried it, and I hope we shall be able to manage it better now than we did the last time.

Mamma. With pleasure, my dear, and Edward, you, as the youngest, shall begin.

Edward. What, am I to begin? well, let me see; I will give you some puzzling word.

Mamma. But remember, my dear, you must take care to have a quotation to give us, and the author from whom it is taken, containing the word for which we are to find another quotation.

Edward. Yes, mamma, I understand that; and the word I am going to give you is hearth.

“Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats, then, brisk alights
On the warm hearth.”

Mamma. A very elegant little quotation; and now, Edward, let us know the name of the author and the subject to which it refers.

Edward. It is from Thomson's Winter, mamma, and

it is a description of a little famishing red-breast, coming to the house in search of food, when the snow has covered over all the fruits of the field.

Mamma. Perfectly correct my love, I am happy to find you have acquitted yourself so well. Now, Fanny, have you remembered any passage in which the word hearth is contained.

Lucy. Mamma, if Fanny is not ready, may I take the first turn?

Mamma. Are you willing, Fanny, to give up your turn to your sister?

Fanny. Yes, mamma, I shall be very glad to do so ; for I have not recollected one yet.

Albert. I hope, Lucy, you will not give the one that I have ready.

Mamma. Let us have yours, Lucy.

“Give back the lost and lovely—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long.”

Mamma. Fanny, my love, can you tell us who your sister’s quotation is from?

Fanny. No, mamma, I have heard it, but I do not remember whose it is.

Mamma. Then, Lucy, you must tell your sister.

Lucy. It is Mrs. Hemans’s Address to the Ocean. I hope, Albert, I have not deprived you of your quotation.

Albert. No, Lucy, I have it snug yet.

Fanny. And you may give it if you please, Albert, for I still have not thought of one.

Albert.

“Who would not bleed,
Rather than see thy violated hearth
Pressed with a hostile foot?”

Fanny. Oh! that, I know, is from Mrs. Barbauld's First Fire. And I remember another very beautiful passage in it about the fire, though it is not exactly about the hearth. May I give it, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, if you give it correctly, and speak it distinctly and well, we will take it as your portion.

“Nor less the young ones press within to see
Thy fare delighted, and with husk of nuts,
Or crackling holly, or the gummy pine
Feed thy immortal hunger: cheaply pleased
They gaze delighted, while the leaping flames
Dart like an adder's tongue upon their prey,
Or touch with lighted reed thy wreaths of smoke,
Or listen, while the matron sage remarks
Thy bright blue scorching flame and aspect clear,
Denoting frosty skies. Thus pass the hours,
While winter spends without his idle rage.”

Mamma. Is there any thing in that passage that you do not understand, Lucy?

Lucy. I believe not, mamma, unless it be the words, immortal hunger. I am not sure that I quite understand that, unless it means that fire devours every thing that comes within its reach, and yet is never satisfied.

Mamma. If that were the meaning, there is another word that would have expressed the idea better. And we do not find Mrs. Barbauld ever using any but the very best words for the expression of her ideas. Lucy, my love, what words would have been more suitable, according to Fanny's definition of immortal hunger?

Lucy. Insatiable, mamma.

Mamma. You are right, my dear. Now try if you

can explain to your sister why Mrs. Barbauld applies the epithet immortal to the fire.

Lucy. I suppose it is, mamma, because the world which was once destroyed with water, is the next time to be consumed by fire ; and, therefore, that fire may well be called immortal, when it will destroy the world and outlive mortality itself.

Mamma. You have given us a very good reason, and now I must give you my quotation, and I am happy to say my memory furnishes me with two from two of the most beautiful minor poems of the English language. Can any of you tell which I mean ?

Albert. I believe one of them, mamma, is Gray's Elegy in a country church-yard, because I have so often heard it spoken of as one of the most beautiful poems we have.

Mamma. It is, I should say, the most faultless one we have. Though in the habit of studying it frequently, I have never been able to discover a single word that could be altered for the better.

Fanny. Will you let us hear your quotation mamma?

Mamma. In speaking of those who lie buried in the church-yard, he says—

“For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care.”

Of what do these two beautiful lines present a lively picture, Fanny ?

Fanny. Of low life, mamma.

Mamma. You have used a very improper word to express your idea, my love. Try if you cannot correct yourself. What do you mean by low life?

Fanny. What is vulgar and mean.

Mamma. But is there any thing vulgar or mean in a wife exerting herself in making her home cheerful and comfortable for her husband, and providing for his wants?

Fanny. No, mamma.

Mamma. Then what word ought you to have used?

Fanny. Of a cottier's life, mamma.

Mamma. That will do. We ought only to call that low life, which is contaminated by vulgarity and vice. And mark the distinction, my love. Want of refinement, if attended by kind affections, and courteous and obliging manners, is not vulgarity. But the practice of vice and rudeness, even though accompanied by many of the external marks of refinement, and though adopted by the inhabitant of a palace, is in reality low life.

Fanny. I remember, mamma, when I went with papa to farmer Fraly's cottage, papa said, when we came out, 'That man is a gentleman, for he possesses the real spirit of native politeness.'

Mamma. This, my love, is the refinement of the heart; and it is this which is so exquisitely pictured in my quotation, that I will repeat it to you again with the two remaining lines of the verse:

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,"

What does this line present to our minds, Lucy?

Lucy. That the wife had made a good fire and swept up the hearth against the return of her husband from his work.

Mamma.

"Or busy housewife ply her evening care;"

What do you understand from this, Albert?

Albert. That she had busied herself in getting his supper ready for him, when he came home hungry from the fields.

Mamma.

“No children run to lisp their sire’s return,”

What picture does this present to the mind, Fanny?

Fanny. Mamma, it makes me fancy I can see the little children at the door, watching till they see their father, and then running to tell their mother that he is coming.

Mamma.

“Or climb his knee, the envied kiss to share.”

You, Edward, can tell me the meaning of this line.

Edward. Oh ! yes, mamma, any body can understand about the children climbing on their father’s knee as soon as he is seated by the fire, each anxious to have a kiss, and to show how glad they are to have him home again.

Mamma. But, my dear, the poet does not say any thing about the father seating himself by the fire-side.

Edward. No, mamma, but it is very easy to understand that he did so.

Mamma. Why, my love ?

Edward. He must be seated, you know, mamma, before his children could climb upon his knees. And it is very natural to suppose that he was seated by the fire, because if it had not been such weather as to make a fire pleasant, his wife would not have taken pains to make a blazing one.

Mamma. True, my love. And such is the exquisite art of painting by words. The poet gives the sketch and leaves it to the imagination to fill up the shading : Now tell me, my dears, if this picture that we have been con-

templating, reminds you of any other extremely beautiful and much more minute description of humble life, with which we are furnished by one of our poets.

Albert. There is Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night; but I suppose we must not reckon it amongst our English poems.

Mamma. It is the production at least of a British bard, and consequently, very nearly allied to us, so that I believe we may fairly boast of it as our own; and to be proud of the genius or virtues of our countrymen, is, I believe, a species of pride that we may fairly be permitted to encourage. But I am rather surprised, Albert, to find you sufficiently acquainted with the beauties of the Cotter's Saturday Night, to induce you to bring it forward as an instance; since the Scotch which it contains must have presented great difficulties to you in the reading of it.

Albert. It did, mamma; but I heard papa and you speak of it one day with so much delight, that I was determined to make myself acquainted with it; so I set to work, with a glossary before me, and made myself acquainted with all the Scotch words that I did not before know, and then after I knew the meaning of them all, I read it over two or three times, and every time I read it gave me additional pleasure.

Mamma. I have no doubt of it. And the circumstance of having exercised so much perseverance in overcoming the difficulties, will add another pleasure to that with which the Cotter's Saturday Night will always be recalled to your mind. And now, Fanny, suppose you give us a new word.

Fanny. I am very glad to do that, mamma, for I can

remember many beautiful verses, but I cannot always recollect, when I wish to do so, one that has the particular word in it that I want. The word that I shall give you is "return;" and my quotation is from the verses written by Michael Bruce on his own approaching death.

"Now spring returns, but not to me returns
The vernal joys my better years have known."

Edward. Mamma, may I speak?

Mamma. Certainly, my love.

Edward. Then, mamma, the verse you recited a short time ago, from Gray, has the word return in it.

"No children run to lisp their sire's return."

Mamma. But do you not see any difference, my love, between the return in Fanny's quotation, and that in yours. What part of speech is it in the line

"No children run to lisp their sire's return."

Edward. It is a noun, mamma.

Mamma. And can you tell what it is in the line

"Now spring returns, &c."

I believe you are now familiar with that part of speech.

Edward. Let me see! It signifies that spring does something; then it must be a verb. But will it not do if it is a different part of speech, mamma?

Mamma. Oh! I do not see that we have any right to reject it on that account; especially as your sister did not in the first instance give it as a verb. How ought you to have given it to specify that you meant the verb, Fanny?

Fanny. I ought to have given the infinitive mood, to return, mamma.

Lucy. As we have the privilege of making a noun of it, I will give you a verse from Southey's Traveller's Return:—

“But oh! of all delightful sounds,
Of evening or of morn,
The sweetest is the voice of love
That welcomes his return.”

Albert. And I will avail myself of the same privilege, and give mine from Thomson's Apostrophe to the Sun, in his Summer:—

“The precipice, abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return.”

Mamma. I shall adhere more faithfully to Fanny's quotation, and not only give the verb, but a passage from Milton's exquisitely pathetic lament on his own blindness, which bears so striking a resemblance to the manner in which Michael Bruce speaks of his sickness, that we can scarcely help thinking that the young poet had that affecting passage from the great father of English poetry in his mind at the time:—

“Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn.”

Fanny. Mamma, if Milton was blind, how could he write?

Mamma. It would, perhaps, be more correct to say that he composed, than that he wrote; for the mechanical part of his works was of course done by others. His youngest daughter, I believe, wrote the chief part of his Paradise Lost for him.

Lucy. How happy it must have made her to be able to supply to her father the loss of sight, and how much she must have been affected when he dictated that beautiful lamentation on his blindness.

Mamma. She must indeed, and that we may be better acquainted with that affecting passage, let us examine the whole of it:—

“Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,”

What does he say returns with the returning year, Edward?

Edward. The seasons, mamma,—spring, summer, autumn and winter.

Mamma. But what does not return to him, my love, with the return of these seasons?

Edward. Day, or night, or morning, mamma.

Mamma. And why does he say that they do not return to him, Edward? Did time not pass with him in the same manner that it did with others?

Edward. Yes, mamma, but he meant that he saw no difference between the light of morning, or of mid-day, and the darkness of night.

Mamma. You are right, my love, and he thus proceeds:—

“Or sight of vernal bloom or summer rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;”

Of what does he lament the loss in those lines? Fanny, will you tell me?

Fanny. He laments, mamma, that he cannot see the beauties of the spring, or the grandeur of the summer,

or the cattle and sheep grazing in the fields or on the mountains, or of the human countenance.

Mamma. Why does he call it the human face divine, my love?

Fanny. Because, mamma, we are told in the Scriptures, that "God made man after his own image."

Mamma. Now, Lucy, my love, attend to another portion of the passage, that you may be able to explain it to us:

"But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
Surround me; from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off,"——

Lucy. He says, mamma, that he is surrounded by darkness, and that he is excluded from that cheerful sort of intercourse with his fellow-creatures that depends upon being able to move about at pleasure, without being dependent on others; and above all, being able to read the countenances of those with whom he converses.

Mamma. Now, Albert, you will take the remainder:

"And for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and razed,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

Albert. He tells us, that instead of being able to gain knowledge by reading and examining the works of nature, all is a blank to him; that the whole creation to him is blotted out and destroyed, and all the means of gaining wisdom, through the aid of the sight, is to him entirely shut out.

Mamma. Now, when we have examined the passage thus separately, I will repeat the whole of it to you to-

gether, when you will, I hope, be still more sensible of its beauties:

“Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer’s rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
But cloud, instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me ; from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with an universal blank,
Of nature’s works, to me expunged and razed,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.”

And now, Lucy, let us have a word and a quotation from you.

Lucy. I will give you a word, not to puzzle you to find a quotation for, but to try how many we can remember. The word is shadow, and my verse is from Bryant’s Address to a Cloud:

“Beautiful cloud ! with folds so soft and fair,
Swimming in the pure, quiet air ;
Thy fleeces bathed in sunlight, while below
Thy shadow o’er the vale moves slow.”

Albert. If you will take the adjective instead of the noun, I will not only give you the word, but the idea.

Lucy. Yes, I will take any of the family.

Mamma. But first, Albert, let Edward tell us what is the adjective of shadow.

Edward. Shadowy, mamma.

Mamma. Can you give me another adjective?

Edward. No, mamma.

Mamma. What word does shadow come from, my dear?

Edward. From shade, mamma.

Mamma. Then turn that into an adjective, my love.

Edward. Shady, mamma.

Mamma. Now turn that into an adverb. You remember the definition of adverbs?

Edward. Yes, mamma, they relate to time, place, or the manner of doing things.

Mamma. Then give me the adverb of shady.

Edward. Shadily, mamma.

Mamma. Now turn that into a noun, my love.

Edward. Shadiness, mamma.

Mamma. You are quite right, my dear. And now, Albert, we are ready for your quotation.

Albert. I have thought of another whilst you and Edward have been talking, mamma. Percival in his Spring, says,

“See how the clouds, as they fleetly pass,
Throw their shadowy veil o’er the darkening grass.”

And in Barry Cornwall’s Italy, it says,

“As varying as the shadowy cloud that sails
Upon the bosom of an April sky.”

Fanny. And Mrs. Hemans, in her Spring, says,

“I know whence the shadow comes o’er you now,
You have strewn the dust on the sunny brow.”

Edward. And in Thomson’s Spring, it says,

“Chief should the western breezes circling play,
And light o’er ether bear the shadowy clouds.”

Mamma. Do you remember, my love, what particular subject Thomson is speaking of when he makes use of these lines?

Edward. He is giving directions about fishing, mamma.

Mamma. Does he recommend or condemn it as an amusement, Edward?

Edward. He recommends it very strongly indeed, mamma.

Mamma. And can you remember what he says of the kindred sports of gunning and hunting?

Edward. No! mamma, I do not remember.

Mamma. Can you tell your brother, Albert?

Albert. In speaking of shooting, he says,

“These are not subjects for the peaceful muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song;
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mixed animal creation round,
Alive and happy.”

And of the chase, he says,

“But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
E’er stain the bosom of the British fair.”

Mamma. Do you see any inconsistency in these passages, Edward, and that from which you took your quotation?

Edward. He makes fishing a pleasant amusement; and hunting and shooting very cruel ones.

Mamma. And is there really such a difference, my love?

Edward. No, mamma, I think not, for they both de-

pend upon taking away the lives of animals. And sometimes fishes must suffer a great deal of pain when they are caught by a hook. I saw a boy draw up a little minnow the other day as I was walking; and before he could get it off the hook, he had to tear its little gills quite out; and when I said how much he had hurt it, he said "it was no matter hurting a little thing like that." But it did not make it any less wrong to hurt it because it was small. Did it mamma?

Mamma. Certainly not, my love, and I am glad that you could reason in that way upon the subject. But now I suppose it is time that I should give you my quotation; and the word presents so many beautiful passages to my mind, that the only difficulty is to make a selection. I shall however take one from Cunningham's Description of Morning,

"Softly from the mountain's brow
Shadows nursed by night retire;
And the peeping sunbeams now
Paint with gold the village spire."

Albert. And this brings another to my mind, from his Description of Evening,

"Giant-like their shadows grow
Lengthening o'er the level ground."

Mamma. And Cowper, in his Winter Morning Walk, says,

"His slanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From every herb, and every spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field."

Fanny. Mamma, what is the reason that the shadows are so much longer in the mornings and evenings than in the middle of the day?

Mamma. I think, Fanny, I can very easily put you in the way of answering that question for yourself, which will be still more satisfactory than any explanation I could give you. I have rung the bell for a lighted candle; now close the shutters to darken the room; there, that will do, Albert, my love. Now, Fanny, you see I am holding the candle behind you and very near the floor; what is the appearance of your shadow now, my love?

Fanny. It is very long indeed, mamma.

Mamma. And what effect is produced by the candle being raised higher and higher?

Fanny. It becomes less and less, mamma.

Mamma. And now that it is almost directly over your head, what is the state of your shadow?

Fanny. I can scarcely see it at all, mamma; and now my figure does not cast any shadow whatever.

Mamma. The candle has now passed over your head and is descending on the other side in front of you; what is now the state of things?

Fanny. I still do not see any shadow, mamma.

Edward. Turn your head round a little, Fanny, and look behind you.

Fanny. Oh! now I see a shadow again, but on the opposite side.

Edward. Mamma, I see how it is; may I explain it to Fanny?

Mamma. Yes, my love, if your sister cannot do it for herself.

Fanny. Thank you, Edward, but I think I know all

about it now. The sun when it first rises, appears very low down, just as the candle was when you held it close to the floor, and therefore the shadows are long, but he keeps rising higher and higher in the same way that you raised the candle, till he gets above our heads, and we see no shadows at all; and then he goes down on the other side, till in the evening he is again very low down, and the shadows are again very long. Is not that right, mamma?

Mamma. As far as it goes it is, my love; but we have yet to learn why the situation of the light which produces the shadow, affects its length. But this is an inquiry which is of itself subject sufficient for a long conversation, and shall be made at some early period, when I hope Albert and Lucy will be able to give you a great deal of interesting information on the subject. But it is time now for us to go and walk.

CONVERSATION XIII.

ON DRAWING AND ENTOMOLOGY.

Lucy. We like drawing so much, mamma; we all count on the days when the drawing lessons come; and you said, that to-day I was to have something quite new to copy. I have done the cube, in every position you could put it in, mamma; and two cubes, and three cubes too. What may I do to-day?

Mamma. Any simple object, my love, which you like to select. As you have got over the difficulty you at first found, in making straight lines, of different lengths, and in different relative positions, you had better choose something with curved lines in it.

Lucy. May I try your jug, mamma?

Mamma. No, my love, not at first; because you will find the inner and outer lines of the handle rather beyond your powers at present.

Lucy. Then, mamma, may I copy the china basin, which stands on the table, as there are no flowers in it now?

Mamma. Yes, my love, that will be a very suitable object, for a first attempt at curved lines.

Lucy. Where am I to begin, mamma?

Mamma. Make the two side lines, my love, first.

Lucy. But there is no point to begin from mamma.

Mamma. No, my love, certainly not; but if I put behind it this sheet of white card paper, you will then see, where the most projecting part of the basin is, and what is the apparent width, between the two sides of it.

Lucy. I have observed, mamma, that you always do that, when you are copying a flower from nature; and I wondered what was the use of it.

Mamma. There are several things which make it useful, when I am drawing a small object from nature; one is, because I get a more distinct outline, when the flower has something lighter than itself immediately behind it, than if its back-ground was the wall of the room; and another is, that as I am colouring the same flower upon white paper, I see the exact effect of those colours upon a white ground.

Lucy. And another thing, mamma, I can guess, and that is, that you see upon the paper where the shadow of the flower falls. I remember seeing you put a deep shadow upon your paper one day; and I thought the flower looked so natural, I could almost have thought that it was a real one.

Mamma. That was one of the reasons I meant to have assigned. But before you commence the basin, I must give you one caution, and that is, to put nothing upon your paper but what you are quite sure you see before you.

Lucy. How do you mean, mamma?

Mamma. I mean, my love, that you should not fancy, because you know that this basin is round, that, therefore, you are to draw a circle, or that *that* would express a basin seen in this position. And, also, though

you know that there is a back to this basin, you must not therefore attempt to show it.

Lucy. Why not, mamma?

Mamma. Because your drawing is to be a representation of the basin, as it now appears to you. If I hold my hand across the middle of your pencil, do you see the unbroken outline of it, from the top to the bottom?

Lucy. No, certainly, mamma; because your hand is before it. Ah, now I understand you; the front of the basin prevents my seeing the back of it. But you must not be surprised, if I make a great many blunders at first, mamma, because this is so much more difficult than any thing I have drawn before.

Mamma. True, my love; but patience and perseverance will enable you to overcome much greater difficulties than this.

Lucy. I will only ask one more question, mamma. How shall I give the effect of this part, going back as it seems to do?

Mamma. That will be given by shading it, which you will not be able to accomplish at present. Does every part of the basin appear to you to be of the same colour?

Lucy. It is all blue, mamma.

Mamma. True, my love; but there may be brighter and deeper blues. Does any part of it seem to you to be brighter than another? Look attentively at it, before you answer me.

Lucy. Yes, mamma; it looks brighter just in the front,—oh, much lighter than at the back, almost white just down the middle.

Mamma. And why is it so, my love?

Lucy. Because the sun shines on it there, mamma.

Mamma. Because the light falls there; you are nearly right.

Lucy. Yes; and this part, by standing out much further, hides the light from the right side, and makes it dark.

Mamma. Then if you observe accurately where there should be light, and where shade, you will soon be able to make your drawings look very real, even if they are not finely executed.

Lucy. Now, mamma, I understand why, when Fanny had finished copying the bust of Minerva the other day, you told her to take the white chalk, and see if she could not improve her drawing; and she put in a very few strokes, which made the head look almost alive. And I have wondered why papa's portrait, that hangs over the fire-place in your dressing-room, mamma, had two white spots in its eyes; because, when I looked at papa, I saw that his eyes were very dark, with no white spots in them.

Mamma. Next time you see your papa, ask him to stand in the same light in which his portrait was taken, and look very diligently, and perhaps you will find out where the white spots are.

Lucy. Yes, mamma; the light will shine upon them, just as it does upon the roundest part of this basin.

Mamma. Now, my love, as you understand what to do, you had better begin.

Albert. Shall I go on, mamma, copying the cast of the foot, which I partly outlined at our last lesson?

Mamma. Yes, my love ; and when you have completed it so far, let me point out the mistakes in it, before you proceed to shading. And you, Fanny, had better ring for the same articles, the portraits of which you were taking on Tuesday. What were they ?

Fanny. A kettle, a stone jar, and a bottle, mamma, and we were to put a cabbage with them to-day. May I also have the black board upon which they stood before, that I may not have any difficulty in getting the lights, and shades, upon them, as they then appeared ?

Mamma. Yes, my love, certainly, and if you finish the outline to-day, we will begin colouring them.

Fanny. I am very glad of that, mamma ; but I think I could do it much more easily, if you would let me copy from that beautiful piece of still-life which you painted from the very same objects.

Mamma. I have no doubt, my love, that it would be much easier to you ; but do you think it would be equally improving ?

Fanny. Perhaps not, mamma.

Mamma. What is the reason, Fanny, that I particularly wish you to draw from objects, and not from copies ?

Fanny. That we may be able to sketch from nature, mamma ; and I hope we shall soon do that, as the weather is getting warm.

Mamma. If you were always in the habit of copying from sketches, reduced to the exact size you were to imitate, it would afterwards be much more difficult to you to draw from distant objects, which could not be measured, nor brought into a small compass, except by

reducing them. But as your copies are now arrived, you can sketch the cabbage, and rub your colours, and we will then begin painting.

After this was completed, Fanny said, What colours am I to put in first, mamma?

Mamma. First, put in all the shades, Fanny; whatever part of an object appears to you to be in shadow, there begin.

Fanny. How shall I find out that, mamma?

Mamma. A little observation, as I told Lucy, will soon make it easy. But be very cautious in this part of the business, because an error here, may spoil the whole effect of your drawing. If you leave too much light, it can be afterwards darkened; but if otherwise, it is not so easily remedied. Nothing looks so badly, also, as a harsh outline to a shadow; in nature, you observe, it is almost imperceptibly softened off.

Fanny. Yes, mamma; and I think it must be very difficult, to manage that in painting.

Mamma. It is so, my dear; but I will give you a few simple rules, which will much assist you:—Before you begin colouring, wet your paper with a broad flat brush; and if you work as you see me do, with two brushes, one at each end of your stick, you can always keep one full of colour and the other of water, with which you can easily soften down the edge of your shadows.

Fanny. I will try that plan, certainly, mamma.

Mamma. When you have put in all the shadows, you will find, that the exact form of every object is expressed, and though colouring afterwards heightens the effect, it is by no means needful, in any other respect; as

light and shade, without colour, are sufficient to express form.

Fanny. Yes, mamma, you explained that to me when you were painting those beautiful white flowers; you merely sketched them, and then put in a few touches with sepia, and they really looked like the flowers themselves.

Mamma. I must now pay some attention to Lucy, and you can tell me when you want further directions.

Fanny. Thank you, mamma.

Albert. Before you go to Lucy, mamma, will you look at my foot? I have been rubbing it out, over and over again, but I cannot make it look at all like the cast.

Mamma. Show me where it appears to you to look unlike it, my dear, and then we will find out the reason.

Albert. Here, mamma; I have taken great pains, and made each toe separately, and yet altogether they look twice as wide as those in the cast.

Mamma. How many lines do you see of each toe, in the cast, Albert?

Albert. One line, mamma.

Mamma. How many lines have you given to each?

Albert. Mamma, I thought if I did not put one line for each side of the toes, they would not look natural.

Mamma. Is not that drawing from fancy, rather than from your copy, my dear? In a street, do you see both sides of each house?

Albert. No, mamma, because they are joined together, but the toes are not.

Mamma. They are not really joined together; but they are placed in such close contact, that the line of one forms the side line of that next to it. Try and make

your foot so, my dear; and you will soon find the effect produced which you want.

Albert. Yes, mamma, I see that you are right; and I hope if I rub it out once more, I shall succeed better.

After the children had spent an hour in drawing, Mrs. Eustace desired them to prepare for walking with her, to their uncle's, as their cousins wanted a fresh supply of mulberry-leaves for their silk-worms. You can carry your basket into the garden, and fill it, Lucy, said she.

We shall all like very much to go; thank you, thank you, mamma, said Lucy, as she put away her drawing, and ran for her basket.

As they were walking, Lucy said, I think, mamma, these silk-worms must be very greedy little things, to eat so much; would not dry leaves do as well for them as green ones?

Mamma. No, my love; unless they are fed very regularly, and are continually supplied with fresh leaves, they will either die, or become so unhealthy that they will produce nothing.

Lucy. Well, mamma, at least they are very dainty, as they will eat nothing but mulberry-leaves.

Mamma. When they are quite young they will eat luttuce-leaves, or even the tender shoots of the willow; but afterwards, these do not agree with them, so they show wisdom or instinct, rather than daintiness, in refusing to eat them. Do you recollect the changes through which the caterpillars passed, which we kept last summer?

Albert. Oh yes, mamma; but some of them went under the earth, when they changed into chrysalides. Do silk-worms do the same?

Mamma. No, they do not. Tell me what you can about our former favourites.

Albert. I remember, mamma, that you showed me, one day, some little yellow eggs, and you said that if we put them in the sun, they would soon turn into caterpillars, which I could hardly believe. But they had not lain there many days, before they began to move about, and you told us to put leaves for the little black worms, as they then seemed to be, to eat. In a day or two they grew so fast that I hardly knew them again, and they were such hungry creatures, that we were constantly obliged to give them fresh leaves. You told us that if we did not do so, they would not have bright colours, when they changed into butterflies, and that it was better to keep the stalks of the leaves always in water. After some time, they got very lazy, and did not stir much about; then we saw them, all at once, moving their tails and their heads and feet, as quickly as ever they could; and you showed us a very fine hair, or bit of silk, which they held between their feet, and which you told us was the silk they were spinning to make their coffins of.

Lucy. And don't you remember, brother, how uncomfortable that poor caterpillar was which you and I had in a glass case without earth, because we did not know that it wanted any; and when it came out of the chrysalis it had only a thick body, and no wings, or only the stumps of wings?

Albert. Yes, Lucy, I recollect it; and we hoped they would grow, but they did not: and at last mamma told us the reason: but we have not got so far as that yet.

Mamma. Well, Albert, and how did they make their coffins?

Albert. They rolled themselves round and round in this silk, till it became a firm ball; but some of them only made a kind of net-work, to hang themselves up in, and there they kept twisting round and round, as fast as possible, till we saw only dead bits of their skin left, and they themselves were become quite hard. But some of them went and buried themselves in the earth, so that we could not see what they were doing. After a time, when we looked into the box, we were surprised to see butterflies and moths in it. I saw some of them come out of their chrysalides, with their wings folded up, and so feeble they could hardly stand.

Mamma. The silk-worm is like the first sort you described; it rolls itself round and round, till it has made a very thick ball of silk, and whilst it remains in this state it is, that the silk is taken from it; because if you wait till the proper time is arrived, for it to come forth as a moth, it eats a round hole through the side of the cone, and then the silk is good for nothing, because it is then all in short pieces, and cannot be wound off.

Fanny. How is the silk wound, mamma?

Mamma. The easiest way, when you have only a few silk-worms, is to lay the cones, or cocoons, as they are called, in a basin of hot water, and this melts the gluey substance which holds the separate threads together. One end of the silk is fastened to a silk winder, which is turned round by a crank or handle, and the danger of breaking it is avoided.

Lucy. Is it something like that curious thing which I saw old Susan winding the yarn upon, which she had spun, and which made a particular noise every time she had wound a certain number of yards upon it?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, it is made on the same principle, which I think I explained to you.

Lucy. Yes, mamma, you did. If I kept silk-worms, I should be always wishing that the time was come for winding off the silk.

Mamma. You would then wish to lose all the pleasure of watching their changes, because you wanted the silk at once?

Lucy. No, mamma, I *could* wait patiently, but I should not like them to be very slow in making themselves into cones.

Mamma. In that respect, Lucy, I fear they would not be able to make any alteration to please you, as they have a regular time for passing through each of their changes. When the eggs are first hatched, the little worm is entirely black, and very small: it continues of the same colour for eight or nine days, and by this time it has grown to about a quarter of an inch in length. It then goes into a kind of sleep, for three days, during which time it changes its skin, which you remember our caterpillars did, several times during the summer. After this it grows for five days more, and becomes much larger, when it has another short illness; during the following ten days, it has two more, and at the end of that time it is fully grown.

Fanny. It must be very curious, mamma, to watch all these changes you have described. Does it become a chrysalis as soon as it has finished growing?

Mamma. Not immediately; for five days it eats voraciously, after which it refuses food, and walks about, leaving silk on the leaves which are placed for it. This is just before it begins to spin its cone, which takes it

five days more. When this is finished, it remains in it about forty-seven days, before it comes forth in the form of a moth.

Lucy. But, mamma, as soon as ever the cones are formed, may not persons begin winding off the silk, instead of waiting forty-seven days; or else, as you said, it would all be spoiled?

Mamma. They do so after a few days, but if they wound it off all of them, Lucy, what would become of the next year?

Lucy. Oh, I forgot that it is the moth which lays the eggs. Some of the cocoons then must be left, and the moth allowed to eat its way out, and spoil the silk, that there may be some worms produced.

Fanny. I suppose, mamma, that when the worms are kept, for the purpose of manufacturing silk, some quicker plan is adopted, than that you have mentioned, to obtain it?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, after the cocoons have been formed five or six days they are put into long baskets, and covered up, and baked for an hour in a cool oven, which destroys the moth. They are then sorted according to colour, and put on ozier shelves.

Albert. How long is the silk, mamma, round each chrysalis?

Mamma. Naturalists have given different accounts of this, some say it is only three hundred yards long, but others that it is the length of six English miles.

Albert. Perhaps, mamma, both the accounts may be true, because some cocoons may be larger than others.

Fanny. Yes; and the silk of some may be much

finer, which would make a great difference in the length, even if they were of the same size.

Mamma. True, my dears.

Lucy. Mamma, I cannot think how the end of the silk is found.

Mamma. There is a kind of wisk made for the purpose, with which the end of the cocoon is gently brushed.

Lucy. That is a very clever plan. What is done next, mamma?

Mamma. They are put over a fire in basins full of water; and when they are ready to be wound off, a small bar of iron, with holes in it, is placed on the edge of the basin. Each end of silk is passed through one of these holes, that it may not become entangled; but it is so fine, that eight or nine of these threads, must be wound together, before they can be used by the manufacturers.

Lucy. How curious it is, mamma, that such little creatures should produce silk enough for all the purposes for which it is employed. It seems almost impossible.

Mamma. It is, my dear, a surprising fact indeed.

Lucy. I have often wondered, mamma, what could be the reason that God made silk and so many other things which are useful to man, in a way that must give him so much trouble, before he could employ them at all.

Mamma. My dear Lucy, that is a very natural question, and I think I can easily remove your difficulty. In what state was man after the fall?

Lucy. He was become wicked, mamma.

Mamma. And besides, his imaginations being “only evil, and that continually,” were not his passions very strong and active?

Lucy. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. Then think, my dear child, if God had not made that wise provision, that man should “earn his bread by the sweat of his brow,” in what state would the world have been?

Lucy. I see exactly what you mean, mamma; that all the bad passions of men would have had nothing to do but to indulge themselves, and that in consequence, the earth would have been full of violence.

Mamma. Yes, my love, just so.

Fanny. You told us, mamma, when we were reading about the different climates, that those who lived in the temperate zones, were much happier than those in the torrid, because in the former the earth had to be cultivated, and in the latter it produced spontaneously.

Mamma. Yes, and where there is no necessity for exertion, the mind becomes as indolent as the body, and man degenerates into a mere animal.

Fanny. Thank you, mamma, for this explanation; I never thought before, that labour was any thing but a part of the curse.

Mamma. See, my love, in this instance, as in every other, how God overrules evil for good. Had man continued in a state of innocence, he would not have needed to labour, because he would have had no evil passions to check; but God has converted the curse into a blessing, towards those who have constantly to contend against a body of sin and death. But to return to our little friend

the silk-worm, there is still much to be done before his beautiful production is of any use to us.

Albert. There must be, indeed, mamma. Will you give us some account of the way in which silk is manufactured?

Mamma. With pleasure, my dear; and I hope you will some time or other be able to see the silk manufactories, which are very curious and interesting. Let us first try to enumerate the various things into which silk is made.

Fanny. The principal thing is silk for dresses.

Albert. And tapestry. Do you not remember the curious account we read the other day of the tapestry of the Gobelins?

Lucy. O yes, Albert. Then there are ribands, and buttons, and silk handkerchiefs.

Albert. And velvet, and shawls.

Fanny. And it is used in making several other things, mixed with worsted or cotton, bombazines for one.

Lucy. And hats, beaver hats.

Albert. Not beaver hats, I think, Lucy, if they are made of silk.

Lucy. No, certainly, brother, but you know what I mean. And then our silk gloves, and stockings too, and satin and galoons.

Mamma. There is one fine article, which perhaps you do not know is made of silk, and that is crape.

Lucy. No, mamma, I did not know that; but that reminds me of lace veils, and lace.

Mamma. Blonde lace is made of silk, but the white lace generally worn is made of thread or cotton.

Fanny. Then there are all kinds of trimmings, and cords, and bell-ropes, and fringes made of silk.

Lucy. I do not think we shall ever have finished mentioning all the uses, to which the labours of this industrious little worm are put ; but I think we must have named all the principal ones, mamma.

Mamma. You have, Lucy ; but look, here are your cousins coming to meet us, so we will defer the silk manufacture to a future opportunity.

CONVERSATION XIV.

ON A SCRIPTURE PRINT.

I want to come in; let me in, please, mamma, said little Edward, knocking at the door of his mamma's dressing-room :—mamma, I want to come to you.

Come in, my little boy, said his mamma, opening the door; what do you want?

Edward. I want to come and stay with you, mamma; and will you show me some pictures?

Mamma. What pictures do you wish me to show you?

Edward. Pictures of good men, mamma, in your picture book; and tell me a story, please, about them.

Mamma. Here is a picture, my love, which I will show you. What is there in this picture?

Edward. I don't know, mamma.

Mamma. Look at it, and try if you can tell. What do you see in it?

Edward. There is a man standing close by the water-side, and he is looking up to the sky.

Mamma. And how do you think he looks, Edward?

Edward. He looks very much pleased about some-

thing, mamma. But I think he has been crying, or very sorry.

Mamma. And what else is there in the picture?

Edward. Nothing else. Oh yes, there is something in the water,—what can it be? What is it, mamma?

Mamma. What animals live in the water?

Edward. Fish, mamma. Oh what a large fish!

Mamma. What is the largest fish, my love, which lives in the water?

Edward. I forget, mamma.

Mamma. Do you not remember, that I showed you the picture a few days ago? What fish is it, that the persons who live in cold Greenland, go out in their little boats to kill, and in which they find so many things which they want?

Edward. They find oil; and they eat its flesh; and they burn the oil for candles, when it is so dark in the winter, in their little huts; and they live upon it; but I don't remember its name.

Mamma. It is called a whale, my love; try and remember it another time.

Edward. Oh! a whale; and this is a whale, mamma, in this picture.

Mamma. How do you know it, my love?

Edward. Because it is like the whale, in the other picture.

Mamma. Tell me in what, it is like the other picture of a whale?

Edward. It is so large, mamma, and the colour is like.

Mamma. And in what else is it like that other whale?

Edward. This head is so very large, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, my love ; it is as large as one-third part of its body.

Edward. Is that man going to take the whale, mamma ?

Mamma. No, my love ; the whale has just cast the man out of his mouth.

Edward. Oh ! mamma,—out of his mouth ? how could the whale have swallowed him ; do tell me all the story.

Mamma. The name of that person is Jonah ; he was a servant of the Lord, and God told him to go to a very great city, and tell those who lived there, that it was to be destroyed in forty days.

Edward. Why, mamma, was it to be destroyed ?

Mamma. Because, my dear, the people of that city were very wicked, and therefore God determined, it should be overthrown ; but when Jonah was told, to go and say this to the king, he was afraid, and instead of going there, he went in a ship to another place.

Edward. How very wrong that was, when God told him to go, and do quite another thing. And did he get to that other place, mamma ?

Mamma. No, my dear ; a great storm arose, and the men in the ship thought it was going to sink, and they all cried to their gods to save them ; but still the wind blew more and more, and the ship began to be full of waves.

Edward. Why, yes, mamma, their gods could not save them ; none but God can tell the winds not to blow, and then they will not blow.

Mamma. True, my love ; and these men found

their gods whom they worshipped, would not hear their cry, so they went to Jonah, who was asleep, and awoke him, and begged him to pray to his God, for perhaps He would hear him. They wondered why this great storm had come, and they drew lots, to see who was the wicked person who had brought all this trouble upon them.

Edward. Oh ! then Jonah was found out ; was he not ?

Mamma. Yes, my dear ; and he told the men that he had disobeyed God, and that that was the reason of the storm, and he desired them to throw him into the water, that the ship might not sink.

Edward. Oh ! mamma ; did they throw poor Jonah into the water ?

Mamma. The men did not like to do this ; but the storm was very great, and at last he said that they would all perish, if they did not do as he told them ; therefore they took Jonah and cast him overboard, and immediately the storm ceased.

Edward. And was Jonah drowned ?

Mamma. No, my love ; though he had been so disobedient to God, God did not forget him, or suffer him to be drowned. God is very merciful, Edward. He is not like one of us, but is ready to forgive ; He will correct us, when we do not obey Him, because He loves us, and then will show us how great is his kindness towards us. How do you think he showed this to Jonah ?

Edward. Did he take care of him in the water, mamma, and not let him be drowned ?

Mamma. Yes, my dear ; and in what way did he do this ?

Edward. I don't know, mamma; I cannot think.

Mamma. Look at the picture and you will find.

Edward. Here is Jonah, and here is the whale, and you said the whale had just cast him out of his mouth. Mamma, I guess the whale was swimming in the water, and came and swallowed Jonah; but did not that quite kill him?

Mamma. No, my love; God had appointed this, that his life might be saved, and in the great stomach of the whale, Jonah lived and breathed, for three days and three nights.

Edward. What a dark place, mamma; I don't think I should like such a place to live in at all; and I dare say Jonah did not, only it was better than being drowned.

Mamma. What do you think Jonah did, whilst he was in the stomach of the whale?

Edward. Did he not feel very sorry, and very unhappy. I think I should have cried, mamma.

Mamma. Why should Jonah have been unhappy?

Edward. Because he had been disobedient to God, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, love; that would have made him very miserable; but though he knew he had been so wicked, he remembered that God was full of kindness, and very merciful, and therefore what do you think he did?

Edward. I don't know, mamma.

Mamma. What would you do, if you were very unhappy, and I could help you out of your trouble?

Edward. I should come and say,—please, dear mamma, do help me, I am very unhappy, and don't know what to do; pray, come and help me.

Mamma. And do you think I should come and help you ?

Edward. Yes, mamma ; I know you would, you always do.

Mamma. Why do I always listen to you, when you speak to me ?

Edward. Because you are very kind, and love me, mamma.

Mamma. Now you can think what Jonah did, when he was in the stomach of the whale ; he was unhappy, and he knew that God was very good.

Edward. Mamma, I think he asked God to help him ; but how did he do that ?

Mamma. In the same way, my love, that you ask me to help you.

Edward. Mamma, I come and speak to you, but Jonah could not go and speak to God.

Mamma. Where is God, Edward ?

Edward. He is every where, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, my love ; and does he not know every thing that we do ?

Edward. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. And does he not hear all we say, and see every thing we think of ?

Edward. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. Then, my dear, though Jonah was in the whale, and he went down below all the mountains, and below the earth, he cried to God, and He heard him.

Edward. Did he think God would hear him from that place ?

Mamma. Yes, he knew it was said in the Bible, that God could see in the dark, as well as in the light ;

and that even if we could live at the bottom of the sea, He would be just as near us as if we were on the dry land ; so he was quite sure that God would hear him.

Edward. But Jonah was very naughty, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, my dear ; but he knew, too, that in another place in the Bible, God had said that he would forgive those who had been naughty. Do you know what *forgive* means, Edward ?

Edward. No, mamma.

Mamma. When my little boy is disobedient to me, what do I do ?

Edward. You talk to me, mamma, and tell me how naughty I am.

Mamma. And when you are sorry you have been disobedient, and see how wrong it is, do I go away, and not speak to you ?

Edward. No ; you kiss me, and say you hope I shall not be disobedient again.

Mamma. Then when I do that, I forgive you ; and so Jonah knew that God was his Father, and would forgive him, and help him in his trouble ; and when he remembered that, what do you think he felt ?

Edward. Very glad, mamma.

Mamma. He said, "I shall praise the Lord." What do you think he would praise him for ?

Edward. For helping him, mamma, when he was in the whale.

Mamma. Yes ; and God did help him,—He heard his cry, and what do you think he did ?

Edward. I don't know, mamma. What ?

Mamma. Look at the picture, and tell me what you see.

Edward. I see Jonah.

Mamma. Where is he?

Edward. Here mamma.

Mamma. Is he in the sea?

Edward. No. He is standing on the land.

Mamma. Ah! and what is very near him?

Edward. The whale, mamma.

Mamma. And where was Jonah before?

Edward. In the whale.

Mamma. Then what do you think God made the whale do?

Edward. Did he make him throw Jonah out of his mouth?

Mamma. Yes, my dear; and now what do you think Jonah is doing?

Edward. I don't know, mamma.

Mamma. What do we do, when any one has been very kind to us?

Edward. We say, thank you.

Mamma. And who had been very kind to Jonah?

Edward. God had been very kind to him, mamma.

Mamma. What had God done to him?

Edward. He made the whale put Jonah out of his mouth, on the dry ground.

Mamma. Yes, love; and first, what did he make the whale do?

Edward. Swallow Jonah, mamma, that he might not be drowned.

Mamma. Yes; how very kind God was to Jonah: first of all he kept him from being drowned, and then he heard Jonah's prayer, and made the whale put him on

dry land. What do you think Jonah is doing in the picture?

Edward. Is he thanking God, mamma, for being so good to him?

Mamma. Yes; I think he is indeed, and now tell me, what you think this pretty story tells us about God?

Edward. I think it tells us he is very kind.

Mamma. Yes; and who is he kind to? Is he only kind when we obey him, or is he kind at some other time?

Edward. He is kind when we are naughty.

Mamma. And what does God do to us, after we have been disobedient, when we cry to him?

Edward. He forgives us, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, my love; I wonder whether you know any one, who is sometimes naughty, and so should ask this good God to forgive him?

Edward. It is me, mamma.

Mamma. Yes; I thought you would find it out. Can we think of any thing to-day which we should ask God to forgive Edward for?

Edward. I don't know.

Mamma. Let us try and remember all the things that you have done since breakfast.—What was the first thing you did after breakfast?

Edward. I went out, mamma, to my garden.

Mamma. And then what did you do?

Edward. Came to you, mamma, and had my lesson.

Mamma. And then I think you played with your bricks, till it was time for you to go to sleep, but after you awoke, and had eaten the food which God is so very good as to give you every day, I heard something which vexed me very much.

Edward. I cried, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, you cried, because you could not have something, which was not proper for you ;—was that right ; was that being obedient ; as God wishes little children to be ?

Edward. No, mamma.

Mamma. You were then disobedient, as Jonah was at first ; you wanted your own way, instead of doing what I wished, and so you did not please God. Jonah was disobedient ; he wanted his own way, instead of doing what God told him ; and that was very wrong ; tell me, what did Jonah do, when he saw how wrong he had been ?

Edward. He prayed to God, mamma.

Mamma. What did he ask God to do ?

Edward. To help him, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, my dear ; to forgive him, and to help him. And what shall we ask God to do for my little Edward, who has disobeyed Him this morning ?

Edward. To forgive me, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, my dear, forgive you, and to help you to love Him more, because that will make you obey Him. After God had been so kind to Jonah, do you not think that Jonah loved Him more than he did before ?

Edward. O yes, mamma, a great deal more.

Mamma. And how do you think he showed it ?

Edward. I don't know.

Mamma. What had God told Jonah to do ?

Edward. To go somewhere, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, my love ;—to go where ?

Edward. I forget ; I don't know, mamma.

Mamma. Did not God tell him to go to a city,—a very wicked city?

Edward. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. And what was he to do there?

Edward. To tell the king that it was to be thrown down.

Mamma. Quite right, my dear ; and did Jonah go there ?

Edward. No, he went to quite another place.

Mamma. Why did he do that ?

Edward. I do not know, mamma.

Mamma. He was afraid to tell the king this. Jonah ought to have known, that as he was a servant of God,—God would take care of him, even in that wicked city.

Edward. Oh, mamma, God took care of Daniel in the den of lions, did he not ?

Mamma. Yes, love ; God will take care of us in every place. He is always near us, and watches over, and takes care of all those who love Him ; but Jonah wished to have his own way, instead of obeying God, and so he went into a ship ;—and what happened then, Edward ?

Edward. There came a great storm, mamma, and the wind blew.

Mamma. And what were all the people in the ship afraid of ?

Edward. They were afraid they should be drowned, and they cried to their gods, to come and help them. Oh ! how foolish, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, my love ; their gods could not even hear their prayer. You know we were talking yesterday about a part of the Bible, in which it is said, that

these poor idol gods can do nothing at all. Do you remember that ?

Edward. Yes, it says they can't speak with their throats, nor see, nor hear ; and they have no feet to walk with.

Mamma. Yes ; and so it was no wonder that the wind went on blowing. And who did the men in the ship go to, and ask him to pray to his God ?

Edward. I forget, mamma.

Mamma. Don't you remember, my dear ; they went to Jonah, and he told them how very sinful he had been, and that he had made God angry with him ? and that this was the reason that all this trouble was come on the people of the ship.

Edward. Yes, mamma, for the men drew lots, and so found out who it was who had been so naughty.

Mamma. Yes, my dear ; I showed you the other day how persons draw lots. And what did Jonah tell the men to do to him ?

Edward. Throw him into the water, mamma.

Mamma. And did they do that ?

Edward. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. They did not like to do it at first, but at last the storm became so violent, that they did throw him overboard, and you know how kind God was to him then ?

Edward. O yes, he sent a whale to save Jonah from being drowned.

Mamma. How many days was Jonah in the whale ?

Edward. One day, mamma, or two days.

Mamma. One day, and one day, and one day,—how many days does that make ?

Edward. Three days, mamma.

Mamma. And one night, and one night, and one night,—how many nights does that make ?

Edward. Three nights, mamma.

Mamma. Then how long was Jonah in the whale ?

Edward. Three nights—

Mamma. And—

Edward. Three days, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, three days and three nights; and what did he do whilst he was there ?

Edward. He prayed to God, mamma, and God made the whale throw him out of his mouth on to the dry land.

Mamma. Yes; God forgave Jonah his sin, and when he prayed to Him, helped him to love Him more. Afterwards when God told Jonah again to go to that great city, with the same message, do you think that he went, or did he go to another place as he did before ?

Edward. Oh, mamma, I am quite sure he went to the city directly.

Mamma. Yes, my dear, when we love God truly, we obey Him, even though we do not like what He tells us to do; and He will teach you to love Him, and will make you obedient, my love. Shall I tell you what Jesus Christ said, when he lived in this world, and was teaching his disciples to pray to Him ?

Edward. Yes, do, dear mamma.

Mamma. He asked them what their fathers would do, if they were to ask them for some bread ? What would your papa do, Edward, if you were to come and tell him you were hungry, and wanted a piece of bread ?

Edward. He would get me some directly, I know.

Mamma. Yes, and Jesus Christ said, that just as a father would give a piece of bread to his child, when he asked him, so God would give good things to those who asked Him. What do you want to ask Him for to-day?

Edward. To forgive me, mamma, because I was naughty.

Mamma. Yes, and something else; what do you wish to be?

Edward. Good, mamma.

Mamma. And who must you ask to teach you to be good?

Edward. God, mamma.

Mamma. Then you have two things to ask of this kind Father, who is in heaven;—that He will forgive you, and that He will make you love Him, that you may be good: are these things good things?

Edward. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. Then God will give them to you, my love. Jesus Christ said also, "Ask, and it shall be given you." What does he tell us to do?

Edward. To ask, mamma.

Mamma. To ask whom, my love.

Edward. God, mamma.

Mamma. What will be given us if we ask God?

Edward. I don't know, mamma.

Mamma. What do I give you, Edward, when you ask for them,—good things or bad things?

Edward. Good things, mamma.

Mamma. And what will God give us when we ask?

Edward. Good things, mamma.

Mamma. Right, dear; now tell me what Jesus Christ said,—“Ask,——”

Edward. "Ask, and it shall be given you."

Mamma. Yes; try and remember that, and tell me about it to-morrow, and we will then ask God for what we want. What a good God He is, Edward, how I wish we loved Him more. Now I must go into the garden, for I promised Lucy to look at what she had done there. Papa, and Fanny, and Albert, and Lucy, have all been so busy gardening!

Edward. O let me come with you, mamma, I want to see too, and show you what I have done in my garden. I dug it all over this morning, with my new wooden spade that papa gave me. Do let me come.

Mamma. Well, fetch your hat, my love, and come with me.

Edward. O, thank you, dear mamma.

CONVERSATION XV.

A MORNING WALK.

How very hot it is, mamma, said Lucy, one morning as they were walking home. How dreadfully hot. I am so tired, I really cannot go on.

Are you very tired, Lucy? said her mother, we have not walked far.

Lucy. No, mamma, I know we have not, but the sun beats upon my head so violently. It is not because I have walked far, for I can walk without being at all tired, twice or three times as far, when it is cool; but now I don't know what to do—Oh, I am so hot, mamma!

Mamma. I am sorry for it, my dear; but we shall soon be at home, and then you can rest and cool yourself.

Lucy. Oh, but I don't think I can get home, I feel so hot, and thirsty, and so very, very tired. May I sit down a few minutes here, mamma?

Mamma. My dear, you would be still hotter, if you were to sit down in this scorching sun; you would be quite sick and ill.

Lucy. But what can I do, mamma? I never felt such heat.

Mamma. Try and bear it for a few minutes, Lucy,

and we shall soon come to a cool place, where we will sit down and rest. I am hot and tired also.

Lucy. Where can there be a cool place, in this sun, mamma?

Mamma. There cannot be a cool place under the rays of this sun, Lucy; but there is a very high hill near, on the side of which we can sit, and where we shall be sheltered from its rays.

Lucy. O yes, mamma, so there is; but how was it, that I did not observe that, when we came out;—for we passed under the hill?

Mamma. When we came out, Lucy, it was cooler, the sun was not then directly above our heads, and we did not feel weary. We are just come to the end of the road,—here is the stile, which is at the beginning of the path round the hill.

They soon reached the stile, and came to the path, which lay at the side of the hill; and seeing some grass, they sat down in the shade, to rest and cool themselves.

Lucy. How delightful this is, mamma, is it not? Oh, I am so glad of this shade; here I shall get cool and rested. How pleasant it is. I never enjoyed it so much before. Don't you enjoy it, mamma?

Mamma. It is refreshing indeed; it reminds me of that beautiful passage, in the prophet Isaiah, that a man should be "as the shadow of a great rock, in a weary land."

Lucy. Does he speak that of the Lord Jesus Christ, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, my dear; and you can partly see the beauty of the comparison, from feeling the comfort arising from the shadow of this hill.

Lucy. I suppose, mamma, that a great rock throws even more shadow than this hill.

Mamma. Yes, my dear, a great deal more ; and the higher the rock, the more shade there is under it. The prophet Isaiah lived in an eastern country, where the heat of the sun was much greater than we ever have it here ; and he speaks of the refreshment which a traveller must feel, when he has been walking for many miles, under a burning sun, and at last comes to a high rock, beneath the shade of which he seats himself.

Lucy. He must feel as we did just now, mamma, only a great deal more ; because we have only been taking a little walk, and the sun is not so hot here as in the eastern countries.

Mamma. I read some time ago, Lucy, an account written by a soldier, who had travelled with the army many miles, for days together, under the scorching sun of India. He says, that it would be impossible for him to describe the refreshment which he sometimes enjoyed, after he thought he could go no further, and was so faint, that he felt almost dying, when he saw a rock, under the shadow of which he crept, and sat for a few minutes. He adds, that when he had done so, he felt quite a different person, and was able to walk on, during the rest of the day, without stopping.

Lucy. How very much he must have longed to see a rock, mamma ; and how he must have enjoyed himself, when he arrived at it !

Mamma. It is just so, my dear Lucy, that those persons who come to the Lord Jesus find him as “the shadow of a great rock, in a weary land.”

Lucy. How do you mean, mamma ? how is the

Lord Jesus the shadow of a rock ? and what 'weary land' is meant ? I do not understand what you mean.

Mamma. Can you tell me, Lucy, what makes a person weary ?

Lucy. Yes, mamma ; when you have been very busy, you are weary ; and when you have been troubled, and when you have been anxious, or are very sorry ; and when you are hot, as I was just now.

Mamma. You are right, Lucy ; and those who live in this world, are constantly liable to all these evils. They are troubled, and anxious, and tired, and busy, and sorrowful, for they are continually meeting with cares and trials, and frequently endure pain and grief, and a number of things which oppress them. And there is something always present with all of us, which should make us indeed weary and sad.

Lucy. That is sin, is it not, mamma ?

Mamma. Yes, my love, there is no trouble like that of sin. This would be a weary land, if it were only that we so often sin whilst we are travelling through it. Even St. Paul says, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" And in another place he says, "We that are in this tabernacle," that is, we that are in this body, "do groan, being burdened." And in the Old Testament, God says by his prophet, "Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest ; for it is polluted."

Lucy. How, mamma, is it polluted ? I thought polluted things were unclean things ?

Mamma. Yes, Lucy, they are ; and what is the greatest uncleanness ? is it not sin, which stains and corrupts every one of our thoughts and words ?

Lucy. Yes, mamma; and I suppose Solomon felt very weary, when he wrote the chapter you read aloud last night.

Mamma. Yes, my dear, and he had tried every pleasure and delight that was to be found, and yet he says, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit;" and again he says, "that all things are labour,"—and that man spendeth all his days in labour, and vexation of spirit: and David cries to God, because he says, he is "in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is."

Lucy. But, mamma, this is a very happy world; and we have a great many very comfortable and very pleasant things here;—why do you say that it is a weary land?

Mamma. We have indeed, my dear Lucy, a number of blessings, for which we cannot be too thankful; and we ought to bless our kind and indulgent heavenly Father for "daily loading us with benefits;" but you know, my dear Lucy, and the older you grow, the more you will know it,—that in this world we must have cares and sorrows, and meet with a number of things, which oppose our wills. Sometimes great trials come, and always, as I just said, we shall have sin, and if we have nothing better than this world can give, we shall not be happy. Unless we seek for "the shadow of a great rock," on our journey, we shall often be faint and weary, and never really enjoy the blessings which surround us.

Lucy. And would it be quite a happy world then, mamma?

Mamma. Are you now, Lucy, quite as cool and rested as you will be when you have refreshed yourself

at home, and are sitting with me, in the pleasant arbour in the cool of the evening?

Lucy. Oh! no, mamma. I feel rather tired even now, and a little hot, but much more cool and rested than when I was walking,—oh! quite different, mamma.

Mamma. It is so, Lucy, with those who have found this “shadow of a great rock” to be a resting place for them. They are not so happy as they will be when they reach their home,—when they arrive in heaven; but they rejoice that they have a safe retreat, where they can repose, and where none can disturb them, even whilst they remain in this weary world.

Lucy. But, mamma, how is the Lord Jesus the Shadow of a rock? I do not understand how He can be.

Mamma. I will tell you, Lucy; the Saviour is to those that love Him, what the shadow of a rock is to a weary traveller. If we love Him, and trust Him, we shall find, that when we are grieved, and sorrowful, and full of trouble, He always is a friend, ready to comfort and console us.

Lucy. How does He do so, mamma?

Mamma. You remember, Lucy, I told you, that sin was the evil which distresses us most, while in this world; but those who believe on the Lord Jesus, though they grieve to find so much sin in their hearts, yet rejoice when they remember that, as the apostle John says, “He was manifested to take away our sins, and in Him is no sin.”

Lucy. Ah, mamma! that is like the shadow of this

hill, which hides the rays of the sun, so that here it does not shine and scorch us.

Mamma. True, my love; and therefore we find refreshment; even so is the blessedness, as David says, of the man, “unto whom the Lord will not impute sin,” or lay it to his account. He says, “blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, whose sins are covered.” When we feel sin in our words, and actions, and remember that God hates iniquity, and will not clear the guilty, we fear that we shall have the dreadful punishment of sin fall upon us; but then we are told, that “God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.” Can you remember any text, Lucy, which tells us, that if we believe on Christ, we shall be pardoned, although we have so grievously sinned against God?

Lucy. There is one, is there not, mamma, in Isaiah i. 18?—“Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”

Mamma. Yes, Lucy; and there is another in the prophet Micah—“Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea.” And Jeremiah calls the Saviour “The Lord *our* righteousness;” that means, that those who feel that they are too sinful to save themselves, and who trust entirely to the blood of Jesus to save them, have His righteousness given to them.

Lucy. And so, mamma, they need not fear that they shall perish.

Mamma. No, my dear, they are safe, by resting in

Christ's salvation. But I wish to show you, that those who have believed on Christ, do, as the apostle Paul says, "enter into rest." The meaning of this is, that though we shall never leave off sinning, while we live in this world, yet we can turn to the Lord Jesus, and find rest, at all times, though in this weary land.

Lucy. Yes, mamma, as Christ says, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Then, mamma, as people are every minute weary, and heavy-laden with sin, they can every minute remember, that Jesus died for sin;—can they not, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, my love; so that, as St. Paul says, we "may have strong consolation, who have fled for refuge, to lay hold on the hope set before us—which hope we have, "as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."

Lucy. Yes, mamma, now I see how the Lord Jesus is "a shadow of a great rock" to those who are weary with sin; but I don't see, mamma, how he can be a shadow from other things.

Mamma. You said, Lucy, that persons were burdened in this world, from the number of their cares, did you not?

Lucy. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. But they who believe on Jesus, Lucy, are told to cast all their cares on one who careth for them; when they are full of trouble and anxiety they remember that it is said, "Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

Lucy. Then, mamma, I suppose that when you are troubled, you go and pray to God, and then he directly takes away the thing which troubles you?

Mamma. No, Lucy, were it so, this would not be at all a weary land, it would be heaven. He does not always take away the thing which troubles those who have called upon Him; but, as it is said in the next verse to the one I have repeated, "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus."

Lucy. I do not quite understand you, mamma; if God does not take away that which makes you weary, how does He answer your prayer?

Mamma. It would often not be good for us to have our trials taken away, Lucy; but if we cast them upon God, that is, continually in prayer make known to Him our griefs, He gives us, by his Holy Spirit, which dwells in our hearts, strength to bear all our trials, faith to believe that they are sent us for our good, peace to keep our hearts calm and happy whilst we are bearing them, and hope to look forward to a time when all these trials will not be necessary for us, and we shall enjoy the rest of heaven. How does He answer our prayer, Lucy, can you remember?

Lucy. By giving us strength, and faith, and peace, and hope, mamma.

Mamma. Right, my love, and these gifts are like shadows, amidst the fierce heat, of the cares which we have in this world. They are all given in Christ Jesus; that is, by His death He has made a way by which

these blessings may come down to sinners. Thus you see, my love, how he is a shadow of a great rock, when we are weary, by reason of the troubles of this world; this is what the apostle, who had more afflictions than you can imagine, means when he says, we “are as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.”

Lucy. He meant, I suppose, mamma, that when he was in sorrow, he always thought of and prayed to Jesus, and then he was comforted.

Mamma. Yes, my dear; in the epistle to the Corinthians, he says that God, “the God of all comfort, comforteth us in all our tribulations.” And David felt the same, when he tells us “to cast our burden on the Lord, and he will sustain us; he will never suffer the righteous to be moved.” But there is another great cause of distress and sorrow to us in this world, which often makes us think it a very weary land.

Lucy. What is that, mamma?

Mamma. I mean the loss of dear friends, Lucy. This frequently happens to us while we live here, for it is a dying world we live in; and when this grief comes to us, we do indeed want a shadow, to relieve us from its oppressive heat.

Lucy. And does the Lord Jesus relieve you even in that sorrow, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, my love, there is no loss he cannot make up, nor any affliction under which he cannot give us consolation. When we have lost a near relation, we remember that Jesus is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and that though even our father and

mother should forsake us, the Lord will take us up. Even a mother may forget her own child, and not have compassion on him, but the Lord will never forget us; our names are continually before Him, and He has promised that He will never leave us, never forsake us. If a beloved friend has left us, sorrowing in this world, we know that Christ ever liveth. He "was dead," but now He says, "He is alive" for evermore, and He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Our Lord makes us feel, that if one whom we loved is departed for a time, it is only that we may love Him, with all our hearts, who can never disappoint, or depart from us; and we want no comfort, no blessing, that He cannot abundantly supply.

Lucy. What a wonderful Saviour Christ is, mamma! How he takes care of us, and thinks always of us!

Mamma. He does indeed, my love; you see the text we are speaking of, calls Him "the shadow of a great rock."

Lucy. Yes, mamma; and I suppose that means to express His great power in comforting, for the higher the rock is, the more shade it casts.

Mamma. True, my love; and, observe, it is called the shadow of *a rock*. This is very different from any other shade.

Lucy. Yes, mamma, it is different, even from the shade of this hill; for it is, I know, a much cooler shade.

Mamma. Yes, Lucy; and it lasts much longer than any other shadow. There is always a shadow from a rock, but you know that there are other shadows, which continue for a little while, and then pass away.

Lucy. There is the shadow of a cloud, mamma; I felt that this morning, when a cloud passed between the sun and us; we were a little cooler while it was passing, but then it soon went away, and the sun burst out again, and I was as hot as before.

Mamma. And this is like the poor comforts which are found in any thing, but the Lord Jesus, Lucy. The pleasures of this world are sometimes sought for, to calm a troubled mind; and often the comfort of friends; but all these are not of any real use, they soon pass away, and leave us as sorrowful as before; but "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," remains with us; it is not given for a moment, and then taken away. Under the shadow of the Almighty, David says, he will take refuge, until when? not till the shadow is gone away, but "until the calamities are overpast."

Lucy. Was that what David meant, mamma, when he said, "When my heart is overwhelmed within me, lead me to the rock that is higher than I?"

Mamma. Yes, Lucy, and under this rock we may continually rest, whilst we are living in this weary land, for it is always near us, always abiding for us to come to, at all times. "Trust in Him at all times, ye people, pour out your heart before him; God is a refuge for us." "Peace," said our Lord, "I leave with you, my peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." In the world, indeed, he tells us, we shall have tribulation, but we may "be of good cheer," since He has "overcome the world."

Lucy. Yes, mamma, we have great reason to be of good cheer, if we have always such a rest; for the more

sorrow we have, the more comfort we have, in Christ, who takes away all our sorrow.

Mamma. We must now be walking home, my love, for it is getting late in the morning ; and remember, Lucy, of whom we have been talking ;—of one who tells you, that he will be your Shepherd, and Preserver, all your life long ; and what a kind watchful Friend He is ! You feel now rested and cooled, by the shade under which you sat, and able to walk home ; but this is only a faint picture of what the Lord Jesus does for the souls of those who trust in Him. “He is the rest, and the refreshing, wherewith He has caused the weary to rest.”

Lucy. I think I shall always remember this hill, and what you have said about the shadow of it, mamma ; but now it begins to be hot again, for we are going on the road ; however, we are very near home, and I am much stronger than I was before we came to the hill.

Mamma. So it is with us, whilst we are here, Lucy, we are always meeting with sorrows ; but those who do in this world come to the Great Rock, for shade in their troubles, have always comfort under them, and they have also the delight of knowing, that every minute brings them nearer to their happy home ; where this same Saviour will meet them, and they will see Him face to face, and dwell with him for ever. “For this cause,” said the apostle, “I faint not ;” and again he says, “I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us ;—for we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen ; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.” And in that glorious rest, which remaineth for

the people of God, the sun shall not light upon them, nor any heat ; for He who in this world is a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat,—will there dwell amongst us, and will swallow up death in victory, and “wipe away all tears, from off all faces.”

CONVERSATION XVI.

ON BOTANY.

Mamma. What is that, Lucy, that you have in your hand ?

Lucy. It is a flower, mamma.

Mamma. What sort of flower is it, my love ?

Lucy. It is a pea, mamma.

Mamma. How do you know it is a pea, my love ?

Lucy. Because, mamma, I have often heard that this kind of flower was called a pea.

Mamma. But if you had never seen that kind of flower before, do you think you would have known it to be a pea ?

Lucy. No, certainly not, mamma; how could I, if I had never seen it before ?

Mamma. How do you imagine travellers who are in a foreign land, and meet with flowers that they never saw before, can tell what kind of flowers they are ?

Lucy. I cannot imagine, mamma, how they can possibly tell.

Mamma. Suppose you were wandering in the deserts of Africa, and were to meet a man,—a black man even,—and the first of the colour you had ever seen, would you not still be sure that he was a man ?

Lucy. Certainly, mamma.

Mamma. And why would you be sure ?

Lucy. Because, mamma, I should see that he was like all the other men that I had ever seen. For instance, that he walked upright on his lower limbs, and that the two upper ones were hands instead of feet, and evidently made for handling various instruments and not for walking upon.

Mamma. But the baboon would very nearly answer this description.

Lucy. Yes, but the baboon, mamma, has not a hand exactly like a man's hand.

Mamma. What is the difference ?

Lucy. Why, mamma, the hand, or rather the upper limb, of the baboon is not divided in the same way. He has not a thumb like ours, placed in the front of the hand for the purpose of meeting the ends of the fingers and so taking hold of things; and besides, mamma, before I have examined it so narrowly as that even, I should know it was not a man from its tail.

Mamma. Very true, Lucy, and therefore I have got all I wanted, for we have made out that there are certain particulars in which man differs from every other animal, however like him in other respects.

Lucy. But what has this to do with this pea, mamma ?

Mamma. You shall hear. You have pointed out some particulars by which a man may be distinguished from every other animal; and the same kind of distinction may, with a little care, be found between every different species of created things, whether animate or inanimate.

Lucy. How do you mean, mamma?

Mamma. I mean that every kind of flower has such an arrangement of its different parts as agrees with its own species, and differs from every other.

Lucy. Why, mamma, is it possible there can be so much method observed in the forming of a simple flower? Flowers are very beautiful, to be sure, but yet I should not suppose there was any particular plan observed in forming them.

Mamma. On the contrary, my dear, each has its peculiar characteristic, so faithfully observed, that an intelligent observer on meeting with a flower can tell at once to what class, order, tribe and family it belongs.

Lucy. I suppose it is by its colour and shape.

Mamma. Are all peas of the same colour as that is?

Lucy. Oh, no, mamma!—Not even those that we have in our own garden are of the same colour. This is pink and there are others that are perfectly white, and some again are part red and part white.

Mamma. They are so. Colour, therefore, cannot be a distinguishing characteristic, but perhaps shape may be a better guide.

Lucy. I am afraid not, mamma, for I recollect that this snap-dragon has a flower not very much unlike the pea, and yet, when examined closely, I find they are very different.

Mamma. You are right, my love; we must therefore look for something that more peculiarly belongs to the pea.

Lucy. But how are we to find it, mamma.

Mamma. Here is your sister Fanny, with whom I

have before conversed on this subject. Let us see if she can' help you. Fanny, my love, what is the flower that your sister holds in her hand ?

Fanny. It is a pea, mamma.

Mamma. And how do you know it to be a pea, my love ?

Fanny. Because, mamma, it has all the characters of a papilionaceous flower.

Mamma. That is a hard word, Fanny. What do you mean by papilionaceous ?

Fanny. Butterfly-shaped, mamma, from the resemblance that this flower is supposed to have to a butterfly.

Mamma. Do you think you can explain the various parts of this flower to your sister, Fanny ?

Fanny. I will try, mamma; but I am afraid I cannot do it very well.

Mamma. Try your best, my dear; because, besides giving your sister information, it will show me how far you have benefitted by my endeavours to teach you.

Fanny. You see, Lucy, this flower has evidently an under and an upper side, for as you hold it by the stalk you see that the blossom is in its right position.

Lucy. Yes, I see that; and in this respect it is different from most other flowers. The daisy, the pink, or the violet, for instance, are the same which ever way you turn them.

Fanny. And now, as you hold it before you in this manner, you see it has one large broad petal at the top, which—

Mamma. Stop, Fanny, my love; you must take care whilst teaching, to make yourself understood as you pro-

ceed, or else you will labour in vain. You have used a word just now which I suspect your sister does not understand the meaning of.

Fanny. What is that, mamma?

Mamma. Did your sister use any word that you did not understand, Lucy?

Lucy. Yes! mamma! She spoke of a large petal, and I do not know what a petal is.

Fanny. Petal is the botanical name for what we call the leaves of the flower.

Lucy. And are the green leaves called petals also?

Fanny. No! they are called leaves by botanists as well as by ourselves; so that when I say petal, you must understand me to mean the leaves of the blossom only.

Lucy. Thank you, Fanny; I will remember that, so you may now go on.

Fanny. This high broad petal, then, which is called the banner or standard, is fixed so firmly into the sides of the flower, that it is not driven from its place by the strongest wind, and therefore it serves to protect the inner part of the flower and save it from many a bitter blast.

Lucy. And do you suppose that is the use for which it is made, mamma?

Mamma. Undoubtedly, my love. How can we doubt it when we see the care that the Creator has taken to provide for the wants of the most insignificant thing that he has made?

Lucy. But then a pea—a little simple pea. It could not feel any pain from the cold wind, you know, mamma.

Mamma. But it can be injured by it; and try, Lucy,

if you cannot find out some of the mischief that would arise from the destruction of this kind of flowers.

Lucy. Let me see,—peas—sweet peas—they are very sweet pretty flowers, and if they were all to be blighted by the cold winds of spring, I am sure we should all be very sorry. But let me see, perhaps green peas come from the same kind of flower. Do they, mamma?

Mamma. Certainly, my dear.

Lucy. Oh! then the loss would be very great indeed, for besides their beauty, they are valuable as articles of food.

Mamma. And when you hear that beans, kidney beans, tares, vetches, and above all, clover, all belong to the same family you will perhaps have a still higher idea of their value.

Lucy. Oh, certainly, mamma, beans I know are very useful for feeding cattle—and as for clover, I know it is the favourite food of a great many animals.

Mamma. True, my love, and therefore you see another amongst the numberless proofs of the benevolence of our Almighty Father, in taking so much care of plants from which man derives so much benefit. But proceed in your lecture, Fanny, and show your sister what further proofs of the benevolent care of Providence are to be discovered in the formation of this little flower.

Fanny. I will now pull off this banner, that—

Lucy. Oh! please, Fanny, do not pull my beautiful pea in pieces!

Fanny. Then it will be impossible, Lucy, to show you all its different parts.

Mamma. Botanists are very destructive to flowers,

Lucy. For the purpose of becoming acquainted with all their various parts, it is necessary to pull many of them in pieces; we have therefore only to consider which is the most valuable, the possession of a pretty flower for the short time that it will live, or of a great deal of interesting information respecting the formation of it, which will increase our pleasure in looking at that kind of flower as it appears in each succeeding season.

Lucy. Oh! there is no comparison, mamma; for the little I already know about this pea, is sufficient to make me look at peas with more pleasure in future than I have ever before done. So go on, Fanny, if you please; I will not object again to your pulling my pea in pieces.

Fanny. Well, then, when this banner is pulled off, you see we next come to the side petals, which are called the wings, and which are as useful in protecting the sides of the flower as the banner is in screening the top. You see, too, that they are as firmly fastened as the banner was, for they require quite a hard pull to bring them off.

Lucy. Yes, I see what a pull you gave that to get it off; now let me pull off the other wing, Fanny; the left wing—that I may know how fast it is. There it is! Yes it was very fast indeed!

Fanny. Now that these wings are off, you see we come to the lowest part, that is called the boat or keel, which you see is formed so as to defend the lower part of the flower with the same care that was used to protect the upper one.

Lucy. Dear me, how beautiful! One would think, mamma, this flower was a little delicate baby, and that it had been wrapped up by a very careful and tender nurse, to keep it from catching cold.

Mamma. The comparison is not a bad one, Lucy; for though in general it is considered a defect in a simile, or comparison, to compare a larger thing with a lesser, yet, when speaking of the Almighty, we can only compare him with inferior objects; and by drawing a parallel between him and some of the sensible objects with which we are familiar, we can alone acquire a conception of his attributes.

Fanny. Have we not authority in the scriptures for such a comparison, mamma? You know we are told, like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pity them that fear him.

Mamma. True, Fanny. I am happy to see you can bring forward authority so unquestionable. There are many such to be met with, and it is most delightful to see how much pains the Almighty takes to familiarise us with the idea of him as a kind and tender parent. But now, Fanny, my love, proceed with your description of the pea.

Fanny. I will. Now, Lucy, that you have taken off the last wing, take hold of the lower part of this little boat and pull it down, and you will see that there is yet another covering over the young fruit.

Lucy. Yes; but this covering does not look at all like the others. Is this called a petal too?

Fanny. No! this is a still more important part of the blossom than even the petals that we have been examining.

Lucy. Oh! I suppose because it wraps still more closely round the inner part to keep it snug and warm.

Fanny. It answers a much more important part still, which I will endeavour to explain to you. You see as I

take this pin and draw it along the under side of this little case, I find a small thread detached from the rest with a little yellow tuft at the top of it. This thread is called a filament, and the little tuft at the top is an anther. This anther is in reality a little box, filled with yellow dust, and as the flower matures, the box opens and scatters the dust upon another part of the blossom that I will show you by-and-by.

Lucy. I am glad you do not show me too much at once, for I feel already as if I had rather more than I can understand.

Mamma. It is well worth while for you to try to understand it, my love, for you will find it more curious and interesting than anything that you have yet heard. But proceed, Fanny, and try to make your explanation as simple as possible.

Fanny. This thread and this little box together, compose what is called a stamen. Now a pea has ten of these; and where do you think the other nine are?

Lucy. I cannot imagine; for I see no more threads any where.

Fanny. But you see a number of the same little boxes, or anthers, as I told you they were called, and if you count them, you will find there are nine of them, and the only difference between these and the single one that we before examined, is that these are all united at the base; and this circumstance of some of the filaments being united and some separate, forms one of the grand characteristics of the class.

Lucy. But you said you would tell me something about the yellow dust that is in these yellow boxes, and you have not done so yet. Pray what is the use of it?

Funny. When you sow sweet peas in your garden in the spring, you feel very sure that plants will soon spring up from the seed you have sown, do you not?

Lucy. Yes, certainly. I know very well that unless the seed happens to be bad, or something very uncommon occurs, that the young plant will soon spring up, and before long bear sweet flowers such as we pulled in pieces a short time ago.

Fanny. Yet, Lucy, you will be surprised to hear that unless the dust of these anthers go upon the end of this still further enclosure, which end is called the stigma or style, the seeds may be sown but they will never spring up again in the form of new plants; though they may enjoy all the advantages of good soil, warm suns, and softening rains.

Lucy. That is very strange! What good can this bit of dust do it.

Fanny. It gives it the fructifying principle.

Mamma. Do you understand the meaning of that word, Lucy?

Lucy. I believe not, mamma.

Mamma. It means that this dust communicates to the seed that principle which enables it to spring up again, and form another plant.

Lucy. That is very strange!

Mamma. It is so, my love, but there is nothing in nature that is not equally surprising. But, Fanny, open this last or inner inclosure for your sister, and let her see what it contains.

Lucy. What! Is there something more still to be seen?

Fanny. Yes, Lucy, and I think it will surprise you

to see what it is. Look, I am splitting open this last part, from which I have just stripped off its last covering, the united filaments, and now tell me what you see in the inside of it.

Lucy. Why I see little peas. Pretty little green peas. Just such as we eat, only much smaller. It is very strange that they should be formed even whilst the blossom was in full bloom.

Mamma. They are formed now, but as your sister has told you, my love, they are of no use as seeds, without the united aid of the stamens and style, or pistel, as it is generally called. You will not therefore wonder, Fanny, at the care that is taken to preserve the whole of the blossom from injury.

Lucy. No, indeed I do not, mamma.

Mamma. And this arrangement of the various parts, which your sister has just explained to you, distinguishes the papilionaceous tribe. So that when once understood, you may tell a plant wherever it may be found, if it belongs to this particular family of plants. A few other particulars distinguish the several members of this family. So that very little observation would enable us to say whether a flower that we saw was a vetch, a lupin, a clover, a pea, or what particular individual it was of the family to which it belonged.

Lucy. How very pleasant it would be to be so well acquainted with the form of all the flowers we saw, as to know at once what it was.

Mamma. It is indeed pleasant. And that knowledge, my love, is called Botany, the science with which I have often told you I hope you will one day or other be well acquainted.

Lucy. I hope so too, mamma ; for dearly as I love flowers already, I feel from what I have learned to-day that it would make me love them better than ever.

Mamma. That will always be the case with every branch of science, my love, for though we may sometimes be disappointed in the works of man, those of the Great Creator will always far surpass our highest expectations.

CONVERSATION XVII.

ON THE FORMATION OF SENTENCES.

Mamma. I have thought of an amusing and improving exercise for you to-day, my dears; and you must each try to make the best choice of words, and to do it as well as you can.

Fanny. Do tell us what it is, mamma.

Mamma. I will give each of you six substantives, and you must form them into sentences. I leave it to yourselves entirely to choose the subject on which you write.

Albert. I think we shall like that very much; but do, dear mamma, write also, because we shall then see how we should have expressed ourselves.

Mamma. I will do so, my dear, with pleasure. The nouns I give you are, friend, wool, inkstand, weather, yesterday, and picture.

Fanny. Really, mamma, there does not seem much connexion between those words, but we will try.

After some time the children produced their slates.

Mamma. Now, Lucy, you are the youngest, read your sentence aloud first.

Lucy. I am afraid you will think it very badly done, mamma, but perhaps I shall write the next better.

Mamma. When I see you give your mind to any thing, Lucy, I am never dissatisfied, even if you should not have succeeded to my wishes ;—read it, my love.

Lucy. *Yesterday*, the skies were the *picture* of bad *weather*; and I put *wool* into my *friend's inkstand*, to prevent it from spilling.

Mamma. That will do, Lucy; I see you understand what I meant you to do. Albert, what have you written?

Albert. The *wool* was *yesterday* brought in, my *friend*, for it would have been a sad *picture* to see the sheep, from the bad *weather*, as black as my *inkstand*.

Mamma. Right, my dear; but try in future not to introduce any substantives, but those I have given you. Now, Fanny, what have you for me?

Fanny. No *friend*, *yesterday*, could have braved the *weather*, unless he was clothed in *wool*, for the skies were the *picture* of my *inkstand*.

Mamma. You have all fallen into the same mistake, by introducing a substantive too much; but our next sentence will be better, I have no doubt. I will read you mine. *Yesterday*, being rainy *weather*, I took my *inkstand*, and wrote to a *friend*, of whom I have a *picture*, worked in *wool*.

Albert. Oh, mamma, that is much better than ours; do give us some more words.

Mamma. Here are six,—head, thought, hand, truth, person, flower. Let us try again what we can make of them.

Lucy. We have done now, mamma; we have not been so long as we were before. Shall I read mine?

Mamma. Yes, Lucy.

Lucy. My *hand*, and *head*, and *person*, and every *thought*, as well as every *flower*, are made by God ;—this is a *truth*.

Mamma. Very well, my dear ; but still you have not avoided the error I pointed out to you in the last sentence. Let me hear your's, Albert.

Albert. Every *person* who plucks a *flower*, and lifts it, with his *hand*, to his *head*, will find it a *truth*, that it is worthy of *thought*.

Mamma. That is better, Albert ; what have you written, Fanny ?

Fanny. It is a *truth*, that my *hand*, and my *head*, and indeed my whole *person*, resembles a *flower*, which fades away as swift as *thought*.—Now, mamma, let us have yours.

Mamma. Every *person* of *thought*, on taking a *flower* in his *hand*, will be convinced of the *truth*, that the *head* which contrived it was divine.—Shall I give you six more words ?

Fanny. Pray do, mamma.

Mamma. I have thought of some ; perhaps you will find them more difficult to form into a sentence than those I have given you before.—They are pardon, birds, air, wilderness, bread, and world.

Lucy. Really, mamma, that is difficult ; but I do not despair of making a sentence. I have just thought of something. Pray do not speak, sister, till I have written it down. Mamma, I shall soon have done.

Lucy shortly produced her slate with great complacency, and her mamma read aloud :—

Air is as necessary for *birds*, as *bread* is for us in this *world* ; *pardon* me, but I should not like to live in a *wilderness*.

Mamma. My dear Lucy, here is an error I should like you to discover for yourself. What parts of speech were those which I gave you?

Lucy. Substantives, mamma.

Mamma. Then read your sentence, Lucy, and stop at each of the six words, and ask yourself if they are substantives.

Lucy. No, mamma; pardon is a verb, as I have used it.

Mamma. It is so, my dear; how can you correct the sentence?

Lucy. Will this do, mamma? He could scarcely obtain *pardon*, who should prefer to live always in a *wilderness*.

Mamma. That is better, certainly, Lucy; but I should have liked the different members of the sentence to have been more connected than they are. Albert, are you ready?

Albert. Yes, mamma, I have written: Some *birds* live in the *wilderness*, their *world* is the *air*, and they need no *pardon* for taking their *bread* wherever they can find it.

Mamma. Very well, my dear; What has Fanny written?

Fanny. The *world* is surrounded by *air*, the *birds* fly through it, even across a *wilderness*; they never want for *bread*, nor need ask for *pardon*.

Pray, mamma, read us what you have written.

Mamma. The *world* is a *wilderness*, *bread* is provided for us whilst we are in it, and *pardon* is offered, free as the *air*, through which *birds* fly.

Albert. How much I like mamma's sentence! Is it

not strange, that though we have all had the same words, we have none of us written at all alike?

Mamma. Because, my dear, our minds are so differently formed: there is in all the works of God an endless variety. You have never met with any two individuals exactly alike, either in person, or disposition, and in nature every thing is beautifully diversified.

Lucy. But, mamma, the leaves are all alike on the same tree, are they not?

Mamma. You shall try, Lucy. Run out and pluck a handful of that pretty striped grass, and a little branch from the elm, which grows on the green.

Lucy. Here, mamma; I think the leaves are just alike.

Mamma. You shall prove it, my dear; give me any two leaves, which are exactly similar.

Lucy. Here are two, mamma; they fit exactly, no, not quite exactly; here is another; if it was not for that uneven point in it, I should not see any difference.

Mamma. That is to say, if they were quite alike, there would be no difference between them.

Lucy. Mamma, I am surprised; I really cannot get two elm leaves alike, either in colour or shape, though they look just alike when they are growing on the tree.—Now let me try this pretty Indian grass. How curious! the back and the front of each leaf is striped, and yet none of the stripes are alike! How wonderful, mamma, that God should have taken so much pains with a little flower!

Mamma. What striking truth does our Lord draw from the grass, my love?

Lucy. “If God so clothe the grass, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more shall he not clothe you, O ye of little faith.”

Mamma. The more closely we examine the wonderful structure, even of a blade of grass, the more shall we be convinced of the exceeding power of God. You cannot see how it grows, or how it is preserved, and yet God takes care of it, and by covering the earth with an innumerable quantity of these little blades, he produces that rich verdure which we so greatly admire. And of what use is all the grass, my love; for God makes nothing in vain?

Lucy. For food, mamma, for cattle.

Mamma. Yes; and likewise for the support of multitudes of insects; every blade is as populous as a town, though the little creatures which people it are, for the most part, too small for us to perceive. We may also trace the goodness of God, in the colour with which he has chosen to adorn the earth. Suppose the grass had been yellow or red, instead of green, not only would the beauty of our prospects have been spoiled, but the constant glare would have been both painful and injurious to the sight.

Fanny. I never thought of that before, mamma.

Mamma. No, my love, we are so surrounded by mercies, that from their commonness we forget that we possess them; but if God stretches out his hand, and withdraws one of them, our hearts rise up in rebellion against Him.—Can you remember an instance in scripture which would illustrate this truth?

Albert. The Egyptians, mamma. I dare say they never thanked God for the waters He supplied them

with ; but as soon as He turned them into blood, the whole nation began to complain.

Mamma. That is a very good example, Albert ; and you might have added, the darkness, also, which came upon them, and which for a time brought down the hard heart of Pharaoh, though he, I am sure, never felt that all the light he enjoyed came from the bounty of that God whom he neither trusted or loved.

Fanny. Do you think, mamma, that God fed the Israelites with manna in the wilderness, that they might constantly remember their dependence on Him ?

Mamma. I do, my dear ; though, notwithstanding, they frequently turned and forgot God, and murmured against Him. But we should not less regard the daily supplies we receive, as His gifts, because they are not brought to us miraculously.—His over-ruling providence, in thus providing for our wants, and giving us day by day our daily bread, should be a source of more exalted gratitude, and of unceasing praise.

Albert. I wish, mamma, every thing reminded me of God, as it does you ; I should be much happier, if that was the case, but I hope now, when I walk in the fields, I shall remember what you have said about the blades of grass, and that it will help me to love Him more.

Mamma. You must recollect, my dear Albert, always to think of God as your Father, and to approach him in this character. “Perfect love casteth out fear ;” and if we love God, we shall be able to have communion with him. In Christ He is reconciled to sinners, and though as a sinner, you might fear to come to Him, because the Lord abhors iniquity, yet if you draw nigh unto God, through this dear Saviour whom He hath pro-

vided, you may be sure that he will both accept and bless you. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He hath perfected praise;" and the sooner you give up your heart to God, the happier you will be, for "they that seek Him early, shall find Him."

Y

CONVERSATION XVIII.

ON THE MEANING OF A HYMN.

Oh, mamma, you are alone, and at work too, exclaimed Albert joyfully, as he came into his mamma's room, I hope you are going on working, that I may talk to you.

Mamma. Your sisters have just left me, my love, and I was about to write, but as my letter is in no haste, I will work a little longer, that you may talk to me.

Albert. O, thank you, mamma; I always like so much to sit with you, and talk to you when you are alone; and just now I wanted to ask you about a hymn. I want to learn one which I have read, and which I think I understand, since you have talked over and explained the covenants to us.

Mamma. If you quite understand the hymn, my love, I dare say I shall not at all object to your learning it.

Albert. I will read it to you, if you will let me, dear mamma.

Mamma. Do so, my dear.

Albert. It is in Dr. Watt's hymns:—

When the first parents of our race
Rebelled, and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood—

I think it means, mamma, that Adam and Eve, who were our first parents, rebelled against God, and so lost Him, for then He was no longer their God. I do not quite know the meaning of 'infection' and 'tainted.'

Mamma. When a malady is of such a kind that it can be caught by others, it is called infectious. Sin is here compared to a disease, which was so rooted in Adam, that all who sprung from him partook of it; their very blood, or nature, was polluted with the complaint of their parents.

Albert. Oh, now I understand; it is the same thing we brought text to prove, that as soon as we were born, we were sinful, because we sprung from sinful man, and as the prophet said, "no one can bring a clean thing out of an unclean." The hymn says that when this was our case,

Infinite pity touched the heart
Of the Eternal Son,
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne:

I think I know what that means, mamma; Christ, who was in heaven, the beloved Son of God, saw us, and felt his heart touched with love and compassion for such miserable sinners, and He came down from heaven, and left the glory there.

Mamma. Right, Albert; you seem to know the meaning of that verse, and may go on to the next.

Albert read,—

Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array;
And wrapped his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

I know the meaning of the first line. It is that He laid by his power, and all the glories that He had in heaven as God; but I do not quite know what this is, 'And wrapped his Godhead in a veil.'

Mamma. When our Lord came down, to die for us, how did He appear, my love?

Albert. As a man, mamma; just like one of us, suffering sorrow and death.

Mamma. He took upon Him the form of a servant, and humbled Himself; he appeared in our inferior clay, or in our poor low nature; but though this was the case, did He cease to be God?

Albert. No, mamma; because if He had not been God, He would not have been able to bear all our sins, and entirely blot them out, by suffering the punishment which we deserved to endure.

Mamma. Therefore, my love, though He did not appear in the glory of God, but left that above,—which the hymn compares to laying aside for a time a beautiful robe,—He was still God in human flesh, though this was veiled from the sight of man, by His being in outward appearance like a man.

Albert. Just as the text says, "No man hath seen God at any time." Not God in all his glory, because we cannot approach Him, or we should die: but "the only begotten of the Father, He hath declared him," because

He showed us the holiness, and goodness of God, in our own flesh.

Mamma. You are quite right, my love, and therefore the next verse goes on to say, "We beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." He was "God manifest in the flesh."

Albert. The next verse I quite understand, and it is a most beautiful one, mamma:—

His living power and dying love
Redeemed unhappy men;
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

His living power, mamma, means that by His perfect life of obedience He entirely kept the law; and His dying love means, that which made Him give His soul an offering for sin; so that by these two things He redeemed us, or, was put in our place, that we might be free. Though we were fallen just like ruins, which crumble and decay, He lifted us up again, even higher than we were before, to life eternal, and to God.

Mamma. Yes, my dear; I see you really understand that verse, which is, as you said, a very beautiful one.

Albert. I will read you the next, mamma:—

To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thine own,
For we are doubly thine.

That means, does it not, mamma, that we gladly give up our lives, and every thing we have, to serve :nsæp and we pray that he will make us his own children, and cause us to love and serve him?

Mamma. Yes, my dear. Why are we doubly the Lord's?

Albert. I do not know, mamma.

Mamma. Think, my love.—How do we belong to God at first?

Albert. Because He made us, mamma.—Oh, and we belong to Him, because He redeemed us with His blood.—Yes; then we doubly belong to Him. And when we were reading the other evening, you said, that those who were redeemed, had the Holy Spirit given to them, to make them like the children of God.

Mamma. Yes, Albert, those who have the Holy Spirit put into their hearts, making them love God, can truly say, with the last verse of this hymn.

Albert read,—

Thy honour shall for ever be
The business of our days;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

I know the meaning of that, mamma; that all our employment shall now be, to live to the glory of God, and that our voices shall tell of His love to us, as those whom Christ has saved should do. He has suffered for them so much, and given them such blessings, that they must praise him. Mamma, I think, that perhaps I should not learn this hymn, though I quite understand every verse, and like it so much.

Mamma. Why so, my dear Albert?

Albert. Why, mamma, perhaps I should not be speaking the truth, if I were to say the last verse.

Mamma. Do you not then, my dear, wish that your voice, and time, and powers, should be employed in the service of God?

Albert. O yes, mamma; I wish that more than any thing else; but the hymn says that we shall employ them in that manner, and though I wish it, I know I do not live to the glory of God at all.

Mamma. What is the meaning, my dear, of living to the glory of God?

Albert. It is, mamma, always serving him, and doing a great deal of good to his creatures, using all our powers, in trying to make others love and praise God.

Mamma. That is one way, in which those who love God live to his glory, but it is not the meaning of serving him, Albert. Many, who are the real servants of God, may not be able to do this. We live to God's glory, when we seek to be directed by Him, in all that we do and say, in all that we think and feel. We live to His glory, when the love of God is so put into our hearts, that we only live by it.—This love is our joy, and hope, and trust, and support, our only strength and comfort.

Albert. Then, mamma, all my will would be like God's will, if I had this love of God put into my heart; and I am sure it is not so. I often feel very angry and vexed that I cannot go where I want to go, or do something that I want to do, and that is not what I should feel, if I had the love of God put into my heart, and was His child.

Mamma. You remember, my dear Albert, I told you, that though the Holy Spirit was sent to renew all those who were the children of God, that still the sin they inherit, and which had been with them all their lives, remained in them, and would be their companion, as long as they dwelt in this world ; so that after the Spirit dwells with us, we seem to have two wills, two opposite feelings and desires ; one of which strives to serve and love God, and the other desires to do just the contrary.

Albert. But then, mamma, the good will, or the will which the spirit of God has put into them, always gets the better, does it not, so that they do not do what the old evil nature wants them to do ?

Mamma. Not always, my love. If we came to God, for grace and strength, when we felt these two natures striving within us, He would always give us power to overcome the evil and follow the good. He tells us, that "He giveth more grace," and desires us always to come, and ask for assistance, and He will grant it to us ; but often we trust in our own strength, without seeking any from God, and then we are overcome by evil, and prove what miserable weak creatures we are in ourselves.

Albert. Mamma, I think that has been my fault, for I constantly try to overcome my temper and will, without thinking at all of God's strength, and I dare say that is the reason that I so often cannot overcome my evil nature.

Mamma. Yes, my love, we may be sure we have no power in us to resist one evil thought. Our first parents had no power in themselves, even when they

were innocent, to withstand the temptation which ruined them and us! and how can we, who are born in sin, and have always lived in it, hope to have more ability to resist evil than they had? The more we are taught by the Holy Spirit, the more we feel our helpless weak state, and the more we shall apply to God for strength, feeling that in Him alone is all our help. This is what the apostle constantly felt, and it made him the humble holy man he was. "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God."

Albert. Oh! mamma, how I wish I could feel so every minute; I should be quite safe and happy, and I know I should then live to the glory of God, for I should depend wholly upon God, and therefore I should certainly be made to do all that He loved.

Mamma. Yes, my love, if this was our constant state, if we were always leaning upon and looking up to God in the feeling of our own weakness, we could not go astray; for to them who have no might, He has promised to increase strength, and He will supply all our need. This is the state of the saints in heaven: they have no more strength in themselves there than they had here. They are indeed free from sin, but so was Adam in Paradise, and yet he fell. But the great difference between them and us is, that they are kept always hanging upon God. They know that they are nothing, and they live upon God every moment, depending upon Him for their support and joy; and this they will do to all eternity. This is the joy of heaven, for "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

Albert. And they dwell in love, I know, mamma, for they dwell in the land of love, and breathe love just as we breathe the air.

Mamma. And though we cannot yet share their full delight, of living upon God and seeing Him face to face, Albert, we too may dwell in God, and he has promised to dwell in us,—we may hang upon God's love every instant, and receive from that love all that we want. If we come to Him every moment, and ask each moment more grace than we did the last, we shall have it. He will never be tired of supplying us, and He will make us never tired of asking Him. He even shows us our need, that we may come to Him to ask it to be supplied.

Albert. Oh, mamma, how I do wish that I could do so! I know that God will let me come to Him at all times, for you have often showed us, from the Bible, that He is our tender Father, better than a father; but how can I every moment feel my want of His grace, and entirely trust to Him to give it to me.

Mamma. If you seek God, my love, He will be found of you. If you desire to look only to Him, He will make you desire it more, and show you how you can do this. Continually ask Him to teach you this lesson of dependence upon Him. He alone can teach you it, and make you learn it too; and He will do this if you ask Him. He has promised to do so, and He is a faithful God, a God of truth, who will perform all that He has promised, and "is still able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think." I will show you a passage in the Bible, where you are promised all that you want. You have only to tell your wants to God, and He will answer your wishes.

Albert. O do, dear mamma.

Mamma. “And therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you ; and therefore will He be exalted, that He may have mercy upon you, for the Lord is a God of judgment ; blessed are all they that wait for Him.”* “He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry ; when He shall hear it, He will answer thee.”†

Albert. Oh, mamma, what a beautiful promise ! only think that God will wait to be gracious unto us, and will hear our cry and answer it. Then if I cry to Him, to make me depend upon Him, He will hear me, and show me how to do this ?

Mamma. Yes, my love, and the very wish will be one that God has put into your heart, and therefore He will love to grant it. He says to you, “My son, give me thy heart.” He wishes to have your heart, though He knows better than even you do yourself, how vile that heart is ; and as He condescends to ask you for it, He will also make you desire to give it to him.

Albert. Mamma, I hope I do desire it : Indeed I do wish to be a child of God.

Mamma. Then, my love, take God for your Father, look at Him as such, for He loved you long before you could love Him. “Wilt thou not from this time cry unto Him, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth ?”

Albert. Then, mamma, I may always believe, when I am asking God for any thing, that He loves me, and will grant it me, if it be good for me ?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, if you always come to God,

* Isaiah xxx. 18.

† Verse 19.

in dependence on the Lord Jesus Christ, believing that His death is the only way by which you could draw nigh to God, and trusting that He will not cast you from Him, because of your sinfulness.

Albert. Yes, mamma, I know that I cannot think that God is my Father for one moment, unless I believe that Christ has made me a child of God, by taking all my sins upon Him, and suffering for them instead of me.

Mamma. If you indeed trust in this Saviour, my love, you have a sure hope. "Behold, saith the Lord, I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation." Those that build upon it, will never be confounded : and you may thus come to God as a Father, certain that He will give you every good thing.

Albert. Then I hope He will make me remember always, that I am not able to overcome my own evil heart, but must continually seek His strength.

Mamma. Yes, this is a promise which God has made us—"I will pour upon them the Spirit of grace and of supplication ;" and again, Christ promises that his Spirit shall bring to our remembrance all things whatever He has said unto us ; and onething which Christ has most frequently said to us, is, "Without me ye can do nothing ;"—"good and upright is the Lord," my dear Albert ; "therefore will He teach sinners in the way."

Albert. Mamma, I know I am a sinner. I hope God will "teach me in the way."

Mamma. Yes, my love, if you feel that, as the Apostle James says, you want wisdom, ask of God.—"He giveth to all men liberally ;" and do not be discouraged if your prayers should not seem to be answered, as much and as soon as you wish, but pray again and again ; and

as I, though I am evil, know how to give you good things, when you ask me, and often before you ask me, so much more will your heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to you, when He hears the voice of your prayer.

Z

CONVERSATION XIX.

ON GEOGRAPHY.

Lucy. Mamma, I want you to do me a great favour.

Mamma. What is it, my dear ?

Lucy. Mamma, I have been thinking, that Edward is old enough to begin to learn geography ; and I should so very much like to teach him, if you will let me. May I, mamma ?

Mamma. I should have no objections, my dear, a little while hence, if I was sure that you would do it in the right way ;—how would you set about it ?

Lucy. Oh ! mamma, just as you taught me ; I remember quite well how that was.

Mamma. Tell me, Lucy, how you would begin ?

Lucy. I should first teach him the boundaries of the nursery, mamma, and show him which was the north, and the south, and the east, and the west.

Mamma. And what would you tell him about these boundaries ?

Lucy. I should say, that the nursery was bounded on the north by your room, mamma ; on the south by the landing and the stair-case ; on the east by your dressing-room ; and on the west by the garden, because

the window looks into the garden. Am I not right, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, my dear; and when he quite understood that, what would you teach him next.

Lucy. I think, mamma, his next lesson must be out of doors; and he should try and find out the boundaries of our house. He would soon see that it was bounded on the north by the plantation, on the south by the lawn, on the east by the shrubbery, and on the west by the garden.

Mamma. And when he had got so far, what would be your next lesson, Lucy?

Lucy. Then, mamma, the boundaries of papa's grounds; I must tell him the names of the fields, and of the roads which surround them. And then, where the town is situated, and the hill, and the river, and the wood, must I not, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, my dear. Do you know why I did not first begin teaching you about countries, and continents?

Lucy. Yes, mamma; because you said I could have no idea of the size of a country, till I knew really what a mile was. I recollect, one day you said to me, now Lucy, we will walk a mile, and then we looked back from the hill, and saw what a great way we were from our house, and you said that it was a mile off. Then you told me that it was six times as far to the town, and sixty times as far to London. Before that, I used to wonder, when I saw Fanny looking out places in a map, and heard her say that they were such a great way off; because they looked so very near to each other, that I could put my finger on one, and my

thumb on the other; but then I understood how it was.

Mamma. And what did I teach you next, Lucy?

Lucy. The boundaries of the county we live in, mamma, and then of the counties round that; and so I learned by degrees all England and its boundaries, and at last all the other countries of the world.—I remember that amusing game we used to play at, mamma; *that* helped me to remember very much.

Mamma. What was it, my dear?

Lucy. Laying out a dissected map, mamma, and then Fanny, and Albert, and I took turns to take out a piece, whilst the others shut their eyes, and then opened them, and guessed the name of it. I could do that with Edward as soon as he is old enough.

Mamma. But you must not be in too great a hurry to get him forward, Lucy, or he will not understand what he is about; and there is one quality very necessary for teaching, which I advise you to cultivate very diligently.

Lucy. I can guess what you mean, mamma; you mean patience.

Mamma. Yes, my love; children are often idle and inattentive when they are learning, and then we must not be hasty or impatient with them; if we are, they do not learn at all more quickly, and are generally put out of temper, and perhaps dislike what they are taught, because of the manner in which they are taught it.

Lucy. Yes, mamma; I will try and be very patient with Edward, I assure you, if you will let me try and teach him.

Mamma. I shall be much pleased that you should do so, Lucy, if I see that you do it with great kindness.

Lucy. I think Edward will soon understand the meaning of a lake, because I can show him the pond in the next field, which has land all around it, and then I shall tell him, that a lake is surrounded by land, but is much larger than the pond.—And, mamma, when we walk by the river's side, I can easily show him what an island is, because there are so many islands in our river.

Mamma. There are so, my dear; but do not teach him too much at once; if he learns a little well, it is enough.—Have you prepared for me the lesson I gave you yesterday?

Lucy. Yes, mamma; it was, 'What is a river; what are its uses; and what is found in it; either animate or inanimate?—I thought I could very easily have done it, but it took me a long time, I assure you, mamma.

Mamma. I have no doubt it did, if you have done it well.

Lucy. I am afraid I have not done it well, mamma, but I have put down all I recollected.—But after I answered the question. 'What is a sea?' you told me such a number of things, which I have forgotten, that I dare say you will do the same now.

Mamma. Probably I may, my dear; but read me what you have written in answer to my first question, What is a river?

Lucy. A river is a large piece of water, sometimes very large indeed, a great many miles long, and many broad, and sometimes it is only a small piece of water.

—It has tides which ebb and flow, and in this it is like the sea, but the water of a river is not salt, and in this it is different from it. It begins from a very little spring, out of the side of a hill, or some high ground, and gets gradually larger, and at last it empties itself into the sea.—Sometimes several rivers run into one, and also little streams, and these make the one much bigger.—In some rivers, the water is very clear, and in others thick and muddy; that is partly because it runs over different soils; but I have seen the river look very dark, when there were black clouds over it, which were reflected in the water.—This is all I can recollect, mamma; will you tell me what I should add?

Mamma. No, my dear; you shall put this by, and after a little while look at it again, and perhaps you may then have thought of many things in addition. I am very well satisfied with this attempt. In answer to the second question, ‘What are the uses of rivers?’ I suppose you have found a great deal to say.

Lucy. Yes, mamma; but I think not so much as in answer to the third question.—Rivers are useful for ships, and boats, and barges, to sail upon.

Mamma. Stop, Lucy, are all rivers of this use?

Lucy. No, mamma; I should have said that there are some rivers, which are navigable, and some which are not so, and that it was only navigable rivers which could be used for these purposes; but I thought of our own river first, as you told me, and put down all the uses I had seen made of it.

Mamma. That was quite right, Lucy; I only stopped you, that you might express yourself accurately.

Lucy. Thank you, mamma. These vessels bring

provisions, and coals, and all kinds of things from a distance, and carry them to different parts of the country.

Mamma. I think you might have been rather more clear in your descriptions, my dear, than to use the word *things*. Besides, if you recollect, only a week ago you saw a ship unloaded, which did not contain what you would call 'things.'

Lucy. Oh, mamma, I recollect, it was full of cattle and pigs. I should have said that ships conveyed animals, and all kinds of manufactures, and merchandise, should I not, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, and some other living creatures besides cattle and pigs.

Lucy. Certainly, men and women, I quite forgot that; another use of rivers is, to nourish plants, and shrubs, and to keep the country moist, that it may produce more corn and fruit. The Nile in Egypt is given by God instead of rain, to that country, and once a year it flows all over it, and waters it, but this is not the case with most rivers; because when they overflow their banks, in general they do a great deal of mischief. Rivers turn mills, and machines in different manufactories, and people swim, and bathe in them. Some persons get their living by fishing, and selling the fish which they catch in them; and they also support and feed the fishes, and waterfowl, which live there, and great quantities of insects. Rivers make the country look much more beautiful and varied, than it would otherwise be; and a great many persons are maintained by building the bridges which are made across them. I think those are all the uses of rivers, mamma, at least all that I can think of.

Mamma. I wonder, my love, when you mentioned the bridges which were built, you did not think of some faculty of man which is called into exercise in order to build them.

Lucy. I can guess what you mean, mamma, his ingenuity. Oh, that is a very good use of rivers, which I should never have thought of, if you had not made me remember it; and in that way, too, how many persons it supports; the men who hew the stones, and who dig, and forge the iron, and who cut down trees, and make them into planks and boards. What a number of tradesmen must be employed in building a bridge! The architect, and the timber-merchant, and the carpenter, and brick-layer, and stone-mason, and painter, and labourer, and brick-maker, and miner, and blacksmith, and I dare say a great many more, which I do not know of, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, my love, you are right; but I could mention several uses of rivers, which you have still forgotten. What did I point out to you, when we were walking late yesterday evening?

Lucy. I recollect, mamma; the mist which was rising from the river; and you said it would be formed into clouds, which would come down, and water the country, where the river did not flow.

Mamma. Yes, Lucy, and if we had no rivers, do you think it would be easy to get from one part of a continent, or even of an island to another part?

Lucy. No, certainly, mamma, that is one of the greatest uses of rivers, and I had quite forgotten it. If all goods had to be carried from the sea in carts and wagons, how very much dearer every thing would be to

those who live at a distance from it, particularly coals, mamma, would they not?

Mamma. Yes, my love, and those who had goods to export, would find it equally inconvenient. This is, indeed, one of the most important uses rivers are of to us, and it shows the very kind providence which God has exercised, in so mercifully providing for all our wants. Now for our third question—‘What inanimate and animate things are found in rivers?’

Lucy. I have written the animate first, mamma.

Mamma. That is better, Lucy; give me an explanation of what is meant by animate?

Lucy. Any thing which has life, mamma.

Mamma. Is there but one sort of life, my dear?

Lucy. Yes, mamma, two sorts,—animal and vegetable life. Animate, applies to those creatures which have animal life, and inanimate to those which have only vegetable life, or no life at all. Such as stones and wood. The animate creatures, which live in rivers, are all sorts of fishes.

Mamma. Not all sorts, Lucy, for there are a great number of fishes, which can only live in salt water. Say what kinds you remember, which live wholly or principally in rivers.

Lucy. I will try, mamma;—pike, and salmon, and smelts, and some kinds of eels, and carp; and crocodiles live in the Nile, but as they are amphibious, should I reckon them, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, my love, but not amongst fishes; they belong to a separate class altogether. What is the distinguishing characteristic of fishes?

Lucy. That they have cold blood.

Mamma. It is so ; but the whale is an exception to this. As you mentioned eels, if you remind me this afternoon, I will read you a curious description of the electric eel, which is found in the rivers of South America.

Lucy. Thank you, mamma, I shall be sure to remember it. I have not said yet that frogs inhabit rivers, and beavers, and otters, and some of the serpent tribes ; there are of this kind, the water snake, and the water lizard. Then there are great numbers of insects which live in the water, some of which serve as food for the fish. There is the glimmer-chaffer, the gnat, the dragon-fly.

Mamma. Stop, Lucy, have you not made a mistake, does either the dragon-fly or the gnat live in the water ?

Lucy. No, mamma ; but the young of the gnats do ; and the dragon-fly breeds by the sides of rivers.

Mamma. Yes, my love ; but then you should say that these creatures, in one of the states through which they pass, inhabit rivers, and not that the perfect insect does.

Lucy. Yes, mamma ; and I have been thinking of all the curious creatures that I have watched by the river's side ; there is that strange looking insect, which Albert caught, when he was bathing, mamma, and brought home for us to see. What was it that you called it ?

Mamma. The mole-cricket, my dear ?

Lucy. Yes, mamma, I could not remember its name, but its head is like a mole, and its fore paws had each five fingers on them ; were they not just like paws, mamma ?

Mamma. They very much resembled them, certainly, though it is rather an odd name to give to the feet of an insect.

Lucy. And its body was made just like a cricket's; I suppose that is the reason it was called a mole-cricket.

Mamma. Yes, my dear. It is of the same tribe to which locusts belong; and when we have our next conversation on Entomology, you shall compare these insects together, but at present we had better return to the river.

Lucy. There are a great many more creatures I have seen, and could describe to you, mamma, but I cannot remember their names.

Mamma. There are so, Lucy. But among fish, you have omitted to name the various shell fish which are found in rivers. Do you not recollect how many different kinds you all picked up on the bank of the river the other day?

Lucy. O yes, there was that curious shell which you called the Mya, which had a hinge on one shell, and teeth on the back of the other, to fit into it, and the muscle, which was something like it in shape. And there was a shell, too, resembling a snail shell. But, mamma, when I have finished reading to you all I have written, I will write it over again, and put down those things we have thought of, which I had forgotten, and any thing new I can recollect.

Mamma. Do so, my dear; it will be a very good plan, and the second edition of your river will, I have no doubt, be much more perfect than the first.

Lucy. Shall I read, now, mamma, the names of the inanimate things which are found in rivers?

Mamma. Do so, my love.

Lucy. Clay, mud, stones, slime, earths of different kinds, gold-dust, shells, grass, weeds, plants, reeds, bitu-

men, sulphur, and rushes. I could not think of any more inanimate things, mamma.

Mamma. And these are rather curiously arranged, Lucy, are they not?

Lucy. You mean, mamma, that they want to be arranged, which I can do when I write them again.

Mamma. Have you never heard of any mineral substances being found under the beds of rivers?

Lucy. Yes, mamma, I remember hearing of coals and iron, I think, being found there.

Mamma. Just so, and doubtless many undiscovered treasures are there concealed. All the researches of man into the secrets of creation, only prove how very little he knows of the wonderful works of God.—There is a beautiful little poem of Cowper's, which is so appropriate to our present lesson, that you shall get down the book and read it to me, my dear.

Lucy. Let me find the book, mamma; I know it well, it is the same in which I read Alexander Selkirk, is it not?

Mamma. Yes, my love, it is entitled a Comparison. Lucy found the place and read,—

The lapse of time, and rivers, is the same,
Both speed their journey with a restless stream.
The silent pace, with which they steal away,
No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay;
Alike irrevocable both when past,
And a wide ocean swallows both at last;—
Though each resemble each, in every part,
A diff'rence strikes at length, the musing heart;
Streams never flow in vain; where streams abound,
How laughs the land, with various plenty crown'd!
But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind.

Lucy. How very beautiful ! I think I quite understand those lines ; and I hope they will teach me, what you often remind me of, mamma, how very valuable time is.

Mamma. I hope they will, my dear ; that cannot be too deeply impressed upon you. You had better call your sister and brother, that they may have their lesson on ancient geography before we go out.

Lucy. Yes, mamma ; and to-morrow is the day for scripture geography. I always like that particularly.

Mamma. Have you prepared it for me, Lucy ?

Lucy. No, mamma ; shall I do so now.

Mamma. Yes, my dear ; what was it that I set you to do ?

Lucy. We were to point out, on a blank map, the situation of twelve of the chief places in Judea, to-morrow, mamma ; and to bring you from scripture, an account of the principal events which happened in them ; and in some of them, you know, a great many things took place ; we were the whole of our last lesson doing only Jerusalem. Shall I call Albert and Fanny now ?

Mamma. Yes, my love.

You remember, my dears, said Mrs. Eustace to Fanny and Albert, when they were seated, that we finished the geography of Greece in our last lesson, and were to begin that of Egypt to-day.

Albert. Yes, mamma ; I have been wishing to get to Egypt particularly, because it is so much connected with Scripture history, and I think, from many explanations of texts which you have given us, that we should understand the Bible much better if we were more acquainted with the different countries which are referred to in it.

Mamma. Very true, my dear Albert ; it is surprising how much light an acquaintance with the nature and peculiarities of countries, as well as of the manners and customs of their inhabitants, throws upon various passages of Scripture. As we proceed, I shall often have occasion to notice some of these. Fetch the maps, my dear, that you may get a very clear idea of the relative situation of Egypt. Into how many principal parts does it appear to be divided ?

Fanny. Into three, mamma. Delta, Heptanomis, and Thebais.

Mamma. Yes, Fanny, Thebais was called also Upper Egypt ; Heptanomis, Middle Egypt ; and Delta, Lower Egypt.

Albert. I should have thought it would have been called just the contrary, mamma ; because the northern part is properly the upper, is it not ?

Mamma. It is so.

Albert. Mamma, I think I can guess what nation called Lower Egypt the Delta ; was it not the Greeks ?

Mamma. Yes, my love ; and for what cause, Albert ?

Albert. Because this part, which is enclosed by the Nile, is just in the shape of the Greek letter Delta.

Mamma. You are right, my dear ; and perhaps you can tell Fanny also, the reason of the name given to the second division ?

Albert. I think it means seven districts, mamma, is it so ?

Mamma. Yes, Albert ; it contained seven, or more districts. What is the principal thing you observe, in looking at this map ?

Fanny. The river Nile, mamma, which empties itself by seven mouths, into the Mediterranean.

Mamma. I will then first give you a general account of this river, which I dare say will occupy this morning's lesson; and to-morrow you will bring me a written account, of all that you remember of it.

Albert. And, mamma, may we bring also the different texts of scripture, in which it is spoken of, and those, particularly, which we could not understand?

Mamma. You may, my dear; I shall be very glad that you should do so. There is one circumstance, which is almost peculiar to Egypt, which is, that it scarcely ever rains there; and in order to supply this deficiency, the Nile, at a certain season of the year, inundates the whole country.

Fanny. But, mamma, I should think it would be impossible for it to flow all over Egypt, because some parts of it are so much more elevated than others, and these would stop the progress of the waters, as well as go unsupplied themselves.

Mamma. Your objection is a just one, Fanny; and what you have suggested, would take place, if no means were used by the inhabitants to prevent it. It is by providential arrangements, which call forth and assist the exertions of man, instead of rendering them unnecessary, that the wisdom of God is displayed. How do you suppose, that the inhabitants would equalize the distribution of the waters of the Nile?

Fanny. By cutting canals, or sluices, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, my dear; a great number of these were cut, all over Egypt, and also an immense lake, dug by king Moëris, and called after his name, into which the

superfluous waters of the Nile flowed, which communicated with the river, by a canal four leagues long. Lest some parts of the country should be too much overflowed, and others left dry, very strict laws were made to regulate the time at which the sluices were to be opened, which was to depend upon the height of the waters of the Nile. They were first to be opened in Upper Egypt, and so on gradually. And in order to water the high grounds and hills, what plan do you suppose would be adopted ?

Albert. Perhaps something like pumps, mamma ; but these would hardly be sufficient.

Mamma. Were they only of such a size as could be worked by the hand of man, they would not have been enough, my dear, to do any good ; but the spiral pumps, constructed in Egypt, were turned by oxen, and the water thus thrown up, was carried in pipes, in every different direction. There is a very remarkable fact, which the ancients have noticed, as well as the moderns, though they knew not by whom the gracious appointment was made ; it is this, that from the beginning of June, strong north-east winds set in, and continue during the time of the inundation. What two purposes do you suppose this is designed to answer ?

Fanny. I can easily guess one, mamma ; to blow back the river, that it may not flow into the Mediterranean Sea, which would prevent its watering the country.

Mamma. You have guessed right, Fanny ; and perhaps the next circumstance I shall mention, will help

you to discover the other reason. The overflow of the Nile, is occasioned by the heavy rains which fall in Ethiopia, and which force it on, in a rapid current, through Egypt.

Albert. Ah, mamma, you mean then, that if the wind did not blow against it, it would run with such violence, that it would carry every thing before it.

Fanny. Yes; and I have thought of another reason, it must have blown the water more generally over the land, by opposing its current.

Mamma. You are both right. Besides the advantages derived to Egypt, from its being *watered* by the Nile, its soil is greatly enriched, by the quantity of slime which it deposits; and as this country is naturally a mere sand, without this annual contribution, it would be nearly unproductive. The canals, also, of which we spoke before, serve as reservoirs for the water, and after the lands are become dry, by opening the sluices, which are cut from them, the country can easily be again watered.

Albert. I suppose, mamma, in the same manner as you told us the rice-grounds in India were cultivated.

Mamma. Yes, my dear; just on the same principle. The lands are so much enriched by the Nile, as to bear three or four crops every year, which are raised with scarcely any labour, and it is unnecessary to do more than to turn the soil, without even the aid of the plough.

Albert. Ah, mamma, then that explains to me, the meaning of that passage in Deuteronomy, which I never understood before, "The land whither thou goest in to

possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed and wateredst it with thy foot as a garden of herbs.”*

Mamma. Yes, my dear, it does; and when I tell you, that of the three or four crops of which I have spoken, the first is one of lettuces and cucumbers, it will explain to you another text, which to an English ear is quite obscure. All along the sides of the Nile, there are immense fields of cucumbers, which, a modern traveller remarks, have a most peculiar appearance, as they are not divided, perhaps, for many miles together, nor is the sameness of the prospect varied, except by now and then a small lodge, raised in the midst of one of these fields, in which a solitary individual resides, to prevent the crop from being plundered, or injured in any way.

Fanny. You need not tell us the text, mamma; I think I can find it. Is it not in one of the prophets, where, speaking of the desolation of Israel, he says,—“She shall be left as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers.”

Mamma. Yes, Fanny; you will find it in Isaiah i. 8. I will lend you a book, containing an account of Egypt, which will interest you both, and which confirms the truth of Scripture history.

Albert. Thank you, mamma.

Mamma. The appearance of Egypt, is described as exceedingly curious, during the time of the inundation. It looks like an immense sea, with towns and cities in it, and the tops of hills, and woods just peeping above the water.

* Deut. xi. 10.

Albert. How do the inhabitants go, from one town to another? in boats, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, and also by high causeways, which are raised to prevent the great inconvenience, which would otherwise arise, from the difficulty of intercourse between different places.

Albert. I should very much like to stand on some high place, and see Egypt, when the Nile was at its height; I think it would give me a better idea of the way in which the world looked when the flood was coming on it, than any thing else could.

Mamma. It would so, my love.

Fanny. Mamma, there is one thing you have not told us, and that is, in what month the Nile rises, and how long it continues to overflow.

Mamma. No;—I was just going to mention it. There is some difference in the accounts of historians and travellers, on this point; but it is generally thought that the Nile begins to swell about the month of May, though it is not till the end of June that it overflows, and continues to do so for about three months. It is calculated, that during this time, not one-tenth of its waters empty themselves into the Mediterranean Sea. In October and November the Egyptians sow their seed, and during our winter, their country is like one beautiful meadow or garden. I have now given you all the principal facts relative to this remarkable river, and tomorrow I shall hope to find a very full account of it written by each of you.

CONVERSATION XX.

AN EVENING WALK.

Do you think you shall walk this evening, mamma? said Lucy. The grass is all cut down, and the hay made up into stacks, so that there will be a nice open field to run in?

I think I may, Lucy, said her mother; but I hope that before evening, those dark clouds which I see in the sky, will have poured some of their stores upon the fields you mention; for now the hay is safely lodged, the grass will be withered, if it is not watered by some showers.

Lucy. Yes, mamma; and it will be cooler, and pleasanter, for us to walk, if it rains a little, and then clears up in the evening.

Before the evening it did rain a little, and then the clouds dispersed; and Lucy, and her mamma, went into their favourite fields. The rain had cooled the air, and a fresh breeze fanned them; the sun was setting, and threw its parting rays on every tree and bush around, whilst these, refreshed by the showers which had fallen, seemed to receive its farewell with more than usual softness. The grass, too, was not like that on which Lucy had ran the evening before,—hard, dry, and yellow. It was

soft and green, and seemed to spring up, in gratitude for the refreshment, which it had just received.

How pleasant! exclaimed Lucy, as she bounded along the field, while her mother repeated aloud,—“He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth.”*

I think I know where that text is, mamma, said Lucy; is it not in the Psalms?

Mamma. Yes, my love, it is; do you know of whom it is said, “He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass?”

Lucy. No, mamma; who is it?

Mamma. I should like you to find it out for yourself, Lucy, which you can easily do, if we talk a little about it; and when you have done running, and come and walk with me, we will try and discover the meaning of this beautiful comparison.

Thank you, mamma, said Lucy as she ran skipping in the grass; till at last, having played and jumped till she was too hot and tired to do so any longer, she returned to her mother, and quietly walking by her side, said—Now, mamma, will you be so kind as to let us talk about the text you were repeating, something about the rain on the grass?

Mamma. You wished to find out who the Psalmist meant, when he said, “He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass.” Do you remember, Lucy, how this grass and those trees looked, when we walked here yesterday evening?

Lucy. O yes, mamma; quite faded and dry. You know, I said, mamma, that they all looked as if they

* Psalm lxxii. 6.

were tired with the heat of the day, quite different from the way they look now.

Mamma. What do you think has made the difference, Lucy?

Lucy thought a minute, and then said, The rain, mamma, which fell this afternoon.

Mamma. Yes, my love; and what effect has rain on the earth?

Lucy. It makes the flowers and plants grow, and ripens the fruit, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, Lucy; and it softens, and renews, and refreshes the earth also. Now, can you tell me who it is that must come down, like this rain, upon the dry barren heart of man, before it can be softened, or renewed, or refreshed, or bring forth any fruit or flowers?

Lucy. Yes, mamma; the Lord Jesus Christ must change it by his Spirit, or it will remain hard.

Mamma. True, my love; the heart of man is by nature, as this grass was before the rain fell; or, as it is described in Jeremiah, "like the heath in the desert,"* inhabiting the parched or dry places of the wilderness: and as it is impossible, that the grass can grow up without rain, so the heart cannot love the Lord Jesus, unless He first puts His Spirit into it, to soften and renew it, or, as the Bible says, to take away the heart of stone, and put a heart of flesh within them. But there are some other things, which we must remember in this text, and which show us still more, that it is the Lord Jesus of whom it speaks. The end of it is: "Like showers that water the earth." Can you tell me, Lucy, in what manner rain is spoken of in the Bible?

* Jer. xvii. 6.

Lucy. It is promised, is it not, mamma, as a blessing.

Mamma. Yes, Lucy; mention the place.

Lucy. In Deuteronomy, mamma, Moses says, when he is telling the children of Israel what a delightful land they are going to dwell in,* “that it drinketh water, of the rain of heaven,” and if they will keep the commandments of the Lord, he will give them “the rain of the land in due season, the first rain and the latter rain.”†

Mamma. Right, my love; and what is the want of rain?

Lucy. A curse, mamma, if they did not keep his commandments. “The heavens above should be brass;”‡ and you told me that meant, that they would give no rain; and drought, you said, was always the greatest evil that could happen to the land.

Mamma. Yes, Lucy: now you can easily tell me how this applies to what we are thinking of; what is the greatest blessing which can ever be given to man?

Lucy said solemnly, “That they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.”§

Mamma. Yes, my love, this is *the* blessing; he who has this is rich indeed, for he has all things.

Lucy. Yes, mamma; you know, in the chapter you read this morning, St. Paul says, “All things are yours;”|| and David says, “Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord.”¶

Mamma. And He also says, my love, to those who have God for their refuge, “there shall no evil befall

* Deut. xi. 11.

† Deut. xi. 14.

‡ Deut. xxviii. 23.

§ John xvii. 3.

|| 1 Cor. iii. 21.

¶ Psalm cxliv. 15.

thee,"* and that they "shall want no good thing."† If we then have this rain, even the Lord Jesus Christ, our souls will be "like a watered garden;"‡ we shall spring up, "as willows by the water-courses,"§ and bring forth fruit a hundred fold. But what is the case with those who have not this blessing?

Lucy. They are under the anger of God, mamma.

Mamma. Yes; the "curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked."|| They are like "the earth" "which beareth thorns and briars," which "is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing; whose end is to be burned."

Lucy. Now I quite see, that the Lord Jesus is spoken of in this verse, mamma, because it can mean nobody else; nothing but rain will make the grass grow, and no one but He can make our hearts feel.

Mamma. And how does He do this, Lucy? can you tell me?

Lucy. Do you mean, mamma, by putting His Holy Spirit into them?

Mamma. Yes, my love; can you tell me what is said in the gospels concerning the Holy Spirit?

Lucy. I do not remember, mamma.

Mamma. "He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water:—this he spake of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive."¶ The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."** Can you recollect any of the fruits which the Holy Spirit produces in the heart, when He has changed it?

Lucy. "The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace,

* Ps. xci. 10. † Ps. xxxiv. 10. ‡ Isa. lviii. 11. § Isa. xlv. 4.

|| Prov. iii. 33.

¶ John vii. 38, 39.

** John iv. 14.

long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.”*

Mamma. Yes, my love, and when the Holy Spirit does indeed come into the heart, these fruits will grow, to the glory of God; the “fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.”† The prophet Isaiah describes this change, when he says, “Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree,” a most useful and valuable tree; and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree,”‡ a shrub which, even in our land, you know, Lucy, is most sweet and beautiful, and whose blossoms and leaves are both admired.

Lucy. We often say, do we not, mamma, when we look out, and see it raining, Now this rain will make the flowers and plants grow and smell sweet; and I suppose the Holy Spirit does the same to the heart;—when He comes into it, He makes all that is good grow up in it.

Mamma. Yes, Lucy, He does even more: He first puts into it, all holy desires and thoughts, and then continually waters them, to make them grow up.

Lucy. Oh! I remember that verse; “They that be planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God: they shall still bring forth fruit in old age, they shall be fat and flourishing.”§ They flourish, I suppose, mamma, because they are watered by the Lord.

Mamma. Yes, Lucy; I am glad you remembered that verse: there is also another, which shows the very great care which God takes of His people; God speaks, by His prophet, of His vineyard, and He says, “I the Lord do keep it, I will water it every moment.”

* Gal. v. 22, 23. † Rom. vi. 22. ‡ Isa. lv. 13. § Ps. xcii. 13, 14.

Lucy. How very kind of God, mamma, to do so every moment. I am very sure if He did not, we could never bear any fruit; and, you know, we read in St. John's gospel that we are to "bear fruit,"* or we cannot be real branches of the true Vine, which is Christ.

Mamma. It is indeed, my love; and this gentle fertilizing rain with which He waters us, will cause us to bud and blossom; "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be, that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."† But there is another thing I wish you to remark in the text: you see it is said, "He shall *come down* like the rain." *Coming down* signifies that it descends from above, upon something below; and we should always remember, how very condescending it is, in the "High and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity,"‡ to "humble himself to behold the things, that are in heaven and in the earth!"§ and graciously to desire that we should be blessed;—and He even tells us, that He is glorified, when we "bring forth much fruit."||

Lucy. Yes, mamma; and Jesus condescended, you know, to notice children when they were brought to Him; and you often tell me, that He would listen to me, if I were to pray to Him from my heart.

Mamma. Do you desire, my love, to be like the hard barren earth, which can be of no use, and brings forth

* John xv. 2. † Isaiah lv. 10, 11. ‡ Isaiah lvii. 15.

§ Psalm cxiii. 6. || John xv. 8.

nothing; or like the watered grass, which is pleasant to the eyes to see, and useful to man for food?

Lucy. Like the watered ground, mamma.

Mamma. Then, Lucy, do not delay to ask of the Lord to send down upon your heart this blessed rain; so will He make bright clouds, and give you showers of rain. How delightful it would be to see the same change in you that we have seen this evening in the fields, since the rain fell!

Lucy. Mamma, I wish the same change would come to me; I know if it did I should always please you, and be happy too, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, Lucy; but, what is of more consequence, you would not be one of those “unprofitable servants,” to whom the Lord gave good things in abundance, but who used them not for His glory—you know what end they met with.

Lucy. Yes, mamma, the Lord said, “Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.”*

Mamma. Then, Lucy, remember what we have been saying this evening; and be sure that if you ask of God, He will give you His Holy Spirit, for He has promised to do so; and then you will indeed become, “a plant of the Lord’s right-hand planting,”† on which He will descend like the dew, and whose branches shall flourish, like the trees on Mount Lebanon.

Here they reached home; and we hope Lucy did not forget, to follow the advice of her kind mamma before she slept that night.

* Matt. xxv. 30.

† Isaiah lxi. 3.

CONVERSATION XXI.

ON FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

Mamma. Our lesson for this morning will be taken from 'Thomson's Seasons,' from which you have often read passages which you all admired.

Lucy. Oh, yes, mamma, I like Thomson particularly.

Mamma. Fanny, will you read the first five lines of the passage, beginning here.

Fanny read—

' 'Tis done ! dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year ;
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
How dumb the tuneful ! horror wide extends
His desolate domain.'

Mamma. Perhaps you will not at once be able to explain the meaning of the first words in this piece, ' 'Tis done !' that is, it is done : but can you tell me what *it* is put instead of?

Albert. Instead of a name, mamma.

Mamma. Yes, and therefore it is called—what?

Albert. A pronoun.

Mamma. Tell, Lucy, the meaning of that word my dear.

Albert. Pro, is Latin for *for*, so pro-noun means for, or instead of, a noun.

Mamma. Yes. ‘’Tis done!’ what does that mean?

Fanny. That something is finished, or accomplished.

Mamma. And what does it come from?

Lucy. From the verb to do,—it is a passive participle.

Mamma. How do you know that ‘to do,’ is a verb?

Albert. Because it expresses action.

Mamma. What is ‘dread’ here put instead of?

Fanny. Dreadful, or dreaded; which do you think, mamma?

Mamma. I think the latter, my dear; though here it is employed adjectively. What do you understand by ‘winter?’

Lucy. Oh! mamma, that is easy enough to say; that very, very cold disagreeable time of the year, when the earth is covered with frost and snow.

Mamma. That is the idea, certainly, which you connect with winter, but is this a real description of it? Do you think that the inhabitants of every part of the earth would give me the same answer to this question?

Lucy. Oh! no, mamma. I forget; why it was only the other day that I read you a story about one of the emperors of the East who ordered a man to be bastinadoed because he persisted in saying that, in his country, water was sometimes so hard that it could be walked upon, or chopped with a hatchet.

Mamma. Then how shall we define winter?

Fanny. Only as one season of the year, I suppose, mamma, which begins at a certain month, and ends at another.

Mamma. And in some countries it is much longer, and in others much shorter ; but as the full explanation of this depends upon astronomy, we must not go into it now. I only wished to show you that Lucy's description would not hold good, as she seemed to think, in all cases ; let us see whether she was right, as far as regards the piece of poetry we are considering.

Albert. Yes, mamma, she was, because winter is spoken of as dreaded and gloomy.

Mamma. True, Albert. What is winter said to do ?

Fanny. It 'spreads.'

Mamma. And 'spreads' comes from what ?

Fanny. The verb, to spread.

Mamma. And what exact idea does the verb, to spread, give you ?

Fanny. Something that extends in different directions.

Mamma. Yes. But how can this apply to winter ? Is winter a living thing which can do this ?

Lucy. No.

Mamma. Perhaps we shall get at the meaning more easily, if we find out something about the thing which is said to be spread. What is that ?

Albert. 'Glooms.'

Mamma. And what is the meaning of *gloom* ?

Albert. Darkness, or shadow.

Mamma. Can either of these be spread, or extended ? Are they substances ?

Albert. No.

Mamma. You told me, that to spread implied something which extended in different directions, therefore that must have—what ?

Fanny. Length and breadth.

Albert. And thickness too.

Mamma. What then is the action of winter on darkness? What does it do to it?

Fanny. Makes it come, or be in all places.

Mamma. Just so. Then what does 'spread' mean here?

Albert. That it causes darkness or gloom to be every where.

Mamma. Then can you reconcile these ideas of spreading, and of being in all places?

Albert. Yes, mamma; because, when I spread out any thing—suppose it is cloth, or any thing else—I cause it to be in the place where I 'extend' it. And it is very suitable here, because the action of both is gradual.

Mamma. Very true, my love. What is the meaning of 'gloom'?

Fanny. Darkness.

Albert. Or sadness.

Mamma. Who can reconcile these two ideas together?

Lucy. I can, mamma. When I have been naughty, I am always very sad in the dark, because I am afraid.

Mamma. You said right, Lucy; that is the way in which these words may be used for each other. But it is said also, that winter spreads his 'latest glooms.' What does 'latest' mean?

Fanny. It is opposite to earliest; it means the last, I suppose.

Mamma. If so, would it be added, that he reigns triumphant?

Albert. No ; because if his last ‘glooms’ were come, winter would be over.

Mamma. Just so. You must find some better explanation then, Fanny. Can you substitute some word for ‘latest,’ which would make it clearer ?

Fanny. Perhaps it is used in the same sense as we sometimes say,—a thing is of the last importance,—that is, of the greatest importance.

Mamma. It is, my dear ; then what word can you put in the place of latest ?

Fanny. Deepest, mamma ; and that would show that it meant the middle of winter.

Mamma. Yes ; that will do very well. Now in the second line it says, ‘And reigns triumphant.’ What is, to reign ?

Fanny. To rule, or govern.

Mamma. And who is said to do this ?

Albert. Winter.

Mamma. Can winter govern.

Lucy. No.

Mamma. Who are said to reign ?

Lucy. Kings.

Mamma. Yes ; and what does that imply ?

Lucy. That the people do what the kings please, and that they make them obey.

Mamma. But can this apply to winter ?

Fanny. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. Over what does he reign ?

Fanny. Over ‘the conquered year.’

Mamma. What do you mean by conquered ?

Fanny. Overcome.

Mamma. And what idea is conveyed to you,

with regard to two parties, the one of which conquers another?

Albert. That one is stronger than the other.

Mamma. True; but how can this apply with respect to the year, it is a *time*, and not a *being*?

Albert. I don't understand exactly, mamma.

Mamma. Think—What does winter overcome?

Lucy. It kills the flowers, and the vegetables.

Fanny. Oh, it overcomes all vegetation.

Mamma. Yes, that is it. Then how do you understand 'year,' in this place? Is it a twelvemonth which is said to be overcome?

Fanny. No, mamma; but all the other seasons which Winter comes after, Spring, and Summer, and Autumn.

Mamma. I wonder which of you can bring me a proof from Scripture very much to the point?

Albert. I recollect one, mamma, out of the Psalms. "He giveth snow like wool, He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes, He casteth forth his ice like morsels—who can stand before his cold?"

Lucy. That is speaking of the Winter as a conqueror, is it not, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, my love. We have something further said about the reign of Winter, what is it?

Albert. That it is tremendous.

Mamma. But when it is said that 'Winter reigns tremendous,' is the right part of speech employed?

Fanny. No, mamma. I was going to say, that it ought to have been tremendously.

Mamma. And what words are those which express the mode of an action, Lucy?

Lucy. Adverbs, mamma.

Mamma. What part of speech is tremendous, then?

Lucy. An adjective, because it describes the quality of a thing.

Mamma. Let us see whether we can find out the real meaning of tremendous. What does it come from, Fanny?

Fanny. From tremo, to tremble.

Lucy. Then I see what it means, something that makes us tremble, or be afraid, is it not, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, my dear. How many things is winter said to do, in these two lines?

Albert. Three things, mamma, to spread, to reign, and to conquer.

Mamma. But are not these the acts of a living being?

Lucy. Yes.

Mamma. Can any thing which is inanimate perform these actions?

Lucy. No, certainly not.

Mamma. Then how are these actions ascribed to a season?

Fanny. Is it not by supposing that it is a Being?

Mamma. Yes, my dear. Can you give me some instances, which you have met with elsewhere, in which this same figure of speech (as it is called) is employed?

Fanny. I remember one, mamma, in the 4th Book of Paradise Lost; Satan addresses the Sun as a person. Do you know the lines, Albert? they begin:—

‘O thou, that with surpassing glory crown’d,
Look’st from thy sole dominion, like the God
Of this new world.’

Albert. Yes, sister, I remember them, and there is another passage, at the beginning of the third Book, where light is spoken to as a Being.

Lucy. May I say some, mamma, that I think I know, out of the Bible?

Mamma. Yes, my love, I shall be pleased if you are able to do so.

Lucy. Why, mamma, there is a Psalm which begins, "Make a joyful noise unto God all ye lands." And another where it says, "Why leap ye, ye high hills?"

Mamma. Those are very good instances, Lucy.

Lucy. I remember some more, mamma, where it says, "Why fleddest thou, O Jordan?" and—

Mamma. That is enough, Lucy, for the present, as I see you understand it. Now tell me why you think that "the Sun," "the Light," "the Lands," "the Hills," and "Jordan," are address as beings, or persons? What proof can you give me that it is so?

Fanny. Because they are spoken to as if they were able to reply; and they are said to do things.

Mamma. Yes. Then that is like making persons out of things, is it not?

Albert. Yes.

Mamma. And what name shall we give to this act?

Albert. I don't know, mamma.

Mamma. If you want to express that you make any thing very simple, what do you say?

Fanny. That I simplify it, mamma.

Mamma. And if you want to make a person out of a thing, how would you express that, if you make a verb of it, in the same manner?

Fanny. That I personify it.

Mamma. And what would you call the act of personifying?

Albert. Personification.

Mamma. Then when Winter is said to 'spread,' 'to reign,' and 'to conquer,' what do you do to it?

Lucy. Personify it, mamma.

Mamma. What is the principal subject spoken of, in the third line?

Fanny. The vegetable kingdom.

Mamma. And what does that mean?

Fanny. One of the three kingdoms into which nature is divided.

Lucy. Let me say what they are, mamma; the animal, the vegetable, and mineral kingdom.

Mamma. Why are these called kingdoms?

Lucy. Because they contain a great number of things of the same kind.

Mamma. You must give me a better reason than that, Lucy, or I shall suppose that the thick grove of trees, which I see from the window, is a kingdom; there are a great number of things of the same kind there. Or perhaps that the lake, which runs at the bottom of our garden, is a kingdom, for there are a great number of fishes of the same kind in it.

Lucy. Oh no, mamma, those are not kingdoms.

Albert. A kingdom properly means, a state or country which is governed by a king, but it cannot mean so here.

Mamma. No; and in our language, we are so much in the habit of using words in a sense different from their original meaning, that we often lose sight of it altogether. Thus we say kingdom instead of state, and

here is an instance of it; and thus you find it difficult to discover the sense of the phrase, 'vegetable kingdom.' How is a state governed?

Fanny. By laws.

Mamma. Will this help you?

Albert. Yes, mamma; I think that all vegetables are under the same laws, and so are animals, and so are minerals.

Mamma. I suppose you meant to say, my dear, that animals, vegetables and minerals, were each under the dominion of separate laws, did you not?

Albert. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. Then tell me clearly what you now understand by the vegetable kingdom?

Fanny. All that class of things which are under the same laws of vegetation.

Mamma. Yes. What is said of the vegetable kingdom, in the third line?

Lucy. That it 'lies.'

Mamma. Why was this word chosen to describe the state of the vegetable kingdom?

Fanny. Because it appears to be without that life which it has at other times of the year.

Mamma. Does any thing in another part of the line prove this to be the true idea?

Albert. Yes, mamma, it says, 'how *dead* the vegetable kingdom lies.'

Mamma. And what is that like, or to what is it compared.

Lucy. To a person when he is asleep, or dead; he does not do any thing, just like my poor flowers, in the winter.

Mamma. What do you understand by 'the tuneful?'

Albert. The tuneful kingdom, I suppose, mamma, only as that word had gone just before, it was not necessary to repeat it again.

Mamma. Yes, Albert. What is the tuneful kingdom, Lucy?

Lucy. Oh, mamma, that must mean the birds, because they are always singing, as if they were full of tunes.

Mamma. What is said of this kingdom?

Fanny. That it is dumb.

Lucy. That shows, that it does mean the birds, mamma, because they do not sing in the winter.

Mamma. And I think insects belong to the tuneful kingdom, and the murmuring brook too; but here is some one else said to do something, Who is it?

Albert. 'Horror.'

Mamma. What is he said to do?

Fanny. To 'extend his desolate domain.'

Mamma. To whom does this dominion belong?

Albert. To horror.

Mamma. In what manner is horror spoken of here?

Albert. As a king.

Mamma. And what do you think 'extends,' means?

Fanny. Nearly the same as 'spreads,' in the first line, does it not?

Mamma. Yes. What does he extend?

Fanny. His domain.

Lucy. I don't know what 'domain' means.

Mamma. Will you tell her, Albert?

Albert. It comes from dominium, a Latin word, which means a territory, belonging to a dominus, or lord. So domain means a lordship, or kingdom.

Lucy. I wish I understood Latin as well as you do, Albert, because you always know what words really mean.

Mamma. That is one great use of learning Latin, my dear, and I am glad that you feel the importance of it; so many words in English are derived from it, that we can hardly understand our own language well without its aid. What description is given us of the dominion of horror?

Fanny. That it is desolate.

Mamma. And what does 'desolate' mean?

Albert. Lonely, abandoned.

Mamma. But from what is 'desolate' derived?

Funny. From de, from, and solus, alone; so desolate means likewise, solitary.

Mamma. And how does this apply to the reign of horror?

Fanny. I suppose, mamma, that as every thing was dead, he had no one to share his dominion.

Mamma. But in the beginning of this piece, we had winter spoken of as a king, who had subdued every thing under him, and now here is another king introduced, how is that?

Fanny. It is another personification, mamma.

Mamma. True, my dear; but the first personification was—of what?

Albert. Of a season.

Mamma. And the second?

Fanny. Of horror, that is, of the *effect* of the season.

Mamma. Just so; but this mixture of figures makes it rather difficult to get at the simple meaning. Try if you can reconcile these apparent difficulties?

Albert. I think I can, mamma.—Winter is like a king, who sits still, and employs some one under him to fulfil his commands. And as it is often said that a king gets a victory, when his general does it for him, so winter and horror may both be said to have conquered the year, and to reign over it.

Mamma. I think that will do very well, Albert. Do you all understand this passage now?

All the Children. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. Have we found out the meaning of every part of it?

Fanny. - No, mamma. We missed the words, ‘’Tis done,’ because we did not know what they referred to.

Mamma. But you can easily discover that now, can you not?

Fanny. Yes, mamma, it means that winter has conquered every thing, and that therefore all nature looks as if it were dead.

Mamma. You may now read, Fanny, as far as to the next period.

Fanny read:—

‘ Behold ! fond man !

See here thy pictured life : pass some few years ;

Thy flowering spring, thy summer’s ardent strength,

Thy sober autumn fading into age,

And pale concluding winter comes at last,

And shuts the scene.’

Mamma. What is, to 'behold?'

Lucy. To look at.

Mamma. To whom is this addressed?

Lucy. To man.

Mamma. What does that word mean here?

Albert. Mankind in general.

Mamma. Then that is a great number, expressed in the singular, is it not?

Lucy. Yes.

Mamma. And is that a common mode of expression?—Do you know of any examples besides this?

Lucy. Yes: an army, a flock, a forest.

Albert. All the nation of the Jews are spoken of under the name of Israel, frequently.

Mamma. Yes; so one word takes in or expresses a great number of things in the singular; what would be a proper name to give that word do you think, Lucy?

Lucy. I don't know, mamma.

Mamma. What do you say when you have gathered together many things?

Lucy. That I have collected them, mamma.

Mamma. Ah! then what shall we call a noun, which does the same?

Lucy. A collective noun.

Mamma. Yes. What is said of man?

Albert. He is called 'fond man.'

Mamma. What can that mean?

Lucy. Fond, means affectionate, kind.

Mamma. And is that the sense of 'fond man' here, do you think?

Albert. I think not.

Mamma. Is there any other word that is sometimes used for fond, or rather to express foolish fondness?

Fanny. Doating, mamma.

Mamma. Yes; and I think by what follows, that that is the sense in which it is employed here. What is fond or doting man called to see here?

Albert. 'His pictured life.'

Mamma. What is the meaning of a 'pictured life'?

Albert. A life which is pictured.

Mamma. But what do you understand by pictured? Think of another word which expresses the same thing.

Fanny. Painted, or depicted.

Mamma. And does that help you to understand it? What is a picture?

Fanny. The representation of some person, or some thing.

Mamma. Then what is a pictured life?

Albert. One of which a representation is made.

Mamma. Then where is this representation made?

Albert. I suppose it is 'here,' mamma, but yet I don't understand it clearly.

Fanny. No, we have only been reading a description of winter.

Mamma. True, and you must go on a little further before you will see the full meaning of the expression, 'See here thy pictured life.'—What do you think is the meaning of 'pass some few years'?

Fanny. Let some years pass, or go by.

Mamma. What is the difference between 'years' in this line, and 'year' in the second line?

Albert. Year in the second line, meant only three seasons; and here, 'some few years,' means several of

those portions of time which are included in a twelve-month.

Mamma. 'Thy flowering spring;'—whose spring does this mean?

Albert. Man's.

Mamma. Which word shows that it refers to man?

Albert. 'Thy;' it is a possessive pronoun, placed instead of the substantive 'man,' which went before it.

Mamma. But what is the spring of man?

Albert. I don't know, mamma.

Mamma. Tell me some of the things which distinguish spring from the other seasons? Describe it to me.

Fanny. In spring, all the trees are covered with blossoms, and with fresh verdure.

Lucy. Every thing sprouts out, as if it was come to life again, and there are such numbers of sweet flowers!—The fields are covered with them, and the gardens too!—Oh, I love the spring, mamma.

Albert. And the birds begin again to sing.

Mamma. And in what manner does vegetation go on?

Fanny. Very rapidly; you can almost see things grow.

Mamma. And that shows—what?

Albert. Animation and life.

Mamma. And can you compare this with man?

Fanny. Oh! yes.

Mamma. What period of his life is most like the spring? When is he the most active and lively?

Albert. In youth.

Lucy. Oh! I am sure Albert is right, mamma; I feel almost like a bird sometimes, as if I could fly away.

Mamma. Yes, Lucy; you are indeed in the spring of life. You can understand now the propriety of the other word used next, to describe spring, can you not, my dears?

Fanny. Yes, mamma. It is called 'flowering spring,' I suppose, because there are so many flowers at that season.

Mamma. Yes; shall we now pass on to the next season?

Albert. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. 'Thy summer's ardent strength,' it says. 'Thy,' again; why is this?

Albert. It is still applied to man.

Mamma. Yes; what can you tell me about summer?

Fanny. The trees and plants are come to perfection then.

Albert. And many of the fruits are ripe.

Lucy. It is much hotter than it is in the spring.

Fanny. The days are longer, and the nights are shorter.

Albert. Every thing is green in the summer, but not the same green as in the spring, it is of a darker colour, and the plants and trees look stronger and healthier.

Mamma. And do they continue to shoot out as much?

Fanny. No; they grow less rapidly, but get firmer.

Mamma. What term is applied to summer in the lines which you have just employed to describe one of its properties.

Albert. Strength, mamma.

Mamma. And what kind of strength is it said to have?

Fanny. 'Ardent strength.'

Mamma. Yes, here is another thing, of which we must endeavour to discover the meaning. Will not the original word help us to this?

Fanny. Oh, I suppose it comes from *ardeo*, to burn, does it not?

Mamma. Yes, my dear.

Fanny. Then summer's ardent strength, means, burning strength; and that must be taken from the heat of the sun in summer, and the heat of the earth, because the sun shines so long upon it.

Mamma. Yes; then we have found that every thing in summer has advanced nearer to perfection than in the spring; that plants and trees have greater vigour and strength; that it is a hotter season, and that the earth partakes of the heat, from having so much of the sun reflected upon it. You might have said, that every thing was teeming with life, even the waters and the air. Can we compare all this to any state of man?

Fanny. Oh, yes! I should think to manhood; that is when persons are most in perfection.

Albert. They have more strength, both of body and mind then, have they not, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, my dear; but why does *ardent* strength apply to man at this time of his life?

Fanny. If his mind and his body are then strongest, I suppose his passions are strongest too: is it so?

Mamma. Yes, Fanny. Then if you see the meaning of 'thy flowering spring,' and 'thy summer's ardent strength,' let us pass on to the next season mentioned—'Sober autumn fading into age.' Let us think of some

of the characteristics of autumn, or some of the things which distinguish it.

Lucy. All the fruits get ripe in autumn.

Fanny. The corn is gathered in.

Albert. The days are shorter than in the summer, and the nights are longer.

Fanny. And it is not so warm, and the winds are higher.

Lucy. And the leaves change colour, and at last fall off; at the end of autumn it is very dismal, and then cold winter comes so fast.

Mamma. Yes.

Lucy. And another thing we forgot; most of the flowers are dead, and the birds are gone to warmer countries.

Mamma. True; autumn is said here also to be 'fading into age.' What does 'fading' mean?

Fanny. To lose colour, to be less and less bright.

Mamma. And in what respect is this applicable?

Fanny. The leaves lose their brightness.

Mamma. Do you know why?

Albert. Yes; because they have no fresh sap sent into them from the branches in the autumn. So they get dryer and dryer, till at last they drop off.

Mamma. And does autumn resemble man, do you think?

Albert. Summer was like man in his full strength; so autumn must be like him, when he is more advanced, and getting older.

Mamma. And when he is at this age, how may his fruits be said to be ripe, and his corn gathered in?

Fanny. I don't quite know, mamma; but I think it

must be, that he has got a great deal more wisdom, than he had when he was in all his vigour and warmth.

Mamma. Yes, it is so; he is beginning to gather in the harvest from all his past life. But there is one thing more said about autumn, which we have not noticed, it is called 'sober autumn:' what is the idea you affix to sober?

Lucy. A person who never takes too much, or gets drunk, is called sober, mamma.

Mamma. That is certainly the plain sense of the word; then taking this as an assistance, what is the figurative sense of it? What would be the opposite to sober?

Fanny. Ardent, or enthusiastic, mamma.

Mamma. And here, then, autumn is contrasted with what?

Lucy. Summer.

Mamma. Sober, is likewise applied to dress; will this do here?

Lucy. Oh yes; spring and summer are so beautiful, and bright, and green, and poor autumn at last has nothing but old brown clothes on.

Mamma. Lucy is determined to make her comparisons very correct.

Albert. Persons are much graver when they are growing old, mamma, and in that sense they may be called sober too, may they not?

Lucy. And I think they are more ugly too; the sap is dried up that used to make them look fresh.

Mamma. That will do, my dear Lucy; I think we have said enough about autumn. We come round to a season you will like still less, I fear. 'Pale concluding

winter,' the poet calls him. Let us think how to describe winter.

Lucy. It is very cold, and there are no flowers.

Fanny. The trees are quite bare, and there is no vegetation.

Albert. The earth is often covered with snow, and is hard with frost.

Lucy. There are no birds singing, and the days are very short, and the nights very long. Oh, I don't like winter, mamma; I wish it was always spring, or summer.

Mamma. Poor Lucy! how many vain wishes she has. What a good thing that they are not all granted. Do you remember the fable, my love, of Jupiter and the husbandman?

Lucy. Yes, mamma; I will try and not be foolish again.

Mamma. Let us return to winter; he is called 'pale;' why so do you think?

Albert. I don't know.

Mamma. What does pale mean?

Albert. Without colour. Ah! then, I see, mamma, winter is pale, because he has none of the bright colours which there were in summer and spring.

Mamma. And for another reason, too, perhaps.

Fanny. Because of the frost and snow with which the earth is covered.

Mamma. Yes; he is called, too, 'concluding winter.' What does this mean?

Fanny. A conclusion is an end, a finishing.

Mamma. Yes; its original meaning is a shutting up. Why, do you think?

Albert. Because it shuts up all that went before, or prevents it from being seen.

Fanny. And therefore, being the last thing itself, it finishes the whole.

Mamma. And what part of man's history, does pale concluding winter,' resemble?

Lucy. Old age, mamma.

Fanny. Yes; when persons grow old, they have no warmth and vigour, and they are very near the end of their lives.

Lucy. And their white hairs are like the snow in winter. When I look at a very old person, mamma, I often wonder how he could ever have been young, such great, great change has taken place!

Mamma. Winter is said to 'shut the scene;' how shall we explain this?

Albert. I remember papa talked to me about it the other day, mamma. He said that the word meant originally, a stage on which something was represented; and that afterwards a thing which was performed on this stage was called a scene.

Mamma. You are right, Albert; and therefore, shutting the scene' means—what?

Fanny. Shutting out the view of all those things which are seen upon the stage or scene.

Mamma. Apply this to winter.

Albert. The scene is the earth, and first spring, and then summer, and then autumn appeared upon it, and at last came winter, and ended the year.

Mamma. And how is this applicable to old age likewise?

Fanny. Because youth and manhood, and the period between that and old age, came first, and *it* is the end of them all.

Mamma. Do you see now the meaning of those lines, ‘Behold, fond man ! See here thy pictured life ?’

Albert. Yes, mamma, because the succession of the seasons is like the changes which take place in the life of man.

Mamma. I think, when we were talking about autumn, we said that the fruits and corn were gathered in at that period, did we not ?

Lucy. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. But we forgot, when we spoke of the unproductiveness of winter, that—

Lucy. I know what you were going to say, mamma, that it had got a store of provision by it, were you not ?

Mamma. Yes, my dear ; but what of that ?

Fanny. I understand ; if a person has lived to the service of God, during his youth and riper years, he has plenty to be supported with in winter ; he has faith, hope, and love.

Mamma. Yes, an ample provision, that is, for ‘concluding winter.’

Lucy. Mamma, you said I was in the spring, now tell me where you are ? Albert and Fanny are in the spring too, I am sure, though not quite so early in the season as I am.

Albert. I think mamma is in the summer, Lucy, because she has vigour and strength.

Mamma. A little past the summer, Albert, am I not more like ‘sober autumn, fading into age ?’

Lucy. Oh no, mamma, I hope you will never grow old ; you have got all the good things of summer and autumn together, so we will put you between the two sea-

sons. Aunt Martha is in autumn, because she is very grave and sober.

Albert. And grandmamma is in winter, Lucy.

Lucy. Yes, Albert, but she is like a very nice warm winter, when there is hardly any snow and frost: she has got those autumn fruits we were speaking of in abundance.

Fanny. There is a text, I remember, that just applies to grandmamma; "They shall bear fruit in old age, they shall be fat and flourishing."

Lucy. Oh! exactly, sister. I sometimes think I would not be an old woman for the world, but when I look at grandmamma, I see that I could be happy even if I were very old.

Mamma. Will your grandmamma, always be in the same season, in which she is now?

Albert. Oh, no. I know what mamma means; after winter, spring comes again, and she is looking forward to a spring that will be followed by no winter.

Mamma. Just so, my love. She lives in the expectation of soon entering upon an eternal spring. In that happy season, she will not have any need of the sun to warm and shine upon her, or of the moon to give her light, for "the Lord God and the Lamb will be her everlasting light, and the days of her mourning will be ended."

THE END.

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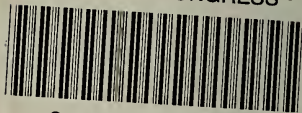


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